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A CRUISE ON BOARD

OF THE

U. S. SHIPS LEVANT, PORTSMOUTH, AND SAVANNAH.

BY W. MAXWELL WOOD, M.D.

WANDERING SKETCHES

OF PEOPLE AND THINGS

IN

SOUTH AMERICA, POLYNESIA, CALIFORNIA,

AND OTHER PLACES VISITED,

DURING

A CRUISE ON BOARD OF THE
U. S. SHIPS LEVANT, PORTSMOUTH, AND SAVANNAH.

BY WM. MAXWELL WOOD, M.D.,
SURGEON U. S. NAVY,
LATE FLEET SURGEON OF THE PACIFIC SQUADRON.

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* This name, pronounced *Wah-kin*, is most correctly written *Juaquin*, or *Joaquin*. The error is from inadvertence, not of the author, but of a friend who read the proof for him.

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WANDERING SKETCHES

IN

SOUTH AMERICA, POLYNESIA, CALIFORNIA,

ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Going to sea—Chance voyagers and old cruisers—Human nature at sea—The shark and sailors—Mother Carey's chickens.

I FOUND myself, in my official capacity, on board of one of our public vessels, at a time when our peaceful relations with foreign powers threatened to be disturbed.

Oregon and Texas were the apples of discord—our great mother over the ocean and our great republican neighbor being our threatened competitors. The ship to which I was attached was destined to await events in the Pacific Ocean. It is not my purpose to write over again the thousand times told and monotonous incidents of a sea-voyage, for acquaintance with which ample scope and

verge enough might be found in a journey of such length and duration.

Travelers to whom voyaging by sea is an incident in their lives, and not their habit of existence, have again and again described the events of their new situation, with such minuteness of detail, that one may sit at home in his arm-chair and grow sea-sick from sympathy. It is somewhat singular, too, that, notwithstanding the honest, unsentimental, sea-sick reception which old ocean gives all new comers, he has managed by his darkly, deeply, beautifully blue face, to win an amount of poetical description of a "life on the ocean wave" entertaining enough in the parlor, but, to the initiated, in rather strong contrast with the realities of shipboard truth.

Much acquaintance with this extensive portion of our planet, does not induce us to accord it the best character. Often we have found it heaving and swelling in a sullen calm, when it should have been lively and cheerful; and then, without a moment's warning, roaring, pitching, and foaming, tossing the voyager out of his track, and deluging him in angry waves.

The man who goes to sea for a temporary voyage can afford to be pleased even with annoyances,

which add novelty and variety to his existence. But he who goes to sea as a matter of usage and business, to dwell on shipboard a period of time which is a large portion of his life, must do violence to all his tastes and habits. When he finds himself part of a ship for a long voyage or cruise, he goes systematically to work to adapt himself to his unnatural condition; he prepares himself for meeting on the best terms the annoyances of his position; compresses himself and his possessions into his necessarily small allotment of the small world about him; divests himself, if he can, of all peculiarities; cushions himself in the moral uniform of concession, which all must wear who live with their elbows sticking in their neighbor's sides.

In this little world, cut off from the great, small matters grow into magnitude;—rays of light, mouthfuls of air, and inches of space, have a very different value to that placed upon them where every one can take what he chooses without interfering with another. The trained cruiser takes on his shipboard character whenever he installs himself in his ironically called *state-room*—a little box six feet square, a close dungeon below the light.

New beginners at sea-going sometimes do not find out that they have no right to notions of their

own until they have ended the first voyage by firing bullets at each other, and medical philosophers are beginning to proclaim that human nature is, at sea, in a state of physical and moral disease, which entirely changes the character of the individual. I can readily accord in this view; for I have seen those who, in the "world's broad field of battle," were content to be the meek, the unpretending, and the humble, on board ship become the arrogant, pretending, and assuming; playing the mock hero where there was no competitor. We are told by these same medical writers, in confirmation of their theory, that residents at the ports which are stopping-places for ships on long voyages, are amused by the earnestness with which the temporarily released passengers fly to different houses, and will not sleep under the same roof with each other.

Provisions all in, chickens cooped, pigs and sheep penned, our ship "took the bone in her mouth," and walked away from home to other scenes and climes. I do not speak without authority when I say, "took the bone in her mouth," as this is the nautical figure for the white foam which is dashed so beautifully from the bows of a ship as she speeds her way through the water.

About a week out, we had some rousing up of human emotion by the report that we had passed a sealed jug, having a red rag tied to it, and incrusted with barnacles. The ship was laid to, and a boat sent in search of the jug, but returned without having been able to find it, and thus we were left a wide field for the wanderings of conjecture. It might be a messenger from the lost Grampus; perhaps from the unfortunate President; or even from the long-lost Hornet. The occasional capture of a shark was a great event, and one of general interest. The sea monster was either parceled out as food to those not over fastidious, or, being in a spirit of revenge, disemboweled, was in this condition returned to his native element. A sailor, however generous and affectionate to other animals, hates a shark. This fish is his constant enemy. If, falling overboard, he might save his life by skillful swimming, the shark floats between him and hope. But this accidental danger is not the only source of Jack's hostility; for, if quietly anchored in port, on a pleasant night, he sees the twinkling lights of some neighboring town, and his imagination wanders to where the merry fiddle, the dance, and grog, are enlivening a well-known "sailors retreat," these temptations might induce

him to slip clandestinely through a port-hole, and to desert, at least for a time, his ship. But the yawning jaws of this noiseless and relentless water-guard are between him and his frolic, and the shark does not appear to the sailor in his most agreeable character when thus volunteering to act the part of a "sentry," a "soger," and a "marine."

Not the least interesting of the frequent visitors of a ship at sea, is the stormy petrel, or, as they are called by sailors, "Mother Carey's chickens." All over the Atlantic, at the most remote distance from land, this little bird is seen flying in the foaming crest of the stormy waves, or, when the sea is smooth, following the ship in flocks, resting, apparently, its tiny feet upon the surface of the water, and picking up the crumbs thrown overboard.

"Dark is her wing, her breast is snow;
She flits above, she darts below—
The wave her only pillow;
Rides on the wind her tiny form,
She greets the gale, she hails the storm,
And mocks the dancing billow."

Superstition spreads her guardian wings over these little wanderers, and to inflict injury upon them is, in a sailor's opinion, to rouse the ire of some imaginary protection, perhaps "Mother Carey" herself, and to call down storms and disasters.

During our passage, nature seemed to have turned topsy-turvy; where geographers put trade winds there were no trade winds, and where there ought, according to all scientific rule, to have been calms and light winds, the winds were fresh and ahead.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Rio—The empire—Beautiful scenery—The city—Shops and churches—Negroes carrying burdens—Laborers and pedlers.

A PATIENCE-wearing passage of seventy days brought us to the harbor of the capital of the Brazilian empire. This solitary empire and emperor upon the American continent, seem strange and out of place, like an exotic living a forced and artificial existence. But here we were within the glitter of an imperial crown, and near to princely palaces and their lordly owners.

But it must be admitted that an empire of five millions of motley population, spread over a territory larger than that of the United States, is not a very splendid embodiment of the monarchical principle; and in this region, nature, by the magnificence of all her kingdoms, seems to mock the petty pomp by which human organization endeavors to elevate man's littleness.

Over two months at sea might beget a capacity to appreciate the beauties of a sandy island, or even

those of a tolerably sized rock; hence the magnificent beauties of the harbor of Rio burst upon us with our senses quickened to the highest degree of appreciation. Having passed through the comparatively narrow entrance by which the Atlantic communicates with the Bay of Rio, guarded on the one hand by the remarkable Sugar-Loaf Mountain, and on the other by a corresponding rocky promontory, this broad bay expanded before us with a circumference of eighty miles; its circuit broken by jutting points into numerous minor bays and pretty little coves and recesses, and its surface gemmed with many green islets. Villages and country seats are nestled away on the shores of the coves and recesses; fortifications and other structures are resting upon the islands. Steamers were urging their foaming way to and fro across the bay, while hundreds of small boats with gracefully pointed sails were gliding in every direction over its surface. The whole is encompassed by a chain of mountains, shooting its irregular summits to the clouds, and presenting prominent points to which fancy has given names. Conspicuous on the left of the harbor are the "Corcovado," or crow's beak, and the "Peak of Tejuco," a finely pointed cone.

At the upper end of the bay, a range of angular columns are seen, called the "Organ Mountains."

On the left hand, as the bay is entered, and about two miles from its mouth, stands the city of Rio. It is built upon a plain, closely encircled by hills, several of which also elevate their green sides from amid the houses clustered around their base. From the summits of those surrounding, and mid city hills, steepled churches, grated convents, and gloomy monasteries, look down upon the dwelling-places of a population of two hundred thousand people.

Standing so much on a plain, and winding around the bases of hills, Rio, from the harbor, has nothing imposing in its appearance, and gives no adequate idea of its size and extent. The entrance to the city from the water is upon a large square or plaza, on one side of which stands the emperor's palace, and on another two large churches. A public fountain pours forth its streams of mountain water on the open side next the sea, and the stranger has his attention arrested by the noisy throng of water carriers and washerwomen who are here gathered together. This square gives rather an agreeable introduction to the city, but a more intimate acquaintance does not sustain the first-formed expec-

tations. The streets are narrow, dark, and gloomy, roughly paved with round stones; only a few of the best having flagstones for foot passengers. But imperial cities are not built for people who are vulgar enough to walk about, and it becomes very necessary for one of the common herd to look about for a place of security, if he should chance to hear the lumbering approach of the wide, unwieldy carriages in use here. These carriages, called "seges," are like an unwieldy, overgrown gig, hung low, and are drawn by two mules abreast, the postillion being mounted on one of them.

The houses of Rio are massively built of brick or stone, three or four stories high, and covered with white plaster. Many of them are painted in bright colors, and ornamental vases or statues decorate projecting points and cornices. On a wide street where the eye could sweep over an extensive range, their buildings would have a very showy appearance, which is entirely lost in the narrow lanes passing between them.

The gloomy and uninviting appearance of the streets is increased by the plan of occupying the first story fronting on them as shops, domestic offices, carriage houses, stables. If used as human dwellings, the door is in two pieces; the upper being

a close-latticed jalousie, swung by a hinge at the top; and whenever the inmates are disposed for a lounging survey of the outer-door world, resting their arms on the lower half of the door, the head pushes out the swinging jalousie, and gives them a range up and down the length of the street. The upper stories of the houses open upon narrow balconies.

Generally, tradesmen gather themselves together in one locality or street, and that in which the workers in precious metals are found, when lighted up at night, has a brilliant effect. The principal business street is the "Dereita," and upon this stands a temple of Mammon in the shape of a handsome Exchange. The most showy and fashionable thoroughfare is the Ouvidor, on which are all the showy fancy stores, fitted up in Parisian style, making a gaudy display of the elegant productions of England and France, or rich specimens of the birds, butterflies, and feather-flowers of Brazil, with attractive-looking young women behind the counters as venders.

The churches and chapels, which are numerous, are decorated with great cost and magnificence. Charity hospitals are maintained by some of the religious brotherhoods, and in connection with one

of them, the "Misericordia," is an extensive medical school.

The imperial library has quite a large and valuable collection of books, which is open to the public; and on Thursday free admission is granted to the national museum.

Among the most useful of the public works are the aqueducts, which bring pure water several miles from the mountains, and distribute it in fountains to every part of the city.

The throngs of people chatting and gossiping merrily about these fountains, make them busy and animated scenes; but the soldier with his musket stands sentry over each, to see that the "drawers of water" keep within the bounds of propriety. Ordinarily, a sufficient supply of water is brought into the city by these aqueducts; but there are times of drought, productive of much suffering, when this necessary becomes of great value. Each one of the anxious crowd gathered about the fountains upon these occasions waits until the slowly trickling stream has filled his predecessor's jar, upon the established principle of "first come, first served," and some must spend the whole night before obtaining a full jar.

The negro race in Brazil spreads itself over a

broader social scale than is seen in any other part of the world. Here the black man is found in the highest position, and also in the performance of those offices and labors which elsewhere are assigned exclusively to brutes. He may be seen in handsome and gentlemanly attire, with the pen of office behind his ear, officiating in governmental departments—wearing the sword and epaulettes of a military officer—in the robes of the priest, rendering the duties of the altar—and the principal medical man of Rio, I believe, the emperor's physician, is a Parisian educated mulatto. On the other hand, the negro is seen through the streets in the nakedness of his native Africa, scarred and tattooed in all the hideousness of barbarian ornament. Among these, many are seen with the skin raised in knots or beads, extending in a line at regular intervals from the top of the forehead down to the tip of the nose. Like horses or oxen they draw the drays, transport the hogsheads of sugar and bags of coffee.

Upon my first arrival in a Brazilian port, my attention was arrested by the approach of a monotonous wailing chant, which I discovered to proceed from a body of negroes carrying a hogshead of sugar. The hogshead was suspended by slings

from two poles, and each end of each pole was supported upon what might be called a living and moving pyramid of negroes; three or four pressing their shoulders together on each side of the pole, formed by their heads the apex, while their diverging legs and feet spread into the base. One of those in front sang the burden of the tune, and at short intervals the whole gang howled forth the chorus, simultaneously uniting their efforts by an almost convulsive movement, and advancing their burden. They were ascending a rise in the street at the time my attention was attracted towards them; the day was very warm, and the writhing of their strongly marked muscles, the sweat streaming down their glistening black, naked bodies, caused the choral whine accompanying each movement to sound more like a howl of agony than like a musical soothing of labor. The coffee carriers present rather a more animated spectacle. In companies of twenty or thirty men, arranged in files of five or six abreast, each man with his bag of coffee upon his head, they move in a rapid trot to the sound of some pebbles in the rose of an old watering-pot, rattled by the man at their head, while the whole party keep up a measured shout.

All the pursuits of labor are the Brazilian negro's

own: they alone attend the markets, and the women go about with little peddling shops of fancy articles in glass cases. Beyond a certain extent their labor is voluntary; a limited and generally small sum being required of them by their owners; all they earn beyond this is their own. Numbers of Brazilians are supported entirely by a revenue derived in this manner from their slaves. The occupation of a carrier of coffee is among the most profitable pursuits, but terribly shortens the lives of its followers. Thus, in Brazil, we see the negro illustrating practically the two opposite conditions to which contending philosophy would assign him; on the one hand, in a position admitting of amalgamation, and on the other, claiming rank with the brute creation.

CHAPTER III.

Lying notes—Spartan coin—Religious processions—Negro saint—Funerals—Monasteries—Surrounding scenery—Political history and prospects.

WHILE political economists and experimenting statesmen are agitating opinions upon the relative merits of a metallic or paper currency, Brazil presents both in such a repulsive form, that one would be almost willing to do without any representative of value, and resort to exchanges in kind.

The paper currency starts with a barefaced untruth, or unreality, and varies its lies every day, and almost every hour of the day. In the first place, the note of lowest value, the milreis, professes to be worth a thousand reis, an imaginary coin, having no real existence, and these thousand reis are supposed to be equivalent to our dollar—ten reis to a cent—but in truth the milreis note may be worth on one day fifty cents, on the next fifty-five, and on the third sixty. So that, before going shopping, one has to inquire of a broker to

know how much he is worth. Fifty cents was the current value of a milreis note during the few days I was in the country. The metallic currency is Spartan, and in marketing or shopping on a small scale, a common canvas shot-bag is the best money-purse. The "vintem" is a copper coin of twenty reis, but that most generally in use is a clumsy, heavy piece, called very properly, by our people, a "dump." Eight of these dumps make the "patac."

The stranger in Rio will always find something to engage his time and attention, in the number of the national and religious celebrations. On the day dedicated to any particular saint, a grand illumination brightens the gloom of the church honored with that saint's name; decorations ornament its pillars and arches, and, as day closes in night, a display of fireworks salute the saintship, and terminate the ceremonies.

Among the most interesting street incidents are the religious processions frequently occurring. In these processions images as large as life, and gaudily costumed, representing different saints, are elevated upon thrones, and borne through the streets upon men's shoulders. Immediately following the images, walking two and two, are the priests and friars.

Groups of little girls gayly dressed, glittering with tinsel, and having artificial wings fixed to their shoulders, represent angels; these accompany the holy images, and scatter flowers before them.

In the procession which I was fortunate to witness, I was glad to see that a fair representation of races was among the sacred images; for one of glittering ebony color, and woolly head, particularly attracted the attention and claimed the veneration of the surrounding throng of negroes.

Whilst pursuing our walks through some of the by-streets, we came upon a house the entrance to which was hung with black velvet trimmed with silver lace—there was death within; before the door was a group of persons with large wax candles, three or four feet long, one of which they offered to every passer by. As the honor done the deceased is in proportion to the number of these candles borne lighted in a funeral procession, it is indecorous for a passer by to refuse to take a candle and join the mourners. These candles become the perquisite of the church in which the funeral ceremonies are performed, and, as but little of them is consumed, they form no small contribution.

The body is borne to the grave in a hearse richly covered with black velvet, trimmed with gold or

silver lace. In the burial of a child, the coffin is gayly covered with blue or crimson satin, decorated with gold or silver fringes, and the church bells ring a merry peal of rejoicing, that the little one has left without drinking the full cup of the miseries of human life.

Although the creed of the Roman church is that of the empire, the priesthood is said to have but little, if any, political influence. I was informed that the increase of monks was discouraged, and that upon the death of a few incumbents, now occupying some of the rich monasteries, their large possessions became the heritage of the government.

An inspection of the establishments belonging to the various monastic orders, enables the mind to feel the extent of that influence which, in bygone times, controlled men, materials, and money. The convents and monasteries are vast and massive structures, seemingly built for all coming time. One of them, however, a construction of the Jesuits, is now an unroofed, crumbling, and picturesque ruin. Along the remains of immensely thick walls wild weeds are growing, and lizards gliding to and fro; a garden of cabbage and corn occupies the place of the body of the church, while scattered around are the fragments of falling arches, and

the dislocated capitals and pedestals of the pillars —the past and the present.

Such of the inhabitants of Rio as have the power of volition in the matter, are said to prefer an inactive and sedentary life. Few but business people are seen on the streets, ladies scarcely ever. But when evening draws nigh, the verandahs are gay with the beauty and fashion of the city, arrayed in rich costume. At an early hour the houses are closed and the streets abandoned to the carriers of filth, and unfortunate is he who may be out in a night atmosphere loaded with villainous smells.

It is said to be difficult for a foreigner under any circumstances to become acquainted with the domestic manners of the Brazilians, and, of course, no opportunity of doing so would occur to a passing traveler. By those residing among them, they are said to be haughty, reserved, and exclusive, and not at all desirous of the association of foreigners. The foreign residents are, however, numerous enough to form a sufficient and good society among themselves.

The country about Rio is gŏrgeously magnificent, and the eye can never weary of the varied scenes and combinations of mountain and plain, blue wa-

ters and bright skies; the rich luxuriance and varied tints of its trees, shrubs, and flowers.

The enumeration of the literary, scientific, and charitable institutions of Rio, contained in this notice, speaks a higher character than prejudice is willing to accord these people, and exhibits a spirit of improvement equal probably with their means. If we should feel disposed to reproach them for not having made advances corresponding to cotemporary nations, we must bear in mind that as a nation Brazil has a very recent birth; that, up to the year 1807, it labored under all the disadvantages of a colonial system; a system bad enough under any circumstances, but particularly bad under Portuguese administration. In this year the child gave refuge to the parent: The political events of Europe compelled the court of Portugal to transfer itself to Brazil, and thus gave the colony an elevation over the mother country, and commenced such prosperity as has attended it. In 1821, the king returned to Portugal, leaving his son Don Pedro regent of Brazil. But the people of this country having once felt the importance and enjoyed the advantages of having the seat of empire with them, were unwilling to return to their colonial condition, and the result was a separation from the mother country,

the formation of an independent constitution, and the installation of Don Pedro as Emperor. He held this high dignity about ten years, during which troubles and disturbances harassed the empire, and the emperor fell, from a high degree of popularity, so low in the estimation of his people, as to be compelled, on the 7th of April 1838, to abdicate in favor of his then infant son, the present emperor. The constitution of Brazil, although given by the monarch himself, and given in the most arbitrary manner, is one of great liberality, and must be regarded as particularly so, when we remember that its author was educated in absolutism, and that it was a present to a people accustomed to despotic rule. By this instrument the government is declared to be monarchical, constitutional, and representative. The throne is secured to the family of Don Pedro; the Roman Catholic religion is made that of the State, though all others are tolerated, and the press and speech are free. The legislature is composed of a House of Deputies and a Senate. The members are appointed by electors chosen by the people; the deputies for four years, and the senators for life. The individual provinces of the empire are governed by presidents nominated by the emperor. Each province has its local assembly.

The political condition of Brazil is not universally one of quiet satisfaction. Occasional hostility manifests itself in provinces remote from the capital. During the minority of the present emperor, and while the government was administered by a regent, the northern province of Bahia revolted, and, the insurgents being subdued, were visited with savage vengeance. Many were slaughtered in the streets of St. Salvador, in vain begging for mercy; and their habitations, in this the second and most beautiful city in the empire, were given to the flames.

Brazil has paid the tribute of testimony to the value of free institutions, by the advance she has made since being released from the restrictions of colonial dependence. But the hour has not yet come when this country shall display a social and political organization correspondent with her natural magnificence.

CHAPTER IV.

"Going round the Horn"—Pacific Ocean—Valparaiso—Buildings and people—Markets.

"Going round the Horn" presents, generally, a fine field for those bold spirits who delight in meeting old Neptune in his angriest moods, and must afford the highest enjoyment to those troubled souls who are never perfectly happy except when in a gale. Whoever prepares himself for a voyage around this stormy cape, by reading the awful narratives of the early navigators, will have his imagination filled with the anticipation of every horror of a tempestuous sea. He will fancy this bold promontory jutting with intrusive daring into the dark and unknown storehouse of storm and tempest; while the surges of the great Southern Ocean lash its shores, and winds howl around its head in angry rebuke of its temerity. Familiar as we were with such representations it was difficult to realize that on the 25th of December, a southern summer month, we were sailing through this wild

region with a gentle breeze, over a smooth blue sea, the sun glittering upon the snows of Patagonia, the cape and neighboring islands lying quietly in sight; all nature smiling as if in mockery of our expectations, and of the hard weather arrangements which our ship displayed.

Having made what those who have encountered more legitimate cape weather called a fortunate escape, it was much to the satisfaction of such as think a ship more comfortable in a quiet sea, that we glided into those ocean regions, which, from an established reputation for good behavior, have gained the title Pacific. Sailors do not feel that they are out of the tempestuous latitudes until fairly past the island of Chilöe on the coast of Chile; and there is a nautical proverb which signifies that if you escape Cape Horn, you must catch it off Chilöe. But without any such contingency we passed this island on the eleventh day from the cape, and then the ship came out of her storm rig, and ports were opened, as the windows of a house will be thrown open to the first balmy breeze of spring.

One accustomed to the uncertainties of the sea, and to the sudden manner in which violent gales may break upon quiet calms, can scarcely realize

the fact of retiring at night with a smooth sea and pleasant weather, with the security of awaking to the same condition of things on the following morning.

On the morning of the fourteenth day from Cape Horn, we were running along the naked, barren hills which form this part of the coast of Chile, having some of the towering snow peaks of the Andes visible far in the distance. Soon these points and landmarks, familiar to the old cruisers on this station, began to be recognized: and "there's the lighthouse," "there's the red-tiled house," "there's the Point of Angels," were exclamations heard in turn as each came into view. The Point of Angels being rounded, we were in the bay of the Vale of Paradise—Valparaiso.

Angels and Paradise! Things have their good qualities developed by contrast, and he who gave such divine names to the scenes before us, must have just escaped a condition of affairs which perhaps induced him to think he had been in that unnameable region which is the farthest remote from Paradise. The chain of desolate hills along which we had been running, after jutting out into the Point of Angels, circles around the bay, forming the harbor. On a narrow space between the fort

of these hills and the beach stands the port, or business part of the town of Valparaiso. The dwellings are chiefly one-storied cottages, built of "adobes" (clay moulded into large bricks, and dried in the sun), or of wood, and are stuck like bird-cages on the narrow ledges of the hills rising back of the port. The ascent to this part of the town is quite a fatiguing undertaking, being either by abrupt steps or a more gradual but circuitous path-way. Seen from the harbor, Valparaiso presents no idea of its extent. The lower town winds away and spreads itself out into a broader space—the Almendrál, or almond grove. This part of the city contains many fine buildings. The whole of Valparaiso is rapidly improving, and has an active, prosperous, "go-ahead" appearance. Many of the modern buildings in the port are lofty, substantial stone edifices, which are built in defiance of earthquakes. The hill part of the city does not show itself from the harbor, only those cottages which stand upon the faces of the ridges being seen, but a closer inspection finds them to be winding in tier above tier around and through the ravines. At the time of our visit, the population was supposed to be about forty thousand—a mixed population of the Spanish Chiléno, the Indian Chiléno, and

foreigners. The Indians have a fine clear complexion, full dark eyes, and glossy black hair. Foreigners give the tone to society and the character to business, and among these the English influence appears to preponderate—even Americans become anglicised. In the reading room of the Exchange, or in the apartments of the club house, one might imagine himself in an English town. This club house is in itself an illustration of the foreign social influences existing in Valparaiso. The building has been recently erected for the purpose, and is handsome as well as commodious, and offers all the seducing attractions of such anti-domestic, bachelor-winning establishments: fine billiard tables, card and chess rooms, library and reading room, with apartments for refreshments, where one may quietly and elegantly get his chocolate or coffee, and even a supper of fresh Baltimore oysters.

The month of January being of course a summer month in the southern hemisphere, the markets of Valparaiso presented an assemblage of productions exceedingly cheering to the eyes of those just from a long sea voyage.

The fruits were: oranges, lemons, strawberries, cherries, pears, plums, apricots, nectarines, figs.

The vegetables: green peas, beans, radishes, cucumbers, turnips, pumpkins, cabbages, lettuce, potatoes, onions, green corn, artichokes, and tomatoes. Most of these productions were of fine quality, and, to us, of unusual size. Chile is celebrated for its wheat; and the butter of Valparaiso has a reputation along the shores of the Pacific corresponding to that of Philadelphia in the United States.

With a constitution modeled upon that of the United States, a liberal tariff, no standing army, tolerated religions, and a good population, the republic of Chile is happy and prosperous. The capital, Santiago, being eighty miles in the interior, our short stay did not permit us to visit it.

CHAPTER V.

Land of the Incas—Origin of the Incas—Callao—Picante shop—Chicha—Pic-nic at Old Callao—Peruvian breakfast—Earthquake—Start for Lima.

HAVING left Valparaiso, twelve days of a fair wind and smooth sea brought us to those shores

> "Where the glad earth, through all the smiling hours,
> Unwrought by man, its genial tribute pours:
> Stern winter frowns not there; nor snow, nor rain,
> Deforms the sky, or desolates the plain;
> But sea-born zephyrs, ever on the wing,
> Round the blest bowers eternal freshness fling."

To Peru—the land of the children of the sun—of Incas, who could proffer a room full of gold as a ransom! The sun of its worship and the rich treasures of its mines have illumined and gilded the pages of historians and poets who have made it their theme.

An old Spanish author, with quaint diffusion, gives several chapters upon the origin of the name of this country, and from him we learn that the early adventurers having caught an Indian fishing in a

river, asked him the name of the region; he, being much frightened, supposed they asked either his own name or where he was, and replied Beru and Pelu, the former being his own name and the latter the common name for a river. The Spaniards compounded the words into the present name of this splendid country. This does well enough as a story, and as an excuse for some reason why the country should be called Peru; but, if true, the Spaniards must have been under the influence of a simplicity inconsistent with the rascality we know to have characterized them.

Having settled upon the name of the country, a greater difficulty remains to determine who these sun-worshiping Incas were. While the native fiction makes the first Inca, Manco-Capac, and his sister, wife, children of the sun, philosophers, in seeking for them a less celestial and more natural origin, have been undecided whether to bring them from Europe or Asia. Some represent them as descendants of the Scandinavians, who landed on the American continent in the eleventh century; and others decide them to be Mongolians, of the family of Genghis Kahn, brought to this coast by storms. But, among other stories, the following is worth telling, from its absurdity:—

As it runs, about eight hundred years ago, an Englishman was wrecked upon the coast of Peru: the reigning chief asking who he was, received for answer, "an Englishman;" the word was repeated by the Indians "Incasman," and to this they added Cocopac, or most beautiful, and made of the whole Inca-manco-capac. Come from what source they may, these right divine chiefs understood the nature of the people over whom they were to rule, and firmly established a theocratic despotism which reached every individual in the land.

They managed by every influential device to secure their own position on the top round of the social and political ladder. So sacred was all that pertained to the imperial dignity, that any one approaching the imperial city of Cusco, was obliged to make obeisance to those he met coming from it.

The civilized world has looked with admiration upon the evidence which remains of the progress these Peruvians had made in political science, agriculture, architecture, arms, and manufacturing. Although much of the deepest interest has been lost or destroyed by the bandits who conquered the country, enough remains in the ruined temples and other structures to claim our wonder.

Not much that is inviting or magnificent greets

the eye upon entering the harbor of Callao, the principal seaport of Peru. We have the gloomy island of San Lorenzo, looking like a mountain sand heap, on our right hand, or to the southward, without a sprig of vegetation to clothe its yellow nakedness. Before us we have the low white houses and dilapidated castles of the town of Callao, and back of these, a green plain sweeps away to a semicircular range of rugged naked hills, enclosing this plain or vale of Lurigancho, through which flows the Rimac. Casting our view over this green and fertile valley, the prospect improves a little; to the left of Callao we discern, at the foot of the distant hills, the domes and steeples of the "city of kings"—Lima; and above all, the summits of the Andes. One snow-capped peak is seen immediately behind the city, glittering in the sunbeams with a peculiarly striking appearance.

Although Callao is one of those places one is anxious to get out of as soon as possible, still, as we must pass through it on our way to Lima, and as it is our first appearance in Peru, we will take a look at it.

The landing is at a very excellent mole of stone, enclosed by an iron railing; and here we have before us an animated, busy, and characteristic scene.

The fine wheat of Chile lies heaped up in large piles; and as an evidence of the dryness of the climate, and the general absence of rain, it remains thus exposed to the weather from one end of the year to the other. There are also iron vessels of quicksilver, used in the mines, for separating the precious metals; large square blocks of salt quarried from the mines of Sechura; and pyramidal earthen jars of Italia, an alcoholic spirit, manufactured at Pisco, a little to the southward, and much esteemed as a choice spirit. Numerous carts made of raw hides, and droves of diminutive donkeys are busily employed in transporting the various goods to their places of destination.

The houses of Callao are generally one-storied, flat-roofed, and built of the dried mud bricks or "adobes." The present town is of recent structure, the old town having been entirely destroyed by an awful earthquake in 1746. At which time, it is said, the ocean receded to a great distance, and came in again in three successive waves, overwhelming the unhappy town. A monument now stands on the plain, about a mile from the seashore, marking the spot where a Spanish frigate was deposited by the returning sea. Although Callao is at present a miserable place, it is undoubtedly to receive

the reward of humility, and be the first when the first shall be last. So soon as the old Spanish plan of having the principal town remote from the port shall give way to practical utility, the wealth and population of Lima must come down to Callao; and in view of this prosperous future, we would suggest it to all speculative, enterprising spirits as a good place to invest money in town lots. Already some handsome and commodious houses are beginning to spring up in the suburbs of the poor hovels which make the town of Callao. A gambling house, and two or three uninviting fondas, or taverns with billiard rooms, are the only places of resort offered the stranger by this place, and in searching for the customs of the country, one is apt to fall into strange company.

Come, I must take you to a "picante" shop, and give you some "chicha," said a friend to me on the first night of my arrival. Being willing to find out what "picante" and "chicha" were, I accompanied him. After a few turns of the narrow streets, we entered a large and dimly lighted apartment, having a dirt floor, and the roof supported by unhewn posts set in the ground. Tables and benches were arranged through this place, and occupying them was a motley group of women and children, a mixture

of negro, Indian, and white, eating and drinking. Dogs and sheep were lying about the floor. It did not look like a place intended for the visits of any who might consider themselves within the communion of what are called the upper classes, and it was evident that those who felt disposed to eat of the people's food, must go where the people congregate. We called for shrimp and picante. The shrimp, boiled and cold, were brought us in one saucer; the "picante," a fiery, burning sauce, made of red pepper, in another saucer, and some parched corn in a third. Knives, forks, or spoons, were unreached refinement, and having made the best disposition we could of the food before us, without any such appliances, we disposed of a broiled fish, also, by the aid of our fingers and teeth. By the side of the door at which we entered, were some large conical earthen jars, and from these was pumped our drink, the "chicha." It is made from the fermented liquor from boiled corn, and has very much the taste of hard cider with corn meal stirred in it. My companion seemed to relish this turbid fluid very much; it did not then suit my taste, but in many a wearied day since, I have found it one of the most refreshing and grateful drinks I have ever used.

On the following morning we visited the market-place, and here under rude booths were the venders of fresco, or iced lemonade, piña, or iced pine-apple water, ice cream, &c. In their vicinity people were cooking over small fires, very much in the manner of the cooks, who in our country serve the market people with their meals. But these places were resorted to by the "upper ten thousand," as well as by the "profanum vulgus;" and a genteely dressed señorita might be seen on the bench of the fresco vender, taking her ice, along side of a rough laborer, with coarse pants on, indulging in the same luxury.

A "pic-nic" down at Old Callao, or the point where Old Callao had been, about two miles to the south of the present town, was about to come off shortly after our arrival; and having been favored with an invitation, I here made my entrée into Peruvian society.

The entertainment was given by a gentleman, the proprietor of an estate near Callao, and who had several young ladies in his family. Early in the morning of the appointed day we started on horse-back for the scene of festivity, and upon reaching it we found part of the company present, all however of the family to whose hospitality we were

indebted, godmother, grandmother, and children. The young ladies had not yet arrived, because of their attendance on mass. Extensive preparations were going on for the day's feasting. Two sheep were ready for roasting, and piles of plucked chickens and turkeys were awaiting the cook's disposal. This functionary was busily engaged at the open air furnace or kitchen, over an immense earthen vessel of broth, or "caldo," as it is here called. This "caldo" is the first dish and an essential part of a Peruvian breakfast. As a native gourmand once remarked to me, the caldo warms the stomach and gets it ready for the food. Among the stores on the ground, were a variety of wines, bottles of Italia, and as an evidence of Yankee influence, and a tribute to Yankee taste, ice, mint, and brandy. The ice is frozen snow from the Andes, preserved in stable manure.

The point upon which we were, is a bathing-place; and for the accommodation of the bathers, a range of small chambers have been constructed of matting. The divisions between these being removed formed a convenient shady apartment for our tables. While we were surveying their promising preparations, the young ladies of the party dashed up on horseback. Their costume was similar

to the parlor or walking dresses of our own ladies, excepting that they wore broad-brimmed Guayaquil hats, nearly the whole width of the crown covered by broad plaid ribbons, done up in large bows at the side.

The big pot of "caldo" was now removed from the fire, placed on one end of the table, and breakfast commenced. It was evident that the principles of teetotalism had not reached this part of our globe, for the wine and Italia seemed to be as necessary a part of the breakfast of the ladies as they were of that of the sterner sex; and I found that no matter how often I offered a mint julep to a lady, it was freely accepted; and feeling some apprehension for the consequences, I substituted wine for brandy in mixing them, as I felt bound in gallantry to offer as long as they were not declined. It was with some mortification that I learned that it is considered an act of rudeness to refuse any thing offered at table, and that my officious gallantry might in truth have been a persecution to those to whom it was extended. This conventional courtesy of offering and accepting delicacies at table is in frequent exercise. A lady will take up some choice morsel, on the end of a fork, from her plate, and present it to any gentleman whom she may wish to

compliment, and the gentleman acknowledges the honor done him by a speedy return of the civility. This custom appears to be an equivalent for that of hob-knobbing. After breakfast, ladies as well as gentlemen lit their cigars, and puffed away with the air and gusto of old smokers. As the party was to spend the day upon the ground, and pass the evening in dancing at the "chacra" of our kind-hearted host, we regretted exceedingly that imperative engagements compelled us to leave soon after the completion of our first Peruvian breakfast.

Peru rejoices in her freedom from mad dogs and dangerous lightning; but, as a compensation, and to keep up the equality of good and evil, she has awful earthquakes, which shake down and swallow up towns. Allusion has already been made to that which swallowed up Old Callao, and it was soon after my arrival in the country that I made an experimental acquaintance with this turbulent phenomenon. Being in my room in Callao, in the "alto," or second story, on a still, quiet Sunday morning, suddenly a loud rumbling noise arose, and the next instant it appeared as if an immense battering-ram had been violently borne against the building, which rolled as though two waves had passed beneath it, the timbers and joists cracking violently. By the

time I was startled into a surmise of the cause of these effects, it had passed on; and in going to the front window, I saw the whole centre of the street lined with the terrified population, who had fled to this as the safest position. This was the most marked affair of the kind which occurred during my stay in the country, but minor shakes and trembles, which just served to remind one of what might occur at any hour of the day or night, were frequent. But it is time to give up our gossip about Callao, and look for something of greater interest; and for our purpose we have, running to Lima, the "old line" and the "opposition line" of omnibuses. What an amalgamation of manners and customs is going on in the world, and leveling all peculiarities! in a little while we shall have no such thing as "foreign parts." Mint juleps are part of a Peruvian pic-nic, and now an omnibus carries us where but a little while past we traveled on horseback and armed against banditti!

CHAPTER VI.

Road to Lima—Equestrian costume—Peasant women—Lima—Houses—Convents—Plaza—Public buildings—Foundling hospital—Museum—Market—Chirimoya—Marketing friar.

HAVING paid our fare, a dollar, and taken our seats in one of these coaches, in a few minutes we were under way, at the heels of five horses, three abreast in the lead, for Lima—"the city of Kings" once; "the city of the Free" now; where viceroys have walked upon silver pavements, and where ladies are now walking in the mysterious Saya-y-manto. The distance is eight miles, and the road presents some scenes of interest to the stranger. Although now terribly out of repair, it bears the evidence of the power and resources of the vice-regal days. To the eye it has the appearance of passing over a dead level, but, in reality, there is a rise of eight hundred feet from the port to Lima. The country, on each side of the road, presents either open fields of grassy tussocks, and sand-hills, amid which numerous donkeys are picking up a liv-

ing, or fields separated by crumbling "adobe" walls. Wherever there is any cultivation, the fields are irrigated by means of "acéquias," or canals, conducting the waters of the Rimac.

We shall, however, find more interest in the living beings animating this road: droves of donkeys transporting their cargoes to and fro; one drove, followed by six negro soldiers, bearing lances with a small red flag at their end, is carrying specie to the port for exportation. But it is not always that specie travels this road, in such an open or boastful manner. Quantities of it go down for smuggling shipment, and then the precious metal cloaks its glittering countenance under very humble disguises. The officers of the customs sometimes get on the track of this hidden treasure, and they have had the good fortune to pick up thousands of dollars which their vigilance has caused to be abandoned in these roadside fields.

It is a too disgraceful truth that the national flags, the armed ships, and the chivalry of two such nations as the United States and Great Britain, are employed in this illicit traffic, and in robbing these weak South American nations of their revenue, while enjoying the hospitalities of their ports. We shall have more to say upon this subject in an-

other place, for the present we return to our road. Horsemen are dashing along in the showy Peruvian costume; a broad-brimmed, white, Guayaquil grass hat, and a "poncho," or large cape, of cotton, linen, worsted, or woolen cloth, fringed around the border, sometimes embroidered, but oftener variegated with broad, gay, blue, yellow, or crimson stripes. A hole through the centre admits the head, and the poncho falls over the shoulders, nearly as low as the knees. The stirrups are large, triangular blocks of wood, elaborately carved, and frequently bound and tipped with silver. The opening for the reception of the foot does not pass entirely through the block. The spurs are not less singular, being heavy masses of metal, often of silver, the rowel projecting about four inches from the heel, and each spike being an inch or more in length. We passed also many female equestrians, all riding in that mode which in our country is exclusively monopolized by gentlemen. These are generally negro or Indian peasant women. The dress of the latter is, with great uniformity, the same; a neat shoe, fitting a very small foot, and armed with a spur; a glossy silk stocking, white muslin or gay calico dress, very bright-colored shawl, large Guayaquil hat, with the broad plaid ribbons and bows on the right side.

The glossy jet black hair is parted from the brow to the back of the head, and falls down the back in two long plaits.

While engaged in observing these various sights, our omnibus has rolled on amid clouds of dust, until, about a mile from the city, we enter upon an avenue, or "alaméda," with double rows of willow trees and a promenade on each side; from this we pass through an arched gateway, and are in Lima.

As with almost everything else in life, we have reached disappointment. The stranger upon entering Lima will be struck, almost with disgust, by the long, narrow streets, the low houses, each one surmounted by a flagstaff; and nothing can be more sombre than the irregular lines of wooden verandahs, dark and dingy with dust, jutting over the narrow pavements from the "altos," or second stories of the houses. These verandahs are not more prominent features in the external appearance of Lima, than they are indications of its domestic habits. They afford facilities for being out of doors, without the trouble of making a toilet. The lower part, for about the height of three feet, is a closely shut, wooden box, running across the front of the upper story, and supported upon projecting beams with carved ends. From this to the

roof, are the light, lattice-work shutters, swinging from hinges at the top; so that when a lady is disposed to take a dishabille lounge between breakfast and dinner, she lights her cigar! leans upon the box part of the verandah, her head of course pushes out the lower part of the swinging shutter, and she has a comfortable view of all that is going on, up and down the street. Beneath these verandahs, there generally opens from the street a broad, paved entrance to the courtyard, around which the house is built. The offices, store-rooms, stables, and servants' apartments, open on a level with this yard, and a stairway ascends from it to galleries above, leading to the various apartments of the family. On business streets, small shops occupy each side of the entrance to the best houses, and hence the most elegant establishments give no beauty to the streets. Where the entrance to them is not through dirty shops, the line of the street is separated from the courtyard by a high, thick wall. In either case, the entrance is closed by lofty, massive double gates, thickly studded with large brass knobs. These gates open into a passage way about twelve feet long, conducting to the courtyard, or "patio." Each side of this passage way is decorated with a painting, representing some scriptural

or classical scene. Sometimes the principal and most showy part of the house, crosses or bounds the courtyard on the first floor, directly opposite to the entrance. A handsome portico then fronts the whole of this part, and the front of the house is of ornamental iron open work, elegantly gilded or bronzed. Houses of this character are generally but of one story, but have large and lofty rooms. In the rear of this main, or centre part of the dwelling, is another smaller courtyard, called the "tras patio;" it is a kitchen yard. The houses of Lima are all flat-roofed, and upon these roofs are triangular projections, like our dormar windows, for the purpose of admitting air and light to the rooms below. These apertures are closed by shutters, which are managed by long cords hanging down into the room. The flagstaff which we have noticed, is an indispensable appendage, for it becomes necessary to fly banners from this, on the many feast and saint days occurring throughout the year.

Churches and convents are conspicuous objects in every part of the city. They are immense structures, surmounted by heavy domes and steeples, their fronts displaying a complicated maze of painted stucco work, carving, and statuary. In some instances, these churches and convents inclose

within their walls the whole of a very large square, and embrace all the means and appliances for a life of comfort. Porticos neatly paved, and sustained one above another on handsome ornamental arches; their walls covered with figured porcelain and paintings, their roofs elaborately carved, surround gardens of shrubs, flowers, and bubbling fountains—delightful retreats for those who dwell in "heavenly, pensive contemplation."

The large "plaza," a public square of Lima, has the great clumsy-looking cathedral and the archbishop's palace on one side, the government house on another, and the remaining two are formed by the "portales," covered paved walks in front of dry goods and fancy stores, and opening beneath arches to the great square itself. Under the portales and upon the Calle Mercadéres, are some very handsome and showy stores of French goods, kept by Frenchmen. The silversmiths are gathered together in another street, but their shops are small and make no display. Their work is very unsightly, having no neatness of shape or finish, while its price is the very highest cost of the best work done in the United States. Among the most beautiful articles displayed in these shops are finely wrought

filagree silver work, but these are made by the Indians of the interior.

There are but few, if any points of interest, other than that of association, in any of the public buildings of Lima. In the vaults beneath the cathedral, a mouldering body is shown as that of Pizarro, but "Quien sabe." The rooms of the Inquisition are now grated prisons for the lowest criminals. The hospitals are immense establishments of filth, disease, and wretchedness. The horrors of one visit to one of these establishments, where lunatics were locked up *en masse* in a court yard, like wild beasts in a pen, are never to be forgotten. Charity, as an active virtue, for whose proper exercise each individual extending it is responsible, must, of course, result in good; but those countries in which it is a generally inculcated principle, working without individual responsibility, show it to be productive of the most deplorable effects. Shame and mortification at the reception of alms seem to be lost; its objects are awfully increased, and the formal rule being met by the pecuniary emotion of each individual, its judicious and efficient employment is lost sight of. The only neat and comfortable eleemosynary establishment it was my fortune to see in Lima, was the foundling hospital. Here

babies, who have no owners, and there are many of them, are deposited in a cradle in the wall of the establishment, and being received on the inside are carefully and comfortably provided for.

The public museum and library are in the same building, and are open to free admission twice a week. In the museum are life-size portraits of the forty-five viceroys, commencing with Pizarro. It was a matter of some interest to observe the change of costume presented by these pictures. First come black clothes, and high stiff ruffs about the neck; then embroidery begins to appear, and increases until the coats of the old Dons are solid with it, while they are gaudy in crimson vests, breeches, and stockings. Then again the embroidery disappears, until it just borders the coat, and nothing is left of the crimson garments but the bright breeches. From the old viceroys we turn to the remains of those yet more antique, and perhaps greater characters, the mummies of the ancient Indians—it may be of the Incas themselves. These sat grinning in glass cases, in the same posture they were taken from their sepulchres, the thighs bent upon the body, legs crossed and bent upon the thighs, arms crossed over the chest, the elbows resting on the knees, and the chin supported

by the hands. In this museum are also a number of Huacos, or vessels and images of earthen, gold, or silver material, taken from the ancient tombs.

The library, in the same building, contains about twenty-six thousand volumes, conveniently arranged, and among them are some valuable books.

Early in the morning, the streets, conducting to the great market square of Lima, are thronged with the people on their way to or from this place of necessary supply; and, as the streets draw near to the market, they are almost choked by the pedlers of shoes, dry goods, fancy articles, and lottery tickets—each one endeavoring to out-vociferate the other in crying the cheapness of his wares. The square itself presents an animated and noisy throng, chiefly of people of the lower classes and domestics, for few but persons of this class visit the market in Lima. Around three sides of this square are ranged the sellers of fruits and vegetables, with their piles of apples, oranges, pine-apples, cherimoyas, grenadillas, potatoes (sweet and Irish), cabbages, peas, beans, yucas, cucumbers, pumpkins, tomatoes, and radishes, all of which were in season at the time of our visit. On the fourth side there runs a stream of fresh water, and here are placed the dealers in fish. The centre of the square is

occupied by an immense shed, constructed of mats supported on poles, and here are sold the meats. These are displayed in greasy piles on rough blocks and benches. The meats, however, are good, particularly the pork and beef;—than the beef of Lima there can be none better in the world. Chickens are cut up and sold in small pieces, for the accommodation of those who cannot afford the extravagance of an entire fowl. Among the vegetables is an Irish potato, of a golden yellow color, much esteemed. The cherimoya is the finest fruit. It is of the size and shape of a large pear, and has a rough, brownish green rind, within which is a white saccharine pulp, enclosing black seeds. Its flavor has been likened to strawberries and cream, but more resembles the papaw of our western country bottoms, without having its palling lusciousness.

While in the market-place, I noticed a young man in the coarse gray cloth habit of the barefooted friars, carrying a huge basket, which he placed with mechanical indifference before each pile of fruits or vegetables; he scarcely gave a look at the seller, and she, for they were generally cholos, or Indian women, for some minutes paid no attention to him; then she would pick up the smallest potato, or cut a slice of pumpkin, and toss it with

an air of reluctance into the basket. I followed him for some time, and every one seemed to make it a point to keep him waiting for some minutes; while he, with well practiced patience, endured the delay: not a word passed between the parties.

To the great comfort and convenience of the Limanians, the clear waters of the Rimac are flowing through their streets, and, fortunately, carry off much of the filth which might otherwise be left by those industrious scavengers—the turkey-buzzards, which are seen in great numbers through the streets, tame as domestic fowls. Frequently, a Lima housewife, of an humble class, may be seen to bring the dishes and plates from the dinner-table and wash them in these street gutters.

CHAPTER VII.

Saya-y-Manto—Dress and morals—Lottery ticket venders—Lottery drawing—Gambling propensity.

HAVING, in the last chapter, taken a general view of Lima, we will now turn our attention to the living beings to be seen in its streets. The eye will be first arrested by the many females habited in the celebrated saya-y-manto.

The saya is a petticoat, made of silk, stitched in very narrow plaits upon a foundation, or lining of small-figured calico; this petticoat is generally of black, light blue, or rich brown silk; it embraces the waist closely, and falls loosely to the feet. The manto, is an impenetrable black-silk veil, passing from beneath the waist of the petticoat and folded over the shoulders and head, as a kind of hood, covering all the upper part of the person closely, except one eye; one hand is concealed beneath this manto, holding it across the face, while the other, particularly if handsome, or decorated by a rich ring, is permitted to steal through a narrow opening

in the manto, and through this same opening falls the fringed or embroidered ends of a rich and bright colored silken shawl, crimson and blue being the favorite colors. The saya never falls so low as to conceal the satin shoes and silk stockings which every Limanian female wears, or more than poor is she who does not. Attracted by an ankle neatly covered with a new-looking glossy silk stocking, the stranger will be somewhat surprised upon raising his eyes to the figure above, to see a negro or Indian market girl, or else a female in shabby and tattered saya-y-manto. So that the "silk stocking gentry" may not be, in Lima, aristocratic people; and, on the other hand, the tattered costume may be no evidence of inferior condition; as this "saya-rota," as it is called, is sometimes assumed for the purpose of more efficient disguise. Concealed in the saya-y-manto, the lady is thoroughly disguised from all—father, husband, or brother; and the feeling of immunity from discovery, gives a daring boldness to the one eye fixed in searching brilliancy upon the passer by, and imposes upon him an annoying perplexity whether it is the familiar glance of some acquaintance, or the impudence of an impenetrable incognito. It is difficult to rid one's self of the feeling that every eye looking thus familiarly

must belong to some one well known to us. When first seen, the saya-y-manto impresses one as an attractive and picturesque costume, but it is wanting in the physiognomical individuality of varied dress, which, with each person, permits some display of character; it soon wearies by its universal sameness, and one sighs for the display of variety and taste permitted in the dress of our own ladies, to say nothing of the honest exposure of bright and beautiful faces. This contrast comes upon one with the effect of pleasing surprise, if, when moving amid throngs of these "tapadas," as these veiled women are called, one meets suddenly a foreign lady in European costume: then only can all its richness, life, and elegance, be appreciated. The association of the secure disguise of the Limanian dress with a loose state of morals, must be evident, whether the dress has been the device of a previously existing immoral condition of society, or by its facilities has produced that condition. But Lima is improving with the rest of the world: it is just beginning to be perceived that wearing the saya-y-manto is not exactly the thing; and, although very convenient to those who are too indolent to make a toilet when going upon the street, it is the opinion of many residents of Lima that it will ra-

pidly pass out of fashion. It is now considered disreputable for a lady to wear one on the street at night. It is somewhat remarkable that it is never worn out of Lima; it is never seen in Callao; yet the ladies of Callao keep them for use during their visits to Lima.

The remarks respecting uniformity of costume, will apply to the walk of the ladies. It is that of a studied system, which wearies by its art and sameness; it is devoid of spirituality, and admits of no peculiarity arising from individual character. But while we are engaged so attentively in studying the costume of the ladies, we are startled by some one crying out in a hurried manner "cuidado," "cuidado," sounding as if pronounced cudow, and meaning "take care;" and, unless we immediately attend to the warning, we run some risk of being run over by a drove of donkeys, which, driven by a ragged negro, who has given us the warning, and, loaded with fagots of firewood or bundles of clover, has monopolized both streets and sidewalks, rendering it a matter of security and necessity to jump into a neighboring door, or press close to the wall, to avoid them.

Water carriers, venders of milk, venders of bread, are seen in every direction carrying their wares on

the backs of donkeys, the proprietor sitting behind them, almost on the tail of the little animal.

Most conspicuous among the street characters of Lima are the sellers of lottery tickets; generally, thin, haggard old men, in seedy garb, who look as though they had passed through every make-shift mode of getting a living, and finally adopted this as a means of supporting existence upon the smallest physical, intellectual, or pecuniary capital. They are encountered in every thoroughfare, with narrow, long books, in greasy, black leather covers, under their arms, and a pen and small inkstand in their hands, while, wherever a collection of people may be found, is heard their constant cry, "suerte," "suerte." One of these starveling emissaries of the blind goddess, having just passed us, has met a customer in the person of a portly old man, with shaven crown, and the long white habit of a Franciscan friar.

The tickets are coarsely printed in a column on one edge of a narrow sheet of paper, each ticket being about an inch square; and, when sold, the purchaser's name is entered on a line adjoining the space from which the ticket is cut, and its number is recorded on the opposite edge of the page. The price of a ticket is a rial, or twelve and a half cents,

and the highest prize is a thousand dollars. It may readily be supposed there are not many prizes. The drawing takes place every Tuesday, in the plaza, and is conducted with much formality.

On one side of the plaza, opposite to the cathedral, a temporary stage and apartment are erected, open in front to the public. In the forepart of this stage are three large, hollow, wooden globes, painted yellow, and turning upon the stands which support them by means of a crank. A small door opens into each ball. By the side of each globe, the numbers to go into it were displayed upon inclined planes, so as to be open to the public view. The numbers being painted on small, flat, round blocks. At a table, behind these arrangements, sit three respectable looking men, with all the gravity of judges of life and death. Three old men to turn the globes, and three small boys to take out the numbers, complete the machinery. As the hour of decision approaches, a motley crowd gathers about the place. Women in saya-y-manto, nurses with children in their arms, ragged soldiers, friars, priests, and a multitude of indescribables, a-donkey back and a-foot. At the designated moment, the three old men who turn the globes cast the numbers

into them; thousands in that on the right; hundreds in the middle, and tens in the third. Being now rolled backwards and forwards a few times, the doors are simultaneously opened, and each one of the little boys takes out a number; without looking at them, they hold these numbers at arms length out to the people. The boys then walk up to the table and place their hands close together before the judges, these record it, and having informed one of the old men who turn the globes, he announces it and the possessor of the prize to the spectators, in a loud, singing, monotonous voice. The numbers are again returned to the globes and the same process repeated, until the prizes are all drawn.

These lotteries are the property of a society called the beneficéncia, and their profits are applied to hospitals and charitable institutions. The beneficéncia farms the lottery out; and some idea may be formed of the numbers of the tickets sold, from the fact that the sale of the lottery for this year brought forty-two thousand seven hundred dollars, and will undoubtedly yield a large profit to the purchasers.

The propensity to gamble, finds every opportunity for indulgence in Lima, and it is sometimes made

available in a competition for customers among shop-keepers. Seeing a throng gathered about the door of a small cigar shop, I found the proprietor busily engaged in selling cigars by the medios, or six cents' worth, and presenting to each purchaser tickets in a lottery of trifles which were displayed in an adjoining case.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sunday in Lima—Pantheon car—Religious procession—Beautiful scene—Old bridge—The Host—Almas—The Amancaes—Alaméda—Descalsos.

ONE accustomed to the quiet Sabbath-day scenes of our own land, in which, though

> "Fresh glides the brook, and blows the gale,
> Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
> The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
> How motionless and still!"

will be forcibly reminded of his distance from that land, and the different people he is now among, by the scenes of Sunday in the capital of Peru.

Early in the morning, the militia were drilling in the plaza; and, upon directing my steps that way, I saw groups of persons gazing upon some pictures suspended at the entrance to the "portál." These proved to be large and glaring signs, or advertisements, painted upon muslin stretched over wooden frames; one announcing the bull-bait for to-morrow, and the other the cock-fight for to-day.

Around the borders of that advertising the bull-

bait, were painted some of the scenes of greatest interest to be expected in the coming exhibition. One represented the animal impaled upon a spear, and another showed him victoriously goring a man to death, and exciting much expectation for the spirit and piquancy of the exhibition. The cock-fight sign merely represented two of these combative birds holding in their beaks the notice to the public. Leaving this scene, and crossing the plaza to the cathedral, a large heavy hearse is seen standing before the door. This is the Pantheon car, which, having been its rounds to collect the dead of the previous night, has brought them here to receive the last offices of religion. The driver was in the act of loading it up with the bodies which had undergone the ceremony. Already, there were two bodies in the hearse, one in a coffin covered with black muslin, and the other lying upon the bottom of the vehicle, without any such casing. He was endeavoring to force a third in over these, and while struggling with his loathsome load, the few persons standing by were making themselves merry at his efforts. On the ground beside the hearse lay an open coffin lined with white muslin, which was one used temporarily, during the performance of the service, for such bodies as came

there unprovided with such a receptacle. Having made up his load, the man snatched up this empty coffin, deposited it in the church, mounted one of his mules, and drove off entirely unattended. The stores and shops were generally, but not universally closed, and the contents of toy and picture shops seemed to be turned out into the portál, the whole range of which was occupied with pedlers' stands. While strolling through the streets, my attention was attracted by a tremendous ringing of bells and firing of rockets, and, proceeding in the direction of these discordant sounds, I reached the church and convent of San Francisco. A dense crowd filled the large, open square in front of the building, from various points of which, and from its steeples, were fluttering numbers of toy flags. Men and boys were on the roof, firing the rockets, while others in the belfry had hold of the clappers, rattling them furiously from one side to the other; and, amid all this noise and confusion, the lean and hungry looking lottery man was bawling out, "suerte, suerte."

Entering the church, it presented quite an imposing appearance. A range of lofty arches supported the ceiling, and separated the body of the church from the side aisles. Numbers of long, wide

ribbons of various gay colors, blue, yellow, and pink, hung in sweeping curves from the ceiling and tops of the pillars, crossing each other in every direction, while hundreds of lights were glimmering through the smoke of burning incense. Those in the church were gathered around the figure of a female, the size of life, richly and gayly dressed in silk with gold and silver embroidery, supported upon a car of crimson silk velvet, ornamented with fringes of gold cord. The whole affair was an arrangement for a religious procession, which got under way soon after my arrival. First started three old, gray-bearded negroes in ragged garments, one blowing a clarionet, another a flageolet, and the third beating a drum. Such time-worn and battered instruments are rarely seen in use; black as the hands which held them, the clarionet and flageolet were wrapped with twine to close their numerous crevices; the drum had lost all cylindrical shape, and all definable color. Following these votaries of the "Heavenly Maid," as they passed out of the church, came two lines of men and boys bearing candles, and after these came women with open silver censers in their hands, containing burning coals, upon which, from time to time, they sprinkled powdered incense. Both these parties seemed to

be volunteers, who had zealously taken these duties upon themselves. Next came the figure, with a column of friars on each side, and after these, under a silken canopy, borne by four boys, walked a priest carrying the Host, and at the approach of this, all went down upon their knees. In this order, the procession moved around the convent yard, stopping and chanting before the shrine of a saint in each corner of the yard; and then it moved out into the open square before the church, making the same round, accompanied, during the whole, by the mingled noises of the cracked clarionet, the flageolet, and battered drum, the explosion of rockets, ringing of bells, and crashing music from a large band also in attendance.

In the afternoon, the cockpit was the resort of a large number of ladies and gentlemen; while others sought the fashionable promenades of the Alamédas. Boys were busy selling hand-bills, or programmes of to-morrow's bull-bait, and these hand-bills, as an illustration of manners, may be worth noticing. The first page, embellished with two of the animals in furious combat, announces the day and place of exhibition, and that the judge will be the Intendant of Police; the two inner pages are occupied by verses of a grossly immoral cha-

racter; the fourth gives the fancy names of the bulls, and the names of their persecutors and competitors.

Such are some of the scenes of Sunday, in Lima, and amid a portion of them one can scarce reconcile to himelf that he is still in that world, and among that people to whom God has said, "Keep holy the Sabbath day." This desecrated Sabbath closed in a scene displaying the magnificence and beauty of nature. As I stood in the Alaméda, on the left bank of the Rimac, a misty cloud, which during the whole day had veiled the sky, as the sun went down, lifted around the horizon, but still hung heavily above. The bright rays of the setting sun darted beneath this curtain, and through the opening in the mountains which inclose the valley of the Rimac, illuminated the houses, domes, and steeples of the city on the opposite bank, and, following the river, sparkled upon its waters as they rushed to the Pacific, which

"Glowed in the south, a sea of burning gold."

Much walking about Lima convinces one, painfully, that, in its arrangements, the comfort of pedestrians was not consulted, the sidewalks being exceedingly narrow and rugged. Most of the time

one's foot is being twisted between irregular stones, or supported unequally on their projecting points; and yet the stranger, fatigued by a day of such promenading, finds no assurance of sleep amid the annoyances of a Lima night. Fleas assail him in bed, and every half hour he is startled by the shrill whistle of the "sereno," or watchman, and every fifteen minutes huge bells mark the slow advance of time's footsteps; as morning comes, slumber is frightened by discordant noises in the streets, made up of cries, the ringing of bells, beating of drums, and the screaming of harsh trumpets.

The greater portion of Lima is separated from a less, called the suburb of San Lazaro, by the Rimac, a mountain stream, which comes dashing over a rocky and pebbly bed. A bridge is thrown across the river, and forms the thoroughfare from the city to San Lazaro, and, through this suburb, to two of the most fashionable Alamédas. This bridge was built in 1610, and it is entered upon beneath three arches, a broad one across the centre of the street, and two smaller across each sidewalk; turrets and spires surmount these arches.

The bridge is a fashionable evening promenade, especially on Sundays and feast days. Semicircular recesses, with stone seats, open from the side-

walks crossing the bridge, and these are filled by visitors, chiefly females in saya-y-manto, gazing upon the living columns moving to and fro; while on the opposite side of the pathway, with their backs to the wall, and their faces to the foe, stands a line of beaux, arrayed in their most attractive attire, and gazing with their two eyes into the bright one shooting from the masked battery opposite.

At the entrance to the bridge, an old man makes his living by the sale of a curious article, no other than the stumps of well used cigars, which are exposed to the purchasers on a waiter.

The chief attraction to the bridge is, of course, the animation of the moving column of living beings, but it also presents some of the most pleasant views of the city. Looking down the river, its left bank is overhung by the gardens of convents and dwelling houses, the view terminating in the Pacific. Upward are seen the green avenues of trees in the Alaméda del Acho, beyond these the gardens of the valley, and beyond them the white turrets of the Pantheon, the whole bounded by the ridge of mountains which incloses the valley of the Rimac.

A frequent and strange spectacle in Lima, is the passage of the Host through the streets; and it is one which either illustrates the depth of the reli-

gious faculty in man, or the absurdities of superstition. Standing in a small shop in the evening, soon after my arrival in the city, my attention was attracted by the approaching tinkling of a small bell, accompanied by a monotonous and very unpleasant song or chant, apparently being screeched by two voices. In looking up the street, I noticed that all on it stopped and pressed closely to the wall, or stepped into a door-way; presently there came along a procession preceded by two dirty looking negro wenches, who were the vocalists of the horrid screech; following these were two lines of a shabby rabble, mostly negroes, carrying lanterns, and between these moving rows of light, walked a priest bearing the Host; four boys sustained the canopy over his head. As it drew near, all the people sank on their knees, wherever it might be. We in the shop, desirous to conform to the customs, with some, and what we thought a proper show of respect, uncovered our heads, but one of the lantern-bearing negroes, happening to observe our erect position, poured some threatening words upon us, accompanied by indignant gestures; he was compelled, however, to move on with the procession, without giving any farther evidence of his anger.

On the corner of some of the streets of Lima, a curious device is adopted, to remind people of their obligations to such unfortunates as are in the pains of purgatory. Figures of the human head and chest, are painted surrounded by flames; these are called "almas," souls, and are supposed to represent the condition of those not yet relieved; a box near, for the collection of money, affords those so disposed an opportunity to aid in their relief from such an unpleasant position.

A sudden departure from Lima, postponed any farther observations on it, until the month of June, when a great national festival rejoices the whole people.

"The Amancaes," "the Amancaes." For a week or more before the 24th of June, St. John's day, every one was talking about the feast of Amancaes; and, upon inquiry, I learned that this was the name of a flower, a valley, and a frolic. People resort to the valley for the frolic, at the season when the flower springs up.

The valley is a desolate and sterile spot, about three miles from the northern part of Lima, and the flower is a yellow lily, which springs up and covers these barren hills, a few days previous to St. John's day. The popular belief is, that al-

though there may not be one of these flowers visible two days before, they are sure to be there on the appointed day, when the whole population of Lima throws loose the reins of enjoyment, and, in all the excitement of unchecked pleasure, throngs to the valley of Amancaes, arrayed in all the gayeties of holiday costume.

Throwing myself into the current of horsemen and horse-women, of carriages and pedestrians, I took my way out of the city, and through the willow-tree walk, called the Alaméda de los Descalsos. Beyond the Alaméda, the road passed, for some distance, through the handsome groves and plantations of the suburbs. At the point where the road entered the mouth of the valley, two temporary chapels were erected, decorated with gay banners and ribbons, and each tenanted by a saint in gaudy garb, for the purpose of levying contributions upon those whose liberality was expected to be expanding under the anticipations of sport and mirth.

Each passer by, on foot, in vehicles, or on horseback, was surrounded by a group of men and women, boys and girls, importunately thrusting out small plates, and clamorously soliciting donations. They were not easily evaded, the females would

seize hold of, and tenaciously cling to the persons of all who attempted to get off free. Having with a very good will made my contribution in the plate of the prettiest girl at the first chapel, at the second, which was only a few feet distant, I made some objection, upon the score of having no more small change; but as they immediately proffered me change and a bouquet, I felt bound to comply with the terms.

The valley of Amancaes opened before me, a dreary gorge of brown sand and rock, gradually ascending and narrowing between mountains which jutted irregularly upon it, and terminating in a point at the upper extremity. At this point of termination, about a mile distant, flags were seen flying over several booths, towards which the full stream of people, in variegated costume, was steadily flowing. A number of enterprising people had climbed the surrounding hills, and were seen like moving points upon their brown surface up to their very summits.

Neatly dressed females, in Guayaquil hats, ponchos, and spur, with their hair hanging in ringlets over their shoulders, or in long plaits down their backs, were dashing along astride their horses, some of them at full speed, their faces lighted by

merriment, or flushed with the excitement of the scene.

At the booths were collected all the appliances of a saturnalia;—chicha and Italia; eatables, and music for the national, voluptuous, "sama cueca" dance, which would undoubtedly display its most disgusting freedom when the excitement had reached its proper pitch.

Bundles of the yellow lily (which must have been brought from high up the hills, as none were growing within sight) were lying about, and the frolickers had themselves and their horses liberally decorated with the blossom.

The interest of the scene was soon lost to one not engaged in its dissipations, and before the afternoon closed I returned to the city. As I passed through the Alaméda de los Descalsos, it presented a most animated scene. The large circular enclosure of stone seats which terminated the Alaméda, was closely filled with females in the saya-y-manto; the carriage-road, under the trees, was thronged with people of wealth and fashion, in their splendid equipages, attended by servants, in liveries gay with crimson and gold lace; horsemen displayed their costly caparisonings, saddles and bridles glittering with plate silver, and solid spurs of the same

metal. In the whole length of the Alaméda, the seats were closely crowded with "tapadas," brilliant in the variety of their rich-colored shawls, and dangerous from the fascination of the full black eye, flashing from beneath the dark manto. With the sound of the vesper bell, the animated masses retired, and the gay scene was dispelled as if by a magic wand, and, as evening closéd in, the walks of the drooping willow were left silent, dark, and solitary, but lights now glimmered from the rows of houses on each side of the Alaméda; the sound of the guitar, and the wild scream of the "sama cueca," told of the masses of human beings in

> "The wild fury of voluptuous sense
> There lost——"

CHAPTER IX.

Bull-bait procession—Place of contest—The fight—Death of the bull—Slow murder—The felon—Orácion.

THE bull-bait, where

"Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor even affects to mourn,"

is too important a part of Limanian enjoyment, to be allowed to approach without all the evidences of pleasurable anticipation and excitement. For the last few days, the almost constant salutation of acquaintances has been; "Are you going to the bull-bait?" asked with the assurance of an affirmative answer.

To keep alive the excitement and expectation of the populace, on the morning of the day of entertainment, a procession paraded the streets of Lima, displaying the gaudy equipments in which the animals were to be decorated when they entered the ring; and also exhibiting some of the instruments for their torture.

The same three ragged negroes, with the cracked clarionet, flageolet, and battered drum, who were formerly noticed in the religious procession, headed this, and after them were borne, extended upon frames, the square pieces of gay silk, sparkling with spangles and tinsel, intended as ornamental coverings for the backs of the bulls. Suspended on poles carried by boys, were the short spikes intended to be thrust into the bodies of the animals; each of these was gayly ornamented with fancy figures of bright-colored paper, and enveloped by net-work balloons of the same material. But the most conspicuous articles of the procession, were three figures as large as life, borne above the heads of the crowd. These figures were hollow, constructed of light reeds, covered with painted paper, and filled with explosive fireworks. One represented an English peasant-girl, in a gipsy bonnet, with a small basket on each arm; another an English dandy, greatly caricatured; and a third a negro in a grotesque attitude, with a long pipe in his mouth. These figures were to be placed in the arena, so as to invite the assaults of the bull, and, by their explosion, to add to his torment and fury.

At the farthest extremity of one of the Alamédas, or public walks, outside of the city, is situated

the theatre of exhibition—a large, uncovered amphitheatre, surrounded by benches and boxes capable of accommodating many thousand persons. In the centre of this arena is a small circular enclosure of posts, each post sufficiently distant from the other to admit the passage and give refuge to a flying man, while that of the pursuing bull is effectually obstructed. On one side of the amphitheatre a passage and gateway give admission to the bulls; over this is the seat of the judge; and opposite to it another passage and gateway give entrance to the contending horsemen, and exit to the dead bodies of all who may fall in the conflict, horse or man.

Four o'clock in the afternoon being the hour of commencement, for many hours before this time the populace were thronging along the line of the "Alaméda del Acho," and making its way to the scene of attraction. Under the trees of this fine promenade, the Indian female venders of "chicha," "pisco" (the native brandy), and "picanté," had spread their tables, and placed their jars for the temptation of the passers by. At two in the afternoon a very good volunteer military company and band of music were on the march to the amphitheatre, and I mingled with the crowd accompanying

them. The vast amphitheatre was soon animated and filled to overflowing with a living mass of both sexes, and of all ranks, colors, and ages. Soldiers, Indians, and negroes, with all the constituents of a motley mob, occupied the open benches, and the boxes were brilliant with the bright-colored shawls of the saya-y-manto-disguised females, and with the glittering uniforms of military officers.

The impatience of the multitude for the commencement of the exciting exhibition was somewhat kept in check by the performance of some admirable evolutions by the volunteer company. These over, preparations commenced for the more important event of the day.

Twelve men entered the arena: six on horseback, and six on foot. Part of those on foot held short implements in their hands, shaped something like a bricklayer's trowel; others being armed with straight swords. Those on horseback had long spears in their hands, and all had crimson shawls or cloaks on their left arms. The figure of the English cottager being placed in the arena, these persons, of which each class has a technical name, drew off to one side of the ring, with the exception of a single horseman, who stationed himself at the mouth of the entrance to receive the bull at his

onset. All was now ready, and the murmuring noise of the assembled multitude was hushed into the silence of momentary expectation; a rocket whizzed through the air—the gate flew open, and the bull, wild with fury, into which he had been goaded, rushed into the arena. He rushed immediately upon the horseman, who sprang off at full speed around the enclosure; the bull following in mad pursuit, and keeping close upon the flank of the horse. The rider let fly his red cloak, and streamed it through the air before the bull's eyes, who plunged his horns again and again at the deceptive obstacle. At length he paused, in disappointment; and now the other men and horsemen rushed at him in a body, irritating him by loud cries, and flaunting the crimson cloaks in his face. Amid clouds of dust, and the shouts of the assembled and excited multitude, he rushed upon first one and then another of his tormentors. Of the men on foot, one would stand and wait firmly as the bull came rushing upon him, and, as he bowed his head to gore him, would spring nimbly aside and receive the thrust upon the crimson shawl. Another, flying, would conduct the pursuing animal to the central enclosure, when the man, gliding between the posts, and turning quickly, as the bull

dashed his head against the enclosure, thrust sharpened iron spikes into his shoulders, and left them sticking there.

Turning in pain and wild rage from these persecutors, the bull came suddenly upon one of the men advancing towards him. The man had not time to prepare to receive him, and turned to fly; he was some distance from shelter, and as the bull gained upon him the spectators gloried in the excitement of this pursuit, and loud cries of "Hurrah for the bull!" "Hurrah for the bull!" showed which had their sympathies. The bull gained rapidly upon his flying enemy, and, as he lowered his horns for a toss, the man leaped over the barrier and among the spectators, much to the disappointment of all who expected a more thrilling termination to the race. The paper figure now attracted his fury, and with one plunge of his horns he demolished it; but found his head and face in the midst of the fire and noise of exploding crackers.

Having been vexed, worried, and goaded in this manner sufficiently long, one of the horsemen, to whom was assigned the task of dispatching him, approached for that purpose. The bull rushed upon the horse's fore shoulder, and nearly overturned him, but the rider wheeled and returned to the

encounter. This time the bull thrust his horns under the shoulder and breast of the horse, and, with a toss, slightly raised his fore legs from the ground, and, as the bull turned from the attack, the legs of the horse were seen crimsoned with his own blood. A third time, and more successfully, they came upon the devoted bull, and, as he lowered his head to meet the assault, the horseman passed rapidly on one side, and plunged the spear deep into the neck at the junction of the head. He sank to the ground, and instantly,

"Without a groan, without a struggle, dies."

The drums now rolled, and the breathlessness of hushed excitement broke into the confused murmur of many voices.

Four horses, harnessed to an axle on low wheels, were now brought in, and the dead bull's head being lashed to the axle, they bounded out of the ring at full speed.

The next bull was to be killed by one of the men on foot, with swords. The English dandy figure took the place of that of the peasant-girl; another rocket flew through the air, and the enraged animal dashed into the ring. Having gone the same round of worrying, had pikes thrust into him, and

firearms exploded about him, his antagonist, when the animal was in his wildest fury, advanced to the encounter of life and death. The bull having discovered him, came upon him with desperate rapidity, but the man stood immovably upright to receive the attack, and, as the bull bowed his head for the plunge, which it appeared must toss the man into the air, at this critical moment, the "matadór" thrust forward the red cloak on his left arm, and uncovered the naked sword in his right hand;—the next moment it is buried to the hilt in the chest of the animal. The "matadór" stepped back, the poor brute turned his head up, with his eyes fixed upon the gay boxes, in a look of deep agony; a crimson column spouted from his mouth, his head dropped, and he fell lifeless to the ground.

The third bull did not fall into the hands of so skillful an enemy as the last, and underwent the most horrible mangling before his death was effected. The intention was to destroy him in the same manner as the last; but the sword, though deeply stricken, did not penetrate any vital part, and the poor animal walked about with the weapon projecting from his body. One of the horsemen next attempted to destroy him with a spear, but this was in a most bungling manner thrust through his

shoulders, the bright point appearing through the skin, back of the fore-leg, and he still continued moving with this long pole rising from his body. Spear after spear, and lance after lance, were stricken into him without fatal effect, until, weakened by wounds and loss of blood, he quietly laid himself down against the enclosure of the arena, and was deliberately killed by one of the short trowel-shaped instruments being stuck into the back of his neck.

The fourth bull being admitted, the chief interest of hunting him arose from the admission of a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age, on horseback, as one of his tormentors. Sometimes females, as I have upon another occasion witnessed, enter into the contest, and win the plaudits of the spectators, by inflicting the death-wound upon their four-footed antagonist. The next, from his wild and determined ferocity, contributed much to the sport and excitement of the day. At the proper period, one of the horsemen rode up to dispatch him, but the bull dashed boldly upon the chest of the horse, a fine-looking white animal, and the next moment one of the bull's horns was seen driven almost to its root into the breast of the horse, and the next, horse and rider rose into the air, and fell struggling upon the ground, the man underneath the horse.

All was now earnest and anxious expectation. Both man and horse were at the mercy of the bull, who drew back for a renewed attack; at this moment the horse struggling to rise, lifted himself to his fore-feet, the man was jerked out, and the horse fell back dead. As if aware that the dead beast was beyond the reach of injury, the bull turned and walked quietly from the place. His magnanimity availed him nothing, for his own dead body was flying out of the arena, at the heels of the dashing horses, a few minutes after they had removed that of the slaughtered horse.

The next, and concluding exhibition, was one of thrilling interest, as it placed human life in greater risk than any of the preceding. A man was placed directly in front of the gate at which the bull entered, resting upon one foot and one knee. He had no liberty to move from this position, and was armed with a long spear, the extremity of the pole of which was supported against the ground, while the man was expected to direct the point so as to impale the animal as he rushed into the arena. It was said that this man was a criminal, condemned to death, and who had this chance given him for life. The signal rocket whizzed through the air, the gates flew open, and on came tearing the bull, his

back sparkling with ignited fireworks. With coolness and steadiness, the man directed the point of the spear towards the breast of the animal, but in vain, he rushed to one side and avoided it; the next moment he had pinned the man to the ground, and the cloud of dust raised by their struggles, shut them from view. All in the arena now surrounded the spot, and attracted the bull's attention by cries, and flaring the red flags in his face. Fortunately they succeeded, and rescued the man with no other injury than a slight bruising.

The day was now sinking into twilight, and the sport terminated in the death of this bull.

As the departing multitude was thronging the Alaméda, on their return to the city, the great cathedral bell tolled the vesper prayer—that solemn sound which for a moment suspends all within its hearing still and motionless. Upon the present occasion the effect was very impressive. The hurrying and noisy people were at once stilled and silent, as if turned into statues; every hat was reverently lifted, and man, fresh from the bloody and merciless sports of his own heart, stood for a brief moment, in confessed humility, before the God of benevolence, mercy, and justice.

Again the bell struck, God's moment had ended, and all moved on in mirthful animation.

CHAPTER X.

Peruvian revolutions—Domingo Elias—South American republics—Monarchy and republicanism—Sources of evil—The boatswain and the president.

WHILST we were amid all the excitement of the bull-bait in the month of June, the magnates and politicians of Peru were absorbed in the deeper and more important excitement of consummating a pre-arranged political revolution, and we came out of the arena under a different government from that under which we had entered it.

There was something in the character of this revolution which may make it worthy the attention of those who take any interest in the progress of civil liberty, however contemptibly they may deem the confused record of "South American disturbances."

A patriotic Peruvian, writing for the Lima paper, concludes a glowing eulogium upon the perpetual spring of its climate by stating, as the climax of its advantages, "Its enabling a poor man like him-

self to keep a horse all the year round." But, whilst he is enjoying himself upon this horse, he is, although for many years unconnected with any party, suddenly arrested and thrown into prison as a political conspirator. Hence, he concludes that "keeping a horse all the year round" is not the greatest advantage a citizen can enjoy.

The frequency of revolution is a melancholy justification of this unfortunate citizen's lamentation. Within ten years Peru has had ten chiefs of her government. The usual mode of proceeding is, for some general of a petty military force, upon any pretext, to place himself in opposition to the existing chief. If this latter can muster sufficient force to march against the rebel, scarcely is he clear of the gates, before the next man in influence declares himself the chief authority, and shuts the gates upon both belligerents.

The last constitutionally elected President was General Orbegoso, who, being expelled from his seat ten years ago, was at this time living quietly on his farm, while usurper has followed usurper in the administration. In the course of these changes, General Vivanco found himself recently at the head of the government, when a General Castillo raised the standard of revolt, upon the ground that

the country must have a constitutional president. He proclaimed that he did not wish to be president himself, that he did not care who was, but the president must be properly elected and not self-appointed. Vivanco marched out to chastise this rebellious chief, and both armies encamped in the mountains at a remote distance from each other.

From time to time Vivanco drew upon the cities and provinces which acknowledged his authority for men and money, and they were accordingly sent by those left in charge. Domingo Elias, the Prefect of Lima, a very wealthy citizen, merchant, and large landed proprietor, filled requisition after requisition for money and men, made by Vivanco, and yet no conclusion was brought to the war, no action between the parties in the field, and no proper head of the government in the capital.

Things having continued in this condition for many months, in June, 1844, as before stated, Domingo Elias assembled the citizens and militia, enumerated what he had done to bring the war to a conclusion, pictured the distracted state of the country, and pronounced himself at the head of the nation until the will of the people could be known. He proclaimed the military chiefs as enemies to their country unless they disbanded their

forces and returned to the condition of peaceable citizens. In the midst of these stormy scenes arose another speck of war. Elias relied for the support of his measures upon the citizens of Lima and Callao, and also upon that of General Echenique, commanding fifteen hundred men of the party of Vivanco. Echenique received certain orders from Elias, but, instead of executing them, he commenced a march upon Lima. The citizens of Lima immediately flew to arms, and those of Callao suspended all business and marched up to the defence of the capital. So great was the enthusiasm upon this occasion, that many foreigners of respectability, who had never meddled in the affairs of the country, took up arms in defence of this effort to establish civil law.

Discovering this state of feeling, Echenique sent in word that he was not coming in hostile attitude, but only for such refreshments and necessaries as were required by his forces, and he expected to be received with open arms. This statement being distrusted, forces were sent out to meet him, and he retired before them to the Cordilleras; whereupon Lima and Callao went into rejoicing—banners fluttered from the house-tops, triumphal arches were erected, and strips of gay-colored muslin were fes-

tooned across the streets. This revolution resulted in the election of Castillo as President, and since then Peru has been in a quiet political state, and manifesting some signs of prosperity.

South American republics have become proverbial for anarchy and political instability, and, in the mouths of monarchists, are scoffing arguments against republicanism. The state of affairs at which we have glanced in this most disorganized of all these governments is truly deplorable, and yet, in its worst condition, the state of the people is infinitely better and their share of happiness far greater than they were under the vice-regal government. Now the political disturbances chiefly affect the quiet and prosperity of the capital, but the mass of the peasantry is undisturbed. Then, the imposing grandeur and richness of the court and capital were nurtured upon the blood of the people. A grinding despotism reached the most remote points, and the most humble individual sacrificing every relationship, and wearing out life in the taxations of labor; but the glitter of royalty and the brilliancy of aristocracy turned the eye from the tears and sufferings of the masses. Republicanism has shown forth, not made, the defects of the population, and what spectacle has lost by its establish-

ment humanity has gained. Let it be borne in mind that a very few years have elapsed since these countries shook off the domination of Europe, and already some of them are assuming the character of steady and established governments. Chile is and has long been in a quiet and flourishing condition.

Under both monarchical and republican governments, these countries have been subject to bad political influences. In both cases we may say, with the poet,

> "What avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
> This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
> This pomp of nature?
> Ah, what avail their fatal treasures, hid
> Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
> Golconda's gems and sad Potosi's mines?
> Kind, equal rule, the government of laws,
> And all-protecting freedom, which alone
> Sustains the name and dignity of man;—
> These are not theirs."

Unfortunately there are many causes tending to sink these people below the "dignity of man." One of the most influential is the marked difference and inequality between the races. The Spaniard, accustomed to look upon the mass of the people, the Indian race, as living only for his use, and as the creatures of his dominion, is unwilling to regard

it in any other relation. The Indian, accustomed to regard the Spaniard as his tyrant and oppressor, refuses to assimilate with him, and, in the midst of chapels and priests, delights to remember the days of his Incas, and the Sun-worship of his fathers.

In the abolition of privileges resulting from republican institutions, the Spaniard can only maintain his aspiring domination by military organization; and the passive character of the Indian, indifferent to the interests of the military chiefs, and having no attachment to political principles, affords a suitable material for the establishment of numerous and petty bands. Hence, the glitter of a uniform, a gilded curse to any country, is the leading idea of South American politics. The great deficiency of moral sense, may be named as another prominent obstacle to the interests of self-government.

The self-education of republicanism is that which best counteracts these evil influences, and it is doing its work in the regeneration of these people; or, rather, it is creating a people where, politically speaking, there was none. Step by step the principles of self-government are advancing. Two words are becoming common in the mouths of all, and which are representatives of important ideas

and trains of thought, "civicos," and "militares"—citizens and soldiers, and they are seldom used without a merited malediction on the latter.

The history of the last disturbances, which has been given in this chapter, affords an important illustration of the progress of ideas. The cause of revolt, even supposing it to have been a pretended one, put forth by Castillo, is an evidence of political advancement; and a still greater evidence of it is found in the fact, that not a military adventurer, but a plain merchant, with a large personal stake in the country, placed himself at the head of civil rights, and sustained them. This contest was, in truth, between the civil and military spirit, whereas all previous quarrels have been between rival military chiefs. The more the past and present condition of these countries is investigated, the more room have we to admire and respect the success of republicanism in elevating the dignity of man; and we see this spirit, in its most disordered garb, more worthy of veneration than monarchy, in all the decoration and gaudy pomp which attempts in vain to hide its unnatural deformity.

Shortly after the installation of Castillo as President of the republic, I met, on the mole at Callao, the boatswain of the flag-ship of the United States

squadron, arrayed in his best shore toggery, and armed with an enormous hickory cane, mounted and varnished. Upon inquiring his destination, the old man told me he was going to Lima, to make "this club" a present to "Cast-steel-you," as he called the President. He proceeded to the palace, requested an interview, and presented the cane; telling the President it was cut in the United States, and he hoped he would use it to knock the first fellow on the head who attempted to get up a revolution.

CHAPTER XI.

Temple of the Sun—Bad fit out—Chorillos—The desert—A countryman—The temple—Valley of Lurin—Don Jorge—Hacienda—Lodging-room.

ABOUT twenty miles from Lima, on the sea-shore, to the south, are the celebrated ruins of the "Temple of the Sun," the "Temple of Pachacamac," the life-giving deity. Short as was the distance, and great as was the interest, of these ruins, a visit to them was a matter of some difficulty.

The United States and British squadrons, although holding the most agreeable intercourse with each other, were very apprehensive that each arrival might bring intelligence placing them in hostile relation; and, therefore, there was some risk in an officer being absent from the squadron for any distance; and twenty miles in Peru, even though in the neighborhood of the capital, are very different from twenty miles in a country of turnpikes, railroads, and steamboats. To go by sea in

a small boat, was to run the risk of being swamped and drowned in the surf that rolled upon the beach where we would land; and to go upon terra firma, it became necessary to make previous arrangements for suitable horses—not to be readily procured—a guide, and to take some precautions against the possibility of meeting banditti.

Having, as we supposed, made all the necessary arrangements, one evening a party of us proceeded to the shore, to take our departure from Callao early the following morning; but difficulties and disappointments met us at the beginning; not only was nothing ready, but we found that neither horses nor guide could be furnished us in Callao. Our costume had been arranged suitably to our country excursion, and each one of the party carried a blanket, as a provision for spending the night amid the graves of a past race, and the mouldering altars of its dethroned deities: we were hardly in condition for a visit to the "City of Kings," but there was no other course, if we would prosecute our purpose, and therefore we took the stage for Lima. Here we were cautioned against the rascality of livery-stable keepers, in general; but, as a mark of especial grace to our respectable party, we were commended to a small, sharp-featured, keen-eyed, red-

whiskered, never-to-be-forgotten, Italian; and with this *most honest* individual we contracted for a suitable number of the best horses to be hired in Lima, and to be furnished at an early hour on the following morning. "John," a good-natured Dane, the bar-keeper of the hotel at which we most did congregate, volunteered as guide. At the appointed hour the Italian and his horses were in attendance; but such animals: they offered the most barefaced and ridiculous insult to any man who had ever seen a horse; the mere tottering frames of diminutive animals, whose angles and hollows were scarce concealed by the large cushion pillions of their Peruvian saddles. In vain we charged his rascality upon him, and demanded horses that would bear us through the journey. He insisted upon it these were fully capable, and he would let us have none other. Two of the wretched creatures being a shade better than the remainder, we determined to take these and look elsewhere for others; but, gathering the bridles of all in his hand, he commenced leading them from the courtyard, saying we should take "all, or none." Time was flying; he knew our situation, and compelled us to his terms. As each person mounted his beast, the Italian came up and received the hire; feeling, no

doubt, that he was amply compensated, even though he had now looked the last upon his quadruped anatomies.

At eight o'clock our cavalcade had passed the gates of Lima. Our way was by the road to the fishing village of Chorillos, and for the first hour or two was enlivened by the numbers of cheerful, happy looking, and respectfully polite Indians, of both sexes, and all ages, mounted on donkeys and carrying marketing to the city. Among them were many fishwomen from Chorillos, seated between their panniers of fine sea fish.

At Chorillos we stopped an hour to rest our horses, already wearied by two hours slow ride; and here we made our breakfast upon bread, cheese, and "chicha," the only article the village could furnish.

Chorillos is the fashionable bathing resort in the summer season; and is the theatre of all the excesses of Limanian dissipation. At that season its gambling-tables are loaded with piles of gold, and, night and day, fortunes change owners by the roll of the dice. The better class of houses belong to citizens of Lima, and at the time of our visit were deserted and closed. Soon after leaving Chorillos we came to a large hacienda, or sugar estate; its

many buildings, negro houses, and chapel made it quite a village. Great numbers of negro slaves, on donkeys, were bringing the green cane from the distant fields to the mill; this being worked by water, conveyed through an aqueduct, conducted over arches. The negroes were spread in groups along the road for some considerable distance; and as, in my inspection of them, I had lingered and fallen some distance behind my party, "John," signaling to me to come up, cautioned me against separating myself, as they were the people who committed outrages upon travelers, and he did not think it safe for any of us to be caught alone among them. This estate was the last habitable spot for the remainder of our journey, until reaching the valley of Lurin. A mile or two of thin, barren soil, brought us to a vast desert of yellow sand, rising into long, sloping hills, like the swells of the ocean. Nothing could be seen before us, or on our right, but their desolate line cutting against the sky, and on our left they swept away to a distant chain of dark mountains. At this unpropitious point our miserable horses, either appalled by the prospect before them, or acquainted with its difficulties by past experience, refused to go further as beasts of burden. We were compelled to dismount;

and to add to the labor of crossing this desert of nine miles, on foot, that of leading and driving our unfortunate horses. Our toiling travel was made in the following order: Each person leading his horse, one behind another, and urging on, by blows and words, that in advance. The riders on the best horses, which still held out, bringing up the rear. A very few miles of this work, so fatigued and disgusted us, that a proposition to shoot the horses, as an act of humanity to them, and of punishment to their owner, would have been carried into execution, but for the solicitations of our good-natured Dane. He represented to us that we would be absent from Lima, and that he would be left to bear all the Italian's indignation. Crossing one sand-ridge after another in this laborious manner, the afternoon was much advanced before the beautiful valley of Lurin opened to our view; and, just before the desert terminated in the green valley, the ruins of Pachacamac piled themselves up before us.

Previous to our departure from Lima, we had been told that upon our arrival at Lurin every care would be taken of us, and every provision made for our comfort, by Don Jorge. All that we knew of Don Jorge was, that he was a countryman of

ours, an adventurous Yankee; one of those uniformly and universally clever fellows, always willing to do anything for you, and from whom, therefore, everything was expected. He held the relation of brother-in-law to Echinique, one of the principal men and leading politicians of Peru; and the offices of chief blacksmith, machinist, and engineer to the immense sugar estate of his brother-in-law. Being so near the point of our destination, John, who was mounted on the best horse of the party, rode ahead to notify Don Jorge of the approach of his unbidden guests, while we continued our way more slowly. The ruins of the ancient town lay spread out before us on the sand plain, while those of the temple rose to the height, it is said, of six hundred feet above the level of the sea.* This elevation was partly natural and partly artificial. The remains of the walls and buildings being on three terraces rising one above another.

Our route passed through the remains of an extensive wall which crossed the desert plain, about half a mile from the ruins of the town and temple. This wall was built of adobes, and was eight or ten

* Don Mariano Edward de Rivero. The Exploring squadron reports the height of the temple to be 330 feet.

feet high, by three or four in thickness. Having crossed the intervening space, and rounded a corner of the ruins on the plain, we found ourselves on the elevated bank of a mountain stream, which was the boundary between the sandy waste over which we had crossed, and the fertile valley we were about to enter. At this point we paused, to look upon the magnificent scene now opened to our view. Commencing at the sea on our right, and winding away into the recesses of the mountain on our left, were the princly haciendas of the valley of Lurin, covered by orange-groves and cane-fields. The color of the landscape varied from the deep green of the groves to the lighter hues of the fields. The mountain boundaries now retreating into dark recesses, and then projecting gigantic and fantastic points, to catch all the brilliancy of the sun. The spires of the village churches—those of Pachacamac and Lurin rose above the wide-spread foliage—and the sea, flinging a snowy wreath of surf along the mouth of the valley, then swept away in a calm, broad, blue expanse, to the distant circle of the horizon.

A heavy and handsome stone bridge had once crossed this stream, but an earthquake had tumbled its arch into the ravine below, and left only its jag-

ged abutments on the banks. It remained thus, a monument of the monarchy which had given it existence, and an emblem of the ruin into which that monarchy had been shaken by political convulsion. We had thus at once within view the mementos of past successive institutions; those of a splendid paganism, and those of the equally splendid European monarchical pomp, to which it had given place. Fording the stream a little below the bridge, we entered, upon the opposite bank, a small Indian settlement consisting of three or four houses, and which seemed to be a resting-place for the country people on their way to the capital, many of whom with their donkeys were lying about the ground.

Quantities of fine oranges, and country-made sweetmeats, were displayed for sale in front of the houses, and tempted us to make a sufficient stop here to refresh ourselves with the grateful fruit. One of the Indian residents promised to have an eye to our jaded horses, if we turned them loose, until some one could come and take charge of them.

Freed from our incumbrances, we had proceeded but a little way along a beautiful road, bordered by luxuriant hedges, when we met John returning to us in company with a tall, gaunt, sandy-complexioned man, who was introduced to us as

Don Jorge, our expected friend. He gave us a welcome, which, if somewhat destitute of Spanish courtesy and ceremonial, was agreeable from its honest earnestness, and, turning with us, he conducted us, at the distance of about a mile from where we met, to the hacienda of his residence.

We arrived at about four o'clock, and there being an hour before dinner, gave us an opportunity of making a toilet, and taking a general view of the premises. The dwelling was a large, two story barn of a house, surrounded above and below with broad piazzas. The lower one was used as a lumber shed and store-house, and was the resort of the quadrupeds about the place, as well as of the human beings inhabiting the house. The quarters assigned us, were those of Don Jorge himself; on the lower floor. At one end of the dwelling was the chapel, quite a church in size. Every hacienda has its religious edifice; a priest going the rounds, and performing service on Sundays and feast days. The machinery of the place was worked by a steam engine, which was a great source of power and influence to Don Jorge, who alone understood its mystical arrangements. At the time of our visit, the estate was making large quantities of "chancáca," or coarse brown sugar, or candy, moulded into

round, flat cakes, resembling those made of maple sugar by the Indians of our country. This manufacture was more profitable than that of white sugar, which required more expensive processes. Five hundred negroes were worked upon this estate. Each one has a certain amount of work assigned as a daily task, and those who are energetic and industrious, find time to labor some on their own account. In this way a few will sometimes accumulate several hundred dollars; only, however, to spend it all again, in the appliances and paraphernalia of religious celebrations.

At five o'clock, a large bell suspended outside of the house announced dinner, the table being set in the upper piazza; and here we, for the first time, met all the family; presenting a curious and interesting social amalgamation. The table was a long, heavy, rough affair, and the custom which prevailed in Europe, in the days of feudality, that of the lord taking his place at the head of the table, and the subordinates of his household, descending according to rank, towards the foot, was the usage of this board. First in honor and order, was the mother of Echinique, a pleasant, cheerful old lady; then the wife of Don Jorge, a fine-looking woman with brilliant black eyes. Don Pedro, a brother

of the master of the estate, and Don Jorge were the only males of the family proper, present; but lower down the table, were several rough-looking men, who sat at dinner with their ponchos on, and made their meal in silence. These were the overseers and managers of different parts of the estate, and its machinery.

The dinner presented the extravagant profusion which is displayed upon the tables of all in this country who can afford it. Commencing with soup, a variety of compound dishes followed, and a large baked fish finished the courses. For the first time, I saw at this table a dish, of which I had often heard in Peru—raw fresh fish. We were induced to taste it, and some of our party professed to like it; to me it was disagreeable, but by no means so disgusting as I fancied it would be.

As an evidence of the thriftless economy of these haciendas, all the poultry is purchased as required for the table, and from seventy-five cents to a dollar paid for a single chicken. So little knowledge of butter have the residents, that we were urged to taste, as a great rarity, some which had the appearance of a mixture of soot and tallow; the flavor corresponded with its appearance.

Dinner being finished, the whole party, including

the ladies, lit cigars, and continued for some time at the table smoking. A large room on the lower floor, which seemed to be used both as a sleeping apartment and a store-room for grain and vegetables, was assigned us as our lodging-place for the night; here a comfortable bed was provided for each one of our party, and offered us an inviting refuge from the labors of the day.

The early hours of the following morning were employed in exploring the surrounding country, and a visit to the neat neighboring village of Lurin. Upon our return to the hacienda, we visited the workshops of the place, and among them the forge of Don Jorge, in which he passed most of his time making or repairing firearms. At the present time he is engaged in constructing, by his personal labor, iron bedsteads for sale.

CHAPTER XII.

Ruins of the Temple—Tombs and relics—Products of art—Mummy coverings—Mystical bags—Early history of the Temple—Redress our wrongs.

At ten o'clock the great bell summoned us to breakfast, and here we met, for the first time, "la Señora Echinique," the lady of the proprietor, a very pretty woman, neice to General Tristan, of Lima. After breakfast we started for a more minute examination of the ruins. The buildings had all been constructed of "adobes," and the remains of the town were very extensive. We rode through one long street of singular appearance. It was about twenty feet wide, and, though much choked by the "adobes" which had fallen from the walls, in its whole length on both sides, a considerable elevation of the walls still remained, but nowhere was there any opening of door or window upon this lane. The interior of the ruins presented the remains of numerous apartments, leading one into another, through a long succession, some of

them very small, not larger than closets, and others quite extensive and commodious. They were smoothly plastered with clay, and many of them painted red, or yellow. In every room, about five feet from the floor, was a niche about eighteen inches square, and in the larger rooms were a number of these niches. From these lower ruins we ascended to the highest elevation of those nearer to the sea—the remains of the temple itself. Ascending from terrace to terrace, until the summit was reached, we found this to be perfectly level, and containing a pit about twelve feet square, built of stone, split, with smooth faces. From this point a fine view was commanded of the mountains, valley, villages, sea, and neighboring isles.

Much curiosity was felt to explore the tombs of the burial-place of this aboriginal Westminster Abbey, as some represent it to have been, asserting that here only the priests, nobles, and great of the land were interred. The day was so far consumed by our visit and wandering amid the ruins, that we left the tombs for the following morning.

It having been the custom to bury gold ornaments with the bodies, the graves had been opened in search of this metal. The places of interment were vaults, built of "adobes," and roofed by sticks

laid across and covered with matting. The mode used to discover these vaults, was to sound the loose sandy soil covering them with a long rod, or pointed staff. Those who had disinterred the bodies for the gold found with them, had left everything else appertaining to the corpse, and consequently we had an opportunity of picking up on the surface a great number of curious relics. Myriads of skulls and other human bones whitened the ground. Many of the skulls were still covered with dry integument and the hair, this being of a rusty brown color. Mats, sacks, netting, pieces of cloth, of cotton, or wool, and fragments of earthen vessels, were scattered about in the greatest abundance. Being provided with spades for the purpose, we dug among the earth and remains about us, occasionally re-opening some previously explored tomb.

The net-work, which was very abundant, was made of a fine, even, well-spun twine. We found, at almost every grave, a quantity of white cotton cloth, in a good state of preservation, and of a texture somewhat finer than the material we call crash, though resembling it much in appearance. Another abundant texture was an open material of brown thread, resembling coarse lace. Of dyed and embroidered materials, we picked up many frag-

ments, displaying much taste and artistical skill, of which some judgment may be formed by the following description of such pieces as were carefully washed and examined.

1st. Some fragments of a fine cotton cloth, arranged in longitudinal brown and white bands, or stripes; first, alternately, a broad stripe of each color separately, then a stripe of the same width, but made up of a series of narrow lines of brown and white, then an open thread-work, and the above-described arrangement commencing again.

2d. A piece of white cotton, with a border of regular and handsome figures embroidered in a fine brown wool.

3d. A fine texture, made up of the following colors: first, a broad white band; then one half an inch wide, composed of two brown with a central stripe of bright blue; next, a bright-red stripe, an inch wide, with blue diamonds running through its centre; and this followed by another of the same width, composed of fine transverse lines of red and blue, having the corded appearance of a Venetian carpet.

4th. The most elaborately worked article we found, was an oblong canvas sack, about five feet by two; the sides and ends rising perpendicularly

from the bottom, and about one foot wide. These side and end pieces were covered with crimson embroidery, of diagonal lines, crossing each other so as to leave diamond-shaped interspaces of the same color. The lines were formed by a slight elevation of, or a direction given the thread different from that of the interspaces. This broad crimson surface was bordered by a brown band, lined into diamond-shaped divisions by a white thread; below this a white stripe of half an inch width, and outside of this two inches of brown and red mosaic squares, with a diamond of fine white lines in the centre of each.

5th. The end of a belt, two inches wide; from each corner depended a small ball and tassel. This fragment just contained a butterfly with expanded wings, the ground being crimson, and the figure of white, red, brown, and blue, arranged in close imitation of nature.

So far as we could judge, from the circumstances under which these materials were found, we inferred the following to be the manner in which they were used about the body: first, the corpse, placed in a sitting posture, with the legs crossed, the elbows resting on the knees, and the hands supporting the chin, was enveloped in raw cotton batting; this was

covered by the brown lace-like net-work, and outside of this came the white cotton cloth; such were the envelops about the mummy of a child, which we disinterred entire. The colored and embroidered cloths were, perhaps, the outer coverings of persons of high rank and position. Thus encased, the body was placed in a sack of wide meshes, made of rushes; these sacks were double, one inside the other, but both united at the mouth by a single band, or collar; a small mat, folded over the mouth of the sack, completed this costume for the grave, and the dead Indian was ready to be packed into his portion of the vault.

Among the articles found abundantly, were spindles for wrapping cotton thread, many of them being covered with the thread, very neatly wrapped. These little implements were made by fixing a sharp-pointed polished stick, six inches long, into a plug at each end of a small reed, the reed being about four inches long, and neatly ornamented with chased figures. A ball of cotton thread, very much like those of our candle-wick, was picked up with a bundle of these spindles.

Numbers of small bags, of varying size, shape, and texture, were found. Among those of sufficient preservation to be collected, were: one, about the

size of the hand, the upper half being white and the lower red; another, twelve inches by eight, has brown and yellow stripes running perpendicularly, alternately broad and narrow. The string or band by which it is suspended, wove in mosaic, of the same colors; the materials of its texture are cotton and hair, or wool. From the number we found, of the following description, it must have been a prevailing fashion, custom, or the prescribed uniform of some officials, perhaps that of the priests of the temple, or the virgins of the sun. It is of white cotton, the bag being ten inches across, by five deep, and having a thick fringe of loose cotton cord eleven inches long depending from its lower part. The string by which it was supported, if thrown over the neck, brings the top of the bag to the lower part of the chest.

These bags were generally shut sacks, having the mouth sewed up. They inclosed various small articles: black pebbles, parcels of hair, bright colored feathers. All of them contained the bones and hair of a diminutive animal. From one we took a small gourd of a black pigment resembling lampblack, and a golden needle mounted on the end of a stick, and inclosed in a very neat case, made of fine sticks closely woven together with

thread. Two shirts were found, one made of cotton cloth, dyed yellow, the other of a black hair. They were without collar or sleeves, having only openings for the head and arms.

A pamphlet, by Don Edwardo Mariano Rivero, upon the "Antiquities of Peru," contains the following observations upon the Temple of Pachacamac.

"The celebrated Temple of Pachacamac, or, of him who animates and gives being to the universe, existed under another name previous to the coming of the Inca Pachacutec, and in it were sacrificed men and animals; being adorned with many idols in splendid figures, until the Inca commanded that Pachacamac should be worshiped in it, destroying its gods, and that it should only be consulted in royal and lordly affairs, reserving for common and plebeian matters the idol of the Rimac. In fact, the commander Capac-Ypanqui, before arriving with his army in the valley, made propositions of peace to the great lord of it, whose name was *Cuismanes*. At first, this prince did not think of accepting the propositions, and prepared for war; but, after having compared his creed with that of the Incas, he found that both acknowledged a supreme Creator, besides secondary gods, and he then agreed to con-

form to the worship of the sun." The same writer, remarking upon the construction of the Temple, says: "The superior part of the hill, upon which it is placed, is found to be formed artificially by walls twelve yards high, by from two to three broad, forming gradations like those of an amphitheatre. On the summit is seen a platform, in the place of the Temple, whose remains consist of niches and saloons, with walls whitened with clay, and there remain paintings executed in yellow and red colors, but not sufficiently distinct to discover the nature of the figures.

"In the ruins of the town we see great squares, the palace of the Incas, and other edifices, which from their extent we may calculate to have contained many thousand inhabitants."

Being provided, by our friend Don Jorge, with good, fresh horses, in place of the miserable creatures we had brought out, and the latter being placed in charge of a negro servant to carry in, we made our journey to Lima with comparative ease. The rascally Italian was sent for to receive his horses, and came to meet the storm of indignation, to which each individual of our party gave free vent. Those who pretended to speak Spanish labored for abusive epithets, and those who could

not, crushed his ears by the peltings of hard-mouthed Saxon. He came prepared for this as a matter of business, and stood it quietly, but was much surprised at the measure of active redress we had devised; not one exactly legal, or entirely safe to ourselves. Having expressed our opinions of him to the full, we told him he might take his horses, but that his saddles and spurs were locked up in our rooms, and would not be delivered until he refunded, for the use of the poor, a part of his unmerited gains. He held out for three days, during which we were somewhat uneasy, lest annoying proceedings might be visited upon us; when he came, made the required restitution, and took his property, perhaps more to our relief than his own.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Balsa—Passing breakers—Huacos—Hen-egg currency—Payta —Guayaquil hats—The patriot's death.

It is said never to rain in the vicinity of Lima, and in truth raining is not a habit of the country; but nevertheless good honest showers are sometimes experienced; and fogs, which leave puddles in the streets, and moist clothes on the backs of those exposed to them, are frequent. These fogs are, however, limited in extent, covered undoubtedly by the mountains surrounding Lima. Our next point from Callao, was to a region of the coast celebrated for the transparent clearness of its atmosphere,—the town of Payta, in the province of Piura.

Payta is seven degrees north of Lima, and five south of the line, a short distance; and in making it from the south soon passed over in consequence of the usual direction of the wind; and from the same cause it is a tedious business to make a voyage in the opposite direction. I have been five

days in running from Callao to Payta, and one month getting back.

On our way to this place we were required to make a short stop at the intermediate port of Lambayeque. Port or harbor there is none, the landing for Lambayeque (which is seven miles back in the country) being at a small village on the beach, exposed to the full sweep of the waves of the Pacific, which far out at sea rise into swelling rollers and white-crested breakers, which tumble in roaring surges upon the shore. Such a mass of agitated ocean was not to be safely passed by any of our appliances in the way of boats; and, therefore, casting anchor outside of the breakers, we waited until the people on shore communicated with us by their own contrivances. Soon after a sail was seen rising and sinking, contending and advancing through this foaming sea. It drew near our ship, as the moving power of a strange machine, called a "balsa."

The balsa was nothing more than a pile of logs of a light wood, crossing each other in layers, alternately in opposite directions, and firmly lashed together.

"Cathead, or beam, or davit has it none;
Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern."

It rose several feet above the surface of the water; was manned by a crew of Indians, and steered by means of boards passed down between the logs; a single rough mast supported a large square sail.

Such of us as were delegated to visit the shore, took our seats on this pile; the sail was hoisted, and we moved slowly over the surface of the ocean until we reached the breakers, when a tremendous roller dashed us into their midst. With a perfect feeling of security, we were now amid a sublime scene. Behind, the Pacific seemed to be rolling in, a wall of waters, which must overwhelm us, but, as they approached, the swell preceding them lifted us up, until we were hurried on, amid the foaming crest of their summits; or else they broke over our floating log pile, in a deluge of spray; all about us the sea was tumbling, foaming, and roaring. The only danger is, in case the lashing gives way, which sometimes happens; and from this accident a party had been drowned, shortly before our arrival. At length, a roller which had borne us along on its summit, retired, leaving us upon the beach.

Besides this contrivance for passing through breakers, they are sometimes encountered by a single person astride of a "cavallo," or horse, which is

nothing more than the inflated skin of an animal. There being nothing to detain, or attract us in the few houses which formed the "port," our party procured horses, and, under the guidance of an old gentleman, our countryman, who had resided many years in the country, we proceded to Lambayeque, to which an hour and a half's riding brought us.

Why there should be such a place as Lambayeque, it is difficult to see. Although a small place, it is composed of good houses on regular streets, but all having the stillness and desertion of a New England village on a Sabbath day. Scarcely an individual was to be seen, as we rode through the streets. Of course, in such a place there was no occasion for a public house, and we made our home with the friend who had picked us up on the beach; who gave us a hospitable welcome, and the refreshment of a large pitcher of chicha, which was placed upon the table in his "sala."

In the neighborhood of Lambayeque, are several of the mound tombs of the ancient Peruvians, in which are found numbers of the hollow vessels called "huacos." These are constructed in rude imitation of human beings, and inferior animals, and represent every known occupation and act of life. Most of those found are of black earth, but some,

of gold and silver. Many have apertures, which, upon being blown into, produced a whistling sound. The demand for these relics of aboriginal antiquity among the curious, have caused them to be imitated in manufactories, for the purpose, in some of the more accessible parts of Peru, but here we had the opportunity of procuring the genuine article, and we availed ourselves of it. Almost every house in town had some of them among its furniture; and, as soon as our wishes became known, the door of our host was thronged with men, women, and children, seeking to dispose of their stock in trade; and so soon as we had relieved one set, another took their place. The prices at first were very low, but seeing the readiness with which we purchased, they ran them up with the rapidity which increases the value of town lots, in a time of speculating excitement; and when we had purchased all we could transport, the owners of those yet unsold hung about the doors, endeavoring to attract our notice by chirping and whistling upon such as were constructed with these musical facilities.

The market of Lambayeque was well supplied with fruits and vegetables, delicious white grapes being in great abundance; and we here trafficked

in a new currency; no other than eggs, which circulate as small coin, of the value of three cents each.

Upon our return to the "port," the wind had so much increased, and the breakers ran so high, that even the balsas could not pass them, and we were compelled to remain there over night, sleeping on benches and tables, in a storeroom of sweet potatoes and pumpkins, and amid myriads of reptiles and insects, in no small apprehension of one called the "salamanchaca," the bite of which is said to be poisonous.

On the following day, the sea was sufficiently appeased to permit a balsa to pass the breakers, and we rejoined our ship.

Our next anchorage was Payta, which, with its surrounding country, presents a most dreary and desolate appearance. A cluster of thatched-roof houses, under a range of naked, yellow sand-hills, without shrub, tuft, or sprig of vegetation in sight, is the prospect presented by the town and surrounding country. The town is the dwelling-place of four thousand human beings, and is the port of Piura, distant forty-five miles in the interior, and containing twelve thousand inhabitants. The houses of Payta are constructed of reeds, filled in with

mud and blocks of wood. Inside they are roomy, clean, and comfortable.

Payta has not a drop of fresh drinking water within twelve miles; and, as it only rains once in every three or four years, the inhabitants are dependent upon a river, distant the above-mentioned twelve miles. The water is brought in, every morning, on donkeys, each load costing twenty-five cents, and the monthly supply of an ordinary-sized family costing from eight to ten dollars.

Provisions are brought from the same region, and the market is well supplied, at low rates, with plantains, bananas, avocados, or, as they are generally called, alligator pears, figs, pomegranates, sweet potatoes, and tomatoes, with beef, mutton, and poultry. The Indian market-women wear the ancient costume of the days of the Incas—a loose black cotton robe, with large, full sleeves.

Notwithstanding the barren appearance of the neighborhood of Payta, the province of Piura is fertile and abundant in productions, animal, vegetable, and mineral. It exports cotton, cattle, goat skins, and silver. The cotton grows to the size of a tree, and produces two crops in the year. At the time of our visit, it was suffering much from drought, not having had rain for ten years! My

informant stated that a few showers, every three or four years, were sufficient to cover these barren hills with verdure, and, should they now have timely rain, it would be a pecuniary advantage to Payta of six hundred thousand dollars.

The purity, transparency, and dryness of the atmosphere, secure good health to the inhabitants of Payta, and offer but little encouragement to the disciples of the healing art. The individuals who followed this profession, when I was there, were a painter, a barber, and a hospital steward, discharged from a man-of-war; and, consequently, when any serious disease or injury occurred, the sufferers died of "medicable wounds." The healing influences in use are Indian remedies, or religious and superstitious rites. An intelligent medical man might have some influence with the lower orders, but his profession would be a great bar to respectability. In one of the larger towns of the province, an English medical man had accumulated a small property, when a lady, who took an interest in him, urged him to abandon his profession and open a shop, as she was anxious he should be engaged in some creditable and respectable pursuit.

Although the best Guayaquil hats come from the

place after which they are named, large numbers of a similar kind are made in the province of Piura, and exported from Payta. It is difficult for an inexperienced observer to distinguish one made in Piura from a genuine Guayaquil. These hats vary in price from three or four to fifty dollars; and, although their comfort and durability are well known in the United States, where they are so much used, there appears nothing to justify their great cost, to one unacquainted with their manufacture. The grass of which they are made, requires to be selected and prepared with great care. Equador, in which it grows, prohibits its exportation; and the fine hats can only be worked upon in a state of the atmosphere confined to a limited number of hours in the day, so that a very fine hat occupies months in preparation.

Not long anterior to our visit the plaza or square of Payta was the scene of a political execution, which excited much interest in the breasts of all acquainted with it. It was one of those quiet, unnumbered tributes of life and honor to patriotism, principle, or ambition, the remembrance of which dwells in a neighborhood, but is never elevated upon the altar of fame. A young man, by the name of

Manuel Angulo, with a view to reforming his country, revolutionized the province of Piura. Although having but thirty followers, he was at first successful, but finally was defeated, taken prisoner, confined in a vessel in the harbor of Payta, from which he was to be conducted to the shore and shot. The officers of the foreign men-of-war looked upon the matter as a political murder, and determined to rescue him in an unofficial manner. Two of the boats of a United States vessel of war were to follow, as if accidentally, close upon that conducting the prisoner; he was to jump overboard, the American boats were to rush in, and, in the confusion, rescue him. A note communicating this arrangement was sent him. On the appointed day the prisoner left the ship for his final journey, the United States boats followed closely, but he made no effort to jump overboard, was conducted to the plaza, and shot. It is not known that he ever received the note.

Just before his execution, while awaiting the fire, he wrote with a pencil upon a scrap of paper, the following note:—

My Dear Sister: It is the hour of seven—the hour in which I am to die. This letter will

cause you to shed a sea of tears. Let me be an example to your children, that they do not enter upon the career of their ill-fated uncle. May you be as happy as your brother is unfortunate.

MANUEL ANGULO.

CHAPTER XIV.

Arrival at the Marquesas—Native costume—Tattooing—Scenery —Native dwellings—Council-house—Royal visit—Marquesan character—French dominion—Arrival at Hawaii—Missionary influence—The Governor of Hawaii—Fall of the rainbow—Native schools.

FROM Payta our destination was to the distant islands of the Pacific—to the last people brought forth by the age of discovery—to make the acquaintance of cannibal races. The Marquesan group was that of our destination, and one-half of the Pacific Ocean was to be passed over before reaching it. But it was an ever smooth sea, and our sails, once spread to the fair and gentle breezes of this region, scarcely required any change during the whole voyage. Eighteen days brought us to the Island of Nookaheeva, and the solitude which reigns in this part of the ocean-waste over which we had sailed may be judged from the fact, that in all this time we did not see a single sail, or any living creature save a few flying-fish.

Coming from the barren and monotonous shores

of Peru, the contrasted scenery of these volcanic islands is peculiarly impressive. They present precipitous and jagged walls to the ocean, which surges around them; or rise into lofty mountains, whose sides are luxuriant in verdure, or broken into ravines and valleys, shaded by the dark foliage of the bread-fruit, or curving leaves of the cocoa-nut. Running along this beautiful scenery, in sight of many of the natives, who were standing like statues on the ledges of the rocks, we entered and anchored in a pretty bay, formed by the base of a mountain amphitheatre. For citizens of the United States this bay had some interesting associations. Here was the distant depot and rendezvous of Commodore Porter, during his active cruise against the commerce of England, in the war of 1812, and was called Madisonville. And this occupation by Commodore Porter was the first approach to a settlement of these islands. Now they are in the possession of the French, who are building extensive roads, and strong forts; the site of Commodore Porter's fort at this place is that now occupied by the French. The island is fourteen miles long.

Those accustomed to the sombre, stolid character of the aborigines of our country, would not be

likely to form a correct judgment of that of the Marquesans. They are of fine athletic, but slender and agile figures, of a lighter and clearer complexion than that of our Indians, or those of the other islands; with animated varying countenances, displaying in strong expression every emotion.

Their costume consisted of some folds of the Kapa cloth, called a "maro," around the loins; and a mantle is worn by the females, passing over one shoulder and the chest, and fastening under the arm of the opposite side, being thus loose and flowing to the wind; it of course does not afford much protection to the person; most of them wore wreaths of leaves or flowers around the head, which, at the same time, was a pretty ornament, and a protection from the rays of the sun. The beautiful glossy black hair of the females was, in many cases, gathered in a bunch at the back of the head. The men had portions of the head shaved, and the remainder of the hair, or what was left, done up in one or two bunches, projecting like horns. Males and females had perforations, or slits in the lobes of the ears, and these filled to distension with various things; bones, pieces of tortoise shell, teeth, &c. Some wore whale's teeth, and others small white flowers tied up and inclosed

in a leaf, suspended around the neck; others were decorated with necklaces of a large red pod, like that of the pepper, strung together.

Tattooing appeared a prevalent fashion, to which all conformed, young and old, male and female. It varied in different individuals from a few delicate lines, to an extent covering the whole person with a bluish-green, livid hue. Some of the women had only a few delicate blue lines, crossing the lips from front to back; others had their hands and forearms elaborately colored; a group of young girls, which I met in one of my walks, had several of their number with their arms enveloped in kapa-cloth coverings; they were in a high state of inflammation from their recent tattooing. A favorite device, and I only observed it among the males, was a band about two inches broad, commencing high up on the forehead, on one side, crossing, diagonally, the forehead, the root of the nose, and terminating on the opposite cheek, about its middle, on a level with the inferior portion of the ear; from each corner of the termination of this broad band, a delicate line crossed the remainder of the cheek to the neck. Some, had the entire face of this awful green hue; others, grim old warriors, from foot to head, had changed to this ghastly

color, rendered more horrid by the contrasting red of their eyelids and the white of their eyeballs.

On our first visit to the shore to look at the natives, and their circumstances, we took our way along the bank of a brawling brook, up the valley which opened from the mountains upon the bay. The rays of the sun were shut out by the foliage of the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees; the cotton-plant, gourd, and various trees and shrubs in flower, were growing wild, in a fertile soil covering the volcanic rocks. Ascending to the summit of a span, jutting from the mountain in the back-ground, we had around us a variety of beautiful scenes. In full view were the bay and the shipping, the jutting mountains which inclosed it, in wild irregularity of outline; at one point an immense naked perpendicular wall of rock would rise from the luxuriant mass of foliage; at others, rounded towers of nature's build, tufted and plumed with shrubs, stood prominent in view. Through a distant crevice the silver thread of a slender cataract was seen stealing over a precipice, and losing itself in the shady depths below. Looking over the surface of the ocean, the neighboring islands of the group were in view. Beneath us, on the left, was the valley we had just left, with its French

settlements, and the buildings of their freshly planted civilization; in a similar valley on our right, were the simple cottages of the islanders, and hearing voices ascending from the thick groves of this valley, we descended to make a further acquaintance with the people.

Their dwellings were small and neat, being constructed of the leaves of the cocoa-nut trees matted together with much art, and giving a comfortable and, for such a material, substantial look to the building. These cottages are built with the roof falling in a single inclined plane from back to front. In front of the door was, generally, a broad stone step or platform, and the floor is paved with smooth, flat stones. The interior is divided into chambers, by matting or kapa-cloths screens, and in those that consist of only a single room, a sill or timbers is laid across the back part of the room, and inside of this are spread the mats for sleeping. Their cottages are generally placed along, or near the margin of a brook, and altogether they display a higher sense of neatness, and better understanding of comfort, than is shown by many people calling themselves civilized. The natives gave us a cordial reception, invited us into their houses, and

the children seized our hands and danced about us in great glee.

Strolling through this beautiful valley, and wandering from cottage to cottage, we at length came out upon the sea-beach near where the king's house was standing, this being indicated by a flag-staff, from which the tri-color was streaming. Near this royal mansion, was the barbarian council-house, a long building open in front. Seated along the front sill of this building, and occupying its entire length, were ranged green-skinned, red-eyed, gray-bearded savage warriors, undoubtedly the great men of the nation. As we drew near, they looked at us like statues, neither invited nor repulsed us, and said not a word among themselves. Back of these warriors the room was filled with people, men, women, and children, lying about the floor. After looking in upon them for some time, and seeing no offence taken at our curiosity, we walked in among them. A fine-looking youth, of some eighteen or twenty years of age, now came forward to do the honors of the house. He wore the uniform of a French officer, including a pair of bright epaulettes, and was the only person among them habited in other than the native costume. He spoke a little English, and informed us that he was the king's

brother, and then presented us to his mother, an old female, of delicate features and figure, which had once been handsome. Although the remainder of the company appeared reserved and quiet, they seemed willing to enter into conversation with us, if we attempted to address them. Several tattooed heroes were lying serpent-like, full length upon the floor, and their eyes followed our movements about the room with something like sternness; but upon something occurring which excited merriment, these relaxed their severity and joined in the laugh.

In one corner of the room were the instruments of their warlike music, consisting of three drums made of hollow logs, about five feet high, covered at the top with tightly-drawn skins.

Leaving the council-house, we entered a grove in which several men and girls were lounging. The girls intimated a wish to sing for us, and having cheerfully given our assent, they sang a soft, monotonous, but pleasant air, accompanying themselves on a very simple instrument—being two pieces of light, white wood, stripped of its bark; each piece, about four inches long by one in diameter, was held at length between the thumb and

finger of each hand, and light sounds elicited by striking them together.

On the following morning our ship was visited by the king, Maouni, and his queen; they were accompanied by the young man whom we had met at the council-house, and another youth, the king of one of the neighboring islands, now on a visit to Maouni. Maouni was about twenty-three years of age, and without anything very attractive in his appearance. The men were all dressed in the uniform of French officers, but the queen displayed only the attire of her native royalty. A white kapa-cloth mantle, passing over the shoulders, crossed the chest to the opposite side, and fastened under the arm-pit in an immense knot, which stood out like a small balloon. All of one shoulder and most of the breast were thus exposed, as were also the legs below the knees. Such parts of her person as were thus left in view gloried in the decorations of elaborate tattooing. She was from eighteen to twenty years of age, with a pleasant smiling countenance, and delicate slender figure. She extended her hand with a smile to each person to whom she was introduced, and kissed it quite gracefully to one whom she recognized as having met before.

The Marquesans are the finest race of savages

I have ever seen, and it is much to be deplored that they are so soon to disappear. But it is well known, that while other parts of Polynesia have voluntarily admitted the influence of our devoted and intelligent missionaries, these have pertinaciously rejected them. From their natural intelligence, and sprightliness of character, there is reason to believe that if the influences, the proper influences of civilization, could be brought to bear upon them, they would reach a high degree of cultivation. Their force and energy of character with their intelligence acting under barbarian influences, have undoubtedly been the causes which have driven from them the influences of Christianity and civilization. The French seem to have no wish to preserve them; on the contrary, I regret to say they are freely diffusing the means of destruction. The currency, or payment for their commodities was spirits and tobacco, dispensed from the French storehouses. During our visit to the shore, we met several reeling from the storehouses with bottles of the fire-water in their hands.

That these splendid islanders, if left to their own taste, diet upon each other, there is no doubt; for although, during our short and hurried visit to them, no opportunity was afforded of seeing their

cannibalism, individuals who had lived among them for many years, testified that such was their habit. The French have not won upon their affections, but are looked upon with much hatred. Knowing us to be of a different nation, they volunteered intimations of their dislike for their French rulers.

The care and perseverance with which the French are occupying this and the Society group, looks something like preparations for a future military influence in the Pacific. Already they are beginning to tread a little upon our toes. Our whaling commerce, which far exceeds that of all other nations combined, has had many facilities in provisioning and watering by a resort to the islands of the Pacific; but no sooner do the French establish their right of possession, than they place restrictions upon these facilities; issuing an order that our whalers are not to visit any of the ports of islands which they occupy, excepting those in which they are established. With but a few days' delay at this place, on the morning of August 16th, we took our departure for the Sandwich or Hawaiian group; and in two weeks of pleasant sailing, arrived at the settlement of Hilo, on Byron's Bay, in the Island of Hawaii. Now we were among a people just born to civilization and

Christianity, and where the habits and customs of civilized man contrasted with much that remained of primitive barbarism.

Hawaii is the largest island of the group which bears its name, having a surface of four thousand three hundred square miles, and is distinguished by two mountains of nearly equal height, named Loa and Mouna Kea, each being over fourteen thousand feet in elevation. Unlike most mountainous volcanic islands, Hawaii does not present an abrupt, rugged appearance, but rises from the sea to its snowy summits, in a smooth, gently ascending line. The landscape about the little town of Waikea, on Byron's Bay, displays a rich, broad, green slope, ascending from the ocean, extending on either hand as far as the eye can reach, and terminating above in mountain-side forests. This forest line generally bounds the inland view, for the oval summit of Mouna Loa, and the more rugged summit of Mouna Kea, are nearly always enveloped in clouds. The bright green of this extensive slope is varied by the darker hues of the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut groves. The houses of the missionaries, seen among the trees, give the settlement the comfortable home look of a New England village; an appearance the more striking

and impressive from our finding it in a land of savages. If the missionaries had no more direct influence on these people, their presence would be beneficial as conveying the arts, taste, and comforts of civilization, where commerce had not extended its influence.

Upon landing, we were met at the beach by a dense throng of natives, men, women, and children, keeping close at our heels, and following us wherever we went. Most of them were in some sort clothed. All of the females wore a frock of some kind; some of the men gloried in a pair of pantaloons; but most of them had got no farther into the outward badges of civilization than a shirt, in addition to the native maro.

Our first call was upon Mr. Coan, a missionary distinguished for his talents, learning, and unflinching physical and moral courage, directed by an unassuming piety. Mr. Coan was absent on some of the laborious duties of his station, but we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of his exceedingly agreeable and intelligent lady. Our next call was upon Mr. Pittman, who keeps the only house of business here, and upon whose obliging disposition we were dependent in most of our shore negotiations. His wife is a native wo-

man, the daughter of a chief, and was the first native female we had seen fully attired in the costume of our country. The only portion of her native dress which she had retained, was a band passing around the head, and made of the bright-yellow feathers of a small bird.

Having made these visits, we strolled through the village, and came upon the edge of the lofty bank which overlooks the river Waikea, or river of Destruction, so called from the number of lives which have been lost in its various torrents. The small but wild stream presented a pretty and picturesque appearance from our point of view. Foaming down a fall of thirty feet, the waters smoothed and quieted themselves in a dark green, and almost circular lake-like pool, inclosed by high, black, basaltic walls, upon the edge of which we stood; evidently those of an extinct crater. The almost perpendicular walls were now fringed and draperied with a large-leaved fern, growing close to the rock, and one leaf overlapping another almost with the precision of art; from this pool the river again poured itself through a steep rocky ravine into the sea. A visit to the king's Fish Pond completed our first day in Hawaii. The pond is constructed simply by a stone dam thrown

across a shallow stream, and here mullet are fattened for the royal table.

A few days after our arrival, a small schooner came into the harbor, bearing the Hawaiian flag, and in her came passenger, from his residence on the opposite side of the island, the Governor of Hawaii, Billy Pitt. On the day after his arrival, a friend and myself having gone ashore for the purpose of walking into the country, the day being hot, we had thrown off our coats, intending to leave them with Mr. Pittman, and walk in our shirt-sleeves. Just as we were about starting, Mr. Pittman asked us to see the governor, then in his house; and thinking our present attire good enough to call upon an Indian chief, we unhesitatingly walked in, in our shirt-sleeves. We were, however, somewhat surprised, and not a little abashed, at meeting a well, indeed rather dandyishly dressed young man, of some twenty-five or six years of age. He wore a dark frock coat, and a neat black watchguard crossed the bosom of his shirt. The governor was a chief of one of the most powerful families, and his official position was, in some degree, hereditary; but, having been, as is usual with those of noble birth unlimitedly indulged, he had become wayward and capricious, indeed, rather dis-

sipated; and, as a consequence of such habits, he had for some time been kept out of his gubernatorial functions, and at this time was only exercising them upon trial; but so far he had conducted well; and being a member of a temperance society, his conduct had been consistent with its requirements.

Our interview with this chief being concluded, we pursued our walk about a mile and a half along the bank of the river Waika, to the Fall of the Rainbow—a pretty fall, of eighty feet. The water comes over the rock in one main, and two smaller streams; the rock terminates in a straight, artificial-looking line, at about half the depth of the fall, and, beneath this line, recedes into a dark cavern. The fall takes its name from the prismatic colors exhibited by the vapor rising in the sunbeams.

After our return from the fall, we visited the school of native children, superintended by Mr. Lyman, one of the missionaries. There were about fifty boys in the school, of various ages and sizes. Their books of instruction, printed in their own language, comprised works of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, history, geography, natural philosophy, and anatomy. They had also maps and engravings, creditably executed by the natives themselves.

The pupils made some arithmetical calculations

for us on the blackboard, and it had a strange effect to see the familiar figures and results of arithmetic developing themselves upon the board, accompanied by a language so recently foreign to science as the Hawaiian. The pupils of this school are clothed by the Board of foreign missions, which, indeed, sustains the school, with the exception of a few whose parents have sufficient means to support and clothe them. A fine farm is connected with the school, and is cultivated by the boys. The chief products are the kalo, bananas, and melons.

Billy Pitt, the governor, paid our ship a visit, a few days before our departure from the island. He wore a cocked hat, blue cloth uniform, with gold epaulettes, and gold lace on the collar and cuffs, white drilling pantaloons, and sword. His inquiries were intelligent and minute. At his request, the crew of a gun was called to quarters and exercised. He left the ship under a salute. The pupils of Mr. Lyman's school also paid us a visit, much to their gratification, and were as well behaved and orderly, as merry and light-hearted, as the school children of countries older in civilization.

CHAPTER XV.

Volcano of Kilouea—Preparations—Gourd trunks—Shore and ship—Forest path—Lava path—Half-way house—Lomi-lomi—Lu-au—Sacred berries—The volcano—Night view—Dangerous ground—Descent to the crater—Black ledge—Burning lake—Hair of Pe-le—Native family worship—Honest Indians—Missionaries.

FORTY miles from the anchorage of Byron's Bay, is the stupendous volcano of Kilouea, situated on the flank of Mouna Loa, three thousand feet above the level of the sea—the largest volcano in the world!—a crater between twenty and thirty miles in circumference!—having, more than a thousand feet down in its gloomy depths, an ever-burning lake of lava several miles in circumference.* These were general facts sufficient to arouse curiosity, and to excite it to almost any difficulty for the purpose of beholding so wonderful a phenomenon—noted, too, in native superstition, as the head-quarters of

* Circumference of crater, twenty-four miles; depth 1,200 feet; circuit of the burning lake, a little over two miles.

its demonology, the fire palace of the dread goddess, Pélé.

Leaving to more competent persons the task of a philosophic and scientific disquisition upon volcanoes in general, and Kilouea in particular, the object of the present narrative is to tell how one who traveled only for amusement got to the volcano, and what he saw strange and amusing, both on the way and there.

Although horses were to be obtained, yet the information and advice we received at Hilo rather inclined us to a pedestrian tour, as the least arduous —two days being allowed to walk the distance. It was somewhat of a rash enterprise for persons accustomed to the inaction and confinement of a ship, to undertake a walk of twenty miles a day, under a tropical sun, and over a rugged road of hardened lava; but curiosity as to the extent of our abilities was undoubtedly one inducement to the attempt, and, accordingly, our party was made up for this mode of travel.

As our absence from the ship would occupy five days, it became necessary to carry a good store of provisions and clothing, with sundry essential cooking utensils. The only mode of transporting this luggage was upon the shoulders of the natives.

Our party consisted of eleven persons, and we made arrangements with a friend on shore, to have collected at his house, on the morning of our departure, a sufficient number of kanakas; and accordingly we found his yard filled with athletic, dusky natives, eager and clamorous for employment. There being so many candidates we became a little choice, and selected the number we required according as their physiognomical expression or muscular developments suited our fancy or judgment. Each of our party employed one for his special use, and several supernumeraries were engaged for general service; so that, white and red, clothed and naked, we formed a force of between twenty and thirty persons. The compensation to be made them was moderate enough—fifty cents a day, they finding their own food. This latter, independent of the consideration of expense, is an important stipulation as regards space, for, thrown upon his own resources, a small calabash of *poi* (a yellow paste, made from the taro root) is an enduring provision; but, if he is to draw his supplies from his employer, there is no end to a kanaka's voracity. The next step was the stowage of our luggage in novel traveling trunks, admirably adapted to the purpose. Every kanaka had a

strong pole, about six feet in length, which rested upon his shoulder, and, from each end of this pole, suspended in a twine net, was an enormous calabash, of the capacity of a bushel; the opening in the top of the calabash being covered by the section of another, which fitted completely over it. It was surprising to see what a number of articles could be stowed in one of these vessels. Mine were not filled (the two) by three shirts, two pairs of stockings, two blankets, one great coat, one pair of cloth pantaloons, two pair of shoes, toilet articles, towels, patent liquor flasks, several books, &c. These gourd trunks are exceedingly light, and of course completely impervious to water. During our halts, the tops served very well for dish-tubs and wash-basins.

Our provision being stowed in several of these calabashes, and our cooking utensils suspended from one of the poles, by nine o'clock on a bright sunny morning, arrayed in motley costume, we were ready for our march. The precision of uniforms had given place to a mixed garb of such garments as our judgments decided to be appropriate to such an expedition, and as convenience selected from the odds and ends of each person's wardrobe. Our red-skinned attendants were in the most finished

dress, if they could rejoice in a cotton shirt, as their whole vesture. One tall, mild, grave, and dignified looking fellow, who had fallen to my lot, was fortunate enough to have a long, drab-colored cloth surtout, reaching to his heels, the garment of some winter clime, which chance had thrown in his way, and which was too magnificent in his eye, to be won from him by a broiling sun.

The first five miles of our journey was in view of the ocean, over the green, rolling, and gently ascending slope forming this side of the island. After a long and wearisome confinement on shipboard, the feeling of treading the springing earth, instead of the unyielding deck, on a bright morning, surrounded by shrubs and flowers; the feeling that our movements, step, and time were at our own disposal, produced a lightness of spirit, and sense of enjoyment, unknown when confined to the monotony of the deck, surrounded by the rigging, guns, and tackle of the ship, and hedged in by all the formalities and restrictions of that most artificial and unnatural organization, a man-of-war. At every little distance we paused, to look upon the varieties of the scene presented by our advance; to survey the pretty bay and village; the ocean spreading from these to the distant horizon on one hand, and the

green plane sloping to the clouds on the other; whilst, in the length of the island, before and behind us, this varying landscape was lost in the mistiness of distance. What a beautiful! what a magnificent scene! were the frequent exclamations of enthusiasm.

As we proceeded in this manner, we were not a little interested in observing and becoming acquainted with the individualities of our Indian companions. One was remarked for his wit and humor, though only intelligible to us by the language of expression; a second for his gravity; a third for his grotesque buffoonery; another for his activity; several for their indolence—while all were good-natured, obliging, and obedient. It was a source of constant wonder, to see with what light and easy activity they stepped and ran along under the heavy burdens resting upon their shoulders. A short chunky, round faced, smiling man, called Koi-i-nu-hi, was, on account of his superior intelligence and air of integrity, made chief of his companions. My man, the grave and dignified Koi-i-ni-kini, stood only second to him in our good graces.

We were not very successful in catching the distinctions of their similar sounding names. With one active merry fellow, having particularly long

and slender legs, we compromised by calling him Pelicani, which his name somewhat resembled; and as he carried our vessel of water, he heard his name so frequently called in conjunction with water, that he has adopted Pelicani-water as his future title. Our names were equally bungled by them; Ned, became "Neg;" one of our party was familiarly called "Hatchet," and the best they could make of Doctor was "Sowdow."

Having proceeded five miles over the pretty country I have attempted to describe, gradually leaving the sea-side we entered a dense forest, through the whole of which we were compelled to walk single file, in a narrow footpath, bounded on either side by an impenetrable thicket; its borders matted with ferns and the ginger plant. The large spongy roots of the ferns so crossed the path as to make it a miniature corduroy road, with just interspace enough between the roots for the foot, and rendering the walking laborious; whilst a succession of deep narrow ravines, their bottoms soft with mud and water, kept us continually descending, wading, and ascending. Whilst passing through this wood, being shut off from every breath of air, it was like being in an oven, and we emerged from the five toilsome miles of its breadth, panting with

heat, and our clothes soaked in perspiration. We emerged near an Indian hamlet, upon a green hillock covered with a cluster of cocoa-nut and paw-paw trees. From this hillock there expanded before our view an open, grass-carpeted, rolling country, still gently ascending, and into which the wood threw fitting points. Our road was along the edge of this wood. Having now made half of our first day's journey, and beginning to feel the effects of our exertions, we called a council upon the propriety of rest and refreshment. Although the general inclination was in favor of these restorative measures, after sundry theoretical and practical opinions, we concluded to deny ourselves any such indulgence until the close of our day's journey.

Notwithstanding the verdant appearance of the country, we observed that it presented a very thin stratum of soil, spread over hard, black lava, which rose in many places above the surface, in ridges or rolls, where one wave had cooled upon the top of another. All covering being worn from the pathway, it presented to the feet an unyielding surface, like rough iron castings, bringing a great strain upon the ankle and knee joint. As the day advanced, the journey became painfully toilsome; miles seemed drawn out to three and four times their

length; and each Indian hut that appeared in the distance we hoped might prove the anxiously looked-for "school-house," at which, being half way, we were promised an end to our day's labor, and rest for the night.

During the latter part of this day we passed groups of natives awaiting us by the road side, and offering for sale goats milk, chickens, sweet and Irish potatoes, and bananas, of which we bought as much as the enduring kanakas could carry, in addition to the ample supply of provision with which they were already loaded.

At length, with almost the joy of a tempest-tost sailor, who sees a snug harbor within reach, we learned that the "school-house" was indubitably in sight. The light-hearted merriment of the morning had disappeared under physical exhaustion, and slowly, silently, and singly each one dragged himself along; and, as he reached the hut, sank wearied and exhausted upon the ground.

The necessities of our case, and the law of usage, justified us in taking entire possession of the school-house. It was a long hut, constructed of thatch, having an earthen floor, carpeted with fern leaves and grass. On one side was a pulpit, or reading-desk. The presiding genius of the place was a

stumpy little kanaka, called Hiram, the teacher, who dwelt in a hut near by, with a good-natured fat little wife, who paid her respects to us, wrapped in a loose blue calico gown. Hiram gloried in a pair of flaming scarlet plaid breeches; and both seemed rejoiced to see us.

In locating this school-house just half way between Hilo and the volcano, regard has been had to the convenience of travelers, and to the interest of the teacher; for, although no regular charge is made, something is generally presented for the accommodation; and selfish and unsympathizing must the heart be which does not cheerfully offer some tribute to the kind and good-tempered little couple, who, but the other day in savage ignorance themselves, are now the interesting pioneers of civilization among a wild people in a wild country; and although we may smile at the simple pride with which they caricature our costume, it is gratifying to see their example extending this symbol of civilization and refinement.

The Indians know nothing of our mode of cooking and eating; and, therefore, tired as we were, there was still before us the labor of preparing the meal which our appetites and condition earnestly demanded. Fortunately, the young gentleman

who had charge of the provision department was of active and enduring temperament, one who, in the spirit of enterprise, and the enthusiastic study of natural history, had already crossed the Rocky Mountains.

He converted the pulpit into a pantry, and, taking his seat there, surrounded by the provision calabashes, spread their contents around, and directed the preparation of our supper.

Notwithstanding the weight they had carried, the kanakas came in scarcely showing fatigue; and seeing our forlorn condition, each one seated himself by his master, and commenced *lomi-lomi*-ing, that is, in the Turkish, and not the barber sense of the word, shampooning him.* They gently rubbed, beat, and pressed our limbs; kneading us like so many masses of dough. The sensations caused by this process were most agreeable; fatigue, pain, and stiffness passed away, and in a little time we were moving about with restored flexibility, and each one making himself useful; attending the

* The little fatigue of the natives compared with that suffered by us was, of course, chiefly owing to the difference of our habits; but setting aside any comparison with us, their powers of endurance were very great; and it may be worth noticing that none of these men used stimulating drinks of any kind; although, to a most limited extent, we did use them upon this occasion.

fire, which had been built under a shed projecting from the front of the house; preparing chickens and bananas for frying, peeling and slicing onions, washing potatoes, and making coffee. The sumptuous meal, for which our labors had earned the sauce, and which our hands had prepared, was spread upon one of the school benches, broad, green taro leaves being substituted for plates. We supped with an enjoyment unknown at the elaborately prepared feasts of Epicureans.

About dark, some neighboring natives brought us a middle-sized hog for sale, which we bought for three dollars, determining to prepare a lu-au, the native dish. Having butchered our hog, and, as the readiest mode of separating the bristles, skinned him, the hams and shoulders were delivered to the natives to be *luaued*. Having surrounded the meat with taro roots, potatoes, and a mass of taro leaves, the whole was enveloped in taro leaves, and deposited for the night in an oven of heated stones. This arrangement completed our domestic culinary operations for the day; and, gathering fresh fern leaves for our pillows, wrapping ourselves in our blankets, we grouped together in the back part of the hut for our night's repose, leaving the front part to the Indians; and the hard earthy

bed proved no impediment to the well-earned sleep of our first day's journey. During the night a heavy rain came on, and making its way through the thatch, caused some little commotion among us; but our sleep was too deep to allow this to be any serious inconvenience.

Early in the morning we were again astir, and having prepared for our breakfast a similar meal to that of the preceding night, by eight o'clock we were all packed and again under way. The lu-au was cooked in the most delicious and cleanly manner, but we concluded not to remove its leafy envelops until our arrival at the volcano.

The road to-day, for the first ten miles, was very much the same as the last ten of the preceding day, but rather more ascending. We passed great quantities of a large-sized, yellowish-red, whortleberry, refreshing and pleasant to the taste, though rather insipid. These berries were sacred to Pé-lé, the goddess of the volcano; and during the domination of superstition, it was the custom to make an offering of them to her, by all who ventured to approach the crater. Many fine strawberry vines, in blossom, skirted the road-side, with here and there a few half ripe berries.

In the early part of the day it was extremely

warm; and as the day advanced, a fine drizzling rain coming on, we took off all our clothes, to our shirts and drawers, and stowed them in the calabashes. Thus unincumbered, we walked more lightly, and the rain driving through our thin garments, caused a refreshing coolness. A very serious inconvenience began to annoy several of the gentlemen, who, not having been sufficiently careful in the fit of their shoes, had their feet painfully abraded; so much so, as to be compelled to remove their shoes, and to walk bare-footed, ten miles of the route being over rough gravel and sharp volcanic sand. This sand was exceedingly annoying to those who could wear their shoes, by getting into them from the many puddles of mud through which we were compelled to wade. It was a painful day's work, and as evening drew on, it became quite chilly. Exhausted by fatigue, and with drenched clothes, the driving drizzling rain lost its agreeable sensation, and caused us to shiver and our teeth to chatter with cold. The country about us became murky, wild, and gloomy, and as we emerged from a bush-grown mud-puddle through which we had been wading, indications of the neighborhood of the volcano began to be visible; clouds of steam were issuing from numerous crevices, and sweeping in

fleecy vapor before the wind across the direction of our path. A short distance through this steaming region brought us to a group of huts, and we stood then upon the edge of the great crater of Kilouea.

Cold, wet, hungry, and tired, our physical condition prevented a proper appreciation of the sublime and picturesque, and, therefore, we determined not to look upon the grand scene until we were in a better condition to feel its full impression; and we hurried into a newly-built thatched hut, appropriated to the accommodation of visitors. It was so small as barely to accommodate our party, excluding the kanakas. On one side, a raised platform, extending the whole length of the hut, and covered with mats, formed a good sleeping place. Rude as was the establishment, to us it was the luxury of a palace.

A fire soon blazed before the door under a projecting shed-roof; our wet garments being changed for dry ones, brought from the secure interior of the calabashes; and a sip of grog taken medicinally by all of us white men; wrapped in our blankets, we were soon in a comfortable state to pay some attention to the great wonder yawning before the door, and upon whose brink we stood.

The first, and, indeed, continued impression, is of solemn, awful, and gloomy grandeur, which, in our case, derived force from the sombre weather and mists in which the region was enveloped. An awful abyss, which seemed to have engulfed the whole region, with lofty, rugged, sulphurous walls lining their barren edges against the sky, and shutting out all beyond, in itself presented a shuddering idea of desolation, swallowing up, and final destruction. But the dread grandeur of the scene was increased by the clouds of steam, smoke, and fumes of sulphur, issuing from the immense sulphur bank around this grand, earthquake-shattered enclosure, and rising from openings and crevices in its deeply sunken bottom.

From its lowest depth, at the remote extremity opposite to where we stood, a pillar of smoke arose and expanded into a dark cloud over a lake of lava—

> "A fiery deluge, fed
> With ever-burning sulphur, unconsumed."

The tremendous earth-rending forces at work, their action going on before our eyes, and yet their sources buried "ten thousand fathoms deep" in appalling mystery, unreached, and, perhaps, unreachable by science, philosophy, or conjecture, overwhelm with awe the spectator of this

"Dismal situation, yast and wild;
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace."

Standing on the brink of the crater, the eye surveys its general depth; but, on the side near us, the walls are not in their whole depth directly precipitous, but are broken into shelves, which appear to have sunken at widely different intervals, and are so distant, the one above the other, that the one immediately below the spectator conceals from view those beneath it. These shelves are broken by chasms and crevices of invisible depth. The side of the crater opposite to us being that toward which the wind uniformly bore all the mineral fumes of this great furnace, was wild, barren, and destitute of all vegetation; but that on which we stood, being free from such deleterious influences, presented a very different appearance. The sunken shelves beneath us were quite thickly coated with a fertile soil, from which grew, in wild profusion, trees, shrubs, vines, and flowers, offering an agreeable contrast to the Beelzebub region opposite.

This general survey was all that we could make before night closed around the scene; and then new features of interest attracted our attention, as we sat around the fire in front of our hut.

Instead of the smoke which was seen hovering over the burning lake during the day, its surface was brilliantly illuminated, casting a bright reflection upon the clouds above. The fires which arose from the lava waves appeared like myriads of torches borne by a moving multitude, gliding by and mingling with each other; at one time dark lanes, circles, or spots, would be seen among the lights, and the next minute the moving fires would overspread these dark places. Besides these numerous torch-like illuminations, masses of flame of large volume, apparently twenty feet in circumference, were spouting up from the surface of the lake and around its circumference.

Native superstition scarcely needed an illusion of the imagination to make this the appropriate dwelling-place for the "King of steam and vapor" —the "Explosion in the palace of life"—the "Reign of night"—the "Thundering god"—the "Fire-hurling child of war"—the "Fiery-eyed canoe-breaker"—and the "Heaven-dwelling cloud-holder" —gods to whom it had assigned this habitation.

Having slept our first night upon the edge of the crater, we arose early on the following morning, refreshed and ready for the explorations of the day. The ground all about us, with steam issuing

from all parts of its surface, had a very unstable and unsatisfactory look. Seeing a small hollow in the ground before our door, filled with dried leaves, I thought it would be a good place for our fire, but upon removing the leaves vapor came steaming up, as though I had uncovered a boiling pot. In such a suspicious place, our feelings of confidence and security were derived from the knowledge that things had held on in this boiling, burning, and consuming condition for an unknown period; but, nevertheless, it is manifest, uncomfortably so to those on the spot, that at some period—and it may be at any moment—this portion of earth will anticipate the general conflagration, unless this event fulfils Father Miller's prophecy by a speedy occurrence. Before breakfast we made a visit to a sulphur bank, a little to the right of our dwelling-place. Descending about thirty feet to the first sunken ledge, and following this along through a thicket of whortle-berry bushes, we arrived at the bank. It was a hot, smoking mass of mixed yellow, white, and red, the yellow portion being shining, beautifully crystallized sulphur; the white, a mineral pulverulent deposit; the red color was derived from a soft, muddy mass, which seemed to be formed by the action of acids upon earth.

Steam was rushing with considerable force from crevices in the bank, while a heavy, roaring sound could be heard deep beneath. Some pretty specimens of crystallized sulphur were gathered; they were hot and soft, but hardened upon cooling. Immediately after breakfast we packed up some provisions in a calabash, and, leaving our hut and goods in charge of the trusty Kai-ni-ki-ni, we proceeded to descend and spend the day in the depths of the crater. Expecting to collect specimens of lava, we took the Indians and their empty calabashes with us, Ki-a-nu-hi being our guide. These men, being barefoot, prepared sandals, by matting together leaves of the *ti* plant, which had been dried, and then softened by soaking. Being retained to the feet by loops passing over the toes, they effectually protected the feet from the heat and sharp points of lava; but, to those unaccustomed to their use, they would evidently have been a galling and painful substitute for shoes. Descending to the first ledge, we pursued this for some distance to the left—a very pretty walk amid shrubs and flowers, overhanging wild chasms and steep precipices. From this ledge we descended along its perpendicular face by a precipitous path, about one hundred feet to the next. The path was formed

by steps, worn in a heavy earthen soil, and was so abrupt that the individual behind appeared over the head of him who was immediately before. There was nothing dangerous in the descent, and the kanakas passed down rapidly and with great facility laden with their poles and calabashes. From the level we had now reached, the view above us was very imposing. The lofty walls of the crater, where they were rocky, presented perpendicular and almost smooth surfaces, jutting out at regular intervals, like gigantic abutments. The bottom of the crater was yet far below us; and, by a descent less precipitous than the last, we reached another soil-covered, and shrub-grown shelf. Walking for some distance along this, we came to a narrow, rapidly-descending spur, along the sharp edge of which we reached, after a long descent, the black ledge—the bottom of the crater. This ledge spread out before us like a frozen black ocean, split into large flakes. In some places these flakes, having been pressed against each other, rose in ridges; in other places they were, by a similar force, overlapped, and piled one above another, in irregular heaps. Our way to the burning lake was, for a mile and a half, over this sea of hardened lava,

and by crevices and openings, from which were gushing smoke and steam.

At first, the surface upon which we trod had more than the brilliant iridescence of anthracite coal, and was of a friable, crystalline character, crisping under the feet like dry snow. Farther on, it had the hardness and appearance of cast iron, which had cooled in irregular plates. In some places the black mass was rolled in immense waves, one over the other. The whole gave to the footsteps a startlingly hollow sound, but there seemed to be a more solid, rocky mass beneath, with five or six inches of space between them. Some places were encountered, over which we were obliged to hurry, the heat being painful to the feet, and the atmosphere stifling with heated emanations from the gaping crevices. At length we reached the brink of a broad and deep rent, winding like the channel of a river. The walls of this chasm were of a red stone, and the forces which had torn them asunder, had severed the material into sharp fragments, of varying size, piled in threatening instability, resting upon sharp edges and angles, one above another, and looking as though the slightest displacement of an inferior fragment would bring the whole mass thundering down. Hard-

ened, black lava occupied the bottom of this ravine, looking from the top like a river of pitch. Descending, and ascending, the fragmentary sides of this chasm were, apparently, the most dangerous portions of our route; having, however, crossed it safely, and ascended the opposite bank, we still had some distance to go, over scoria and lava, before we stood upon the edge of the burning lake.

The wind blowing from us, we were enabled to stand upon the very brink of this boiling cauldron, whose capacity is measured by miles. The fluid of the lake was ten or fifteen feet below where we stood, and was in constant motion—thick, sluggish waves, of the dull, gray, filmy appearance of melted lead, were slowly rolling over each other, with a steady motion toward the side on which we stood. The flickering of heat appeared over the whole surface, and here and there, columns of red-hot lava, looking like masses of blood, were spouted up with a convulsive jerk, and near the edge, threw their heated liquid upon the edge of the bank.

Having consumed all the time at our disposal, in the near contemplation of this phenomenon, we commenced our return; and when sufficiently remote from the lake to feel comfortable, we seated our-

selves upon the heated surface of the black ledge, and took our mid-day meal in the crater.

Late in the afternoon, after a very fatiguing day's occupation, during which we had been compelled to rest many times, we were again enjoying the comforts of our hut; appreciated the more, from the day being closed in clouds and rain. After night, whilst reclining on our mat bed, talking over the events of our expedition, the kanakas, who were assembled under the shed outside the door, suddenly called our attention to some occurrence outside; and it was with an impression of horror, that we saw a brilliant light which had burst forth from the foot of the hill upon which we then were. The appalling character of such an appearance, on that dark night, arose from the entire ignorance of what it might indicate, and our inability to take any measures of security, no matter what might occur. We knew that we were standing over fiery caverns, and roaring furnaces; but what their extent, changes, and relations, could not be imagined. The present appearance was nearer to us, by several miles, than anything similar we had seen during the day. It might be no more than a frequently occurring outbreak, through an existing opening; it might be a slight, new outbreak of no im-

portance; and yet it might be a change which would sink the whole of the region upon which we then were, and perhaps for miles around. We could do nothing but passively wait the result. Things remained quiescent; the unpleasant startling soon subsided; we became indifferent to the whole affair; and the most comfortable night's rest we enjoyed, since leaving the ship, was the last, spent upon the edge of Kilouea—amid its clouds, smoke, and fires.

After breakfast on the following morning we started on our return, having filled all the empty calabashes with specimens of lava, scoriæ, and crystallized sulphur. The most curious of the volcanic products is the hair of the Goddess Pé-lé—a filamentous or capillary lava, found only to the leeward of the crater. It is spun by the wind into fine, transparent, flexible, flaxen filaments, a kind of spun glass, having a close resemblance to hair. We ravished freely these tresses of the goddess.

Those of our party who had felt the fatigue most, and who, from their disabled and wounded feet, were compelled to walk barefoot, suffered dreadfully before reaching the school-house on our return; and, but for the encouragement of those in better strength and spirits, they would have aban-

doned the idea of accomplishing this day's journey, and have lain by on the road.

Upon our arrival at the school-house we found quite a company of natives assembled, who had been expecting us, and who offered for sale food, and such articles as they supposed we might need. As soon as we threw ourselves upon the ground, they began, male and female, with characteristic good nature, to relieve us by the lomi-lomi, two of them seizing each of us.

In addition to the wonderful scenes of nature which this expedition had afforded us an opportunity of beholding, it made us acquainted with some traits of the native character, and presented a wonderful illustration of the good effects of even a low degree of civilization. Early in the morning on which we left Kilouea, hearing the monotonous tones of a human voice under the window of the hut, near which I had been sleeping, upon looking out I saw Kianuhi, our native captain, upon his knees, earnestly engaged in prayer, his countenance wearing the expression of fervent devotion. During the last night of our stay at the school-house, whilst we were lying about the floor, the only light of the apartment being a candle in a hatchet, sticking in one of the posts, the natives wanting some occu-

pation, produced several books from the desk, printed in their own language. They were hymn-books, with the notes of the appropriate music; and several of the Indians gathering about the candle favored us with the hymn in their native language, but with one of our familiar tunes.

On the following morning, having arisen earlier than my companions, I directed one of the Indians to make up the fire, and in the mean time I strolled off to walk among some of the neighboring huts. From one of them I heard the continued utterance of monotonous sounds; and upon looking in at the door, I saw a man, I presume the head of the family, kneeling on a mat in the corner, praying aloud, whilst the various members of the family, old and young, knelt in a row near him. The only words which I could understand were "Ehovah," and "Lund," the former word, of course, given them from our language, and the latter from their own, signifying above. What a scene! and what words from the hut of a native, on the wild volcanic mountains of Hawaii! among a people the last born of civilized discovery, many of whom, Christians of no more than adult years, bear on their persons the marks of barbarian customs. As a careless member of a community to which Christianity was a birth-

right trust, I felt rebuked. Never, in the "dim religious light," and amid the solemn paraphernalia of Art's sacred temples, did I feel such an impulse to devotion, and involuntarily my own spirit of adoration was borne along with that of these humble worshipers.

The effect of religious instruction was apparent, not only in ceremonies, but in the practical duties of life. Having committed our various articles to the natives, and to them many of these articles had the value of jewels, we had no further care over them. Each kanaka made himself acquainted with every article committed to his calabash, and, at a sign would produce it, being very careful to restore it again to its place. A stray button was found by one, and he carried it to all, seeking an owner, and I was informed that a native has been known to walk twelve miles to restore a small piece of money dropped by a traveler. Yet, a few years ago, these people thought thieving a virtue!

Such gratifying changes have been effected by no national effort, but by the devoted and sacrificing labors of a few principled missionaries, who have labored amidst obstacles thrown in their way by those whose selfish interests depended upon the continuance of savage ignorance and vices; and

even many of those who had no interest to advance, were incapable of understanding the character and motives of men influenced by religious principle

"Where'er the foot of man hath trod,"

with

"Tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;"

and yet, the highest crime which these zealous enemies can charge upon the missionaries, is the enjoyment, in a few instances, of the ordinary comforts of life.

CHAPTER XVI.

Honolulu—The Pali—Chiefs' school—Tea party—Traditionary historians—Dog feast—Saturday and Sabbath.

Two weeks terminated our stay at Hilo, and on the second day of our departure from it, we were at anchor in the outer harbor of Honolulu, in the island of Oahu.

Those who are dwellers in the storehouses of civilization and luxury, fixed denizens of the old countries, may, when they hear of a wanderer amid the isles of the Pacific, associate with him imaginings of barbarism, and sympathize with his severance from the artificial refinements of life; but here we are in those far away isles, and in a delicious climate, amid beautiful scenery; we are also in a handsome town, of five or six thousand inhabitants, with its strong and comfortable stone and white frame Venetian-shuttered houses, elegantly and luxuriously furnished; gardens of flowers, shrubs, and China roses; its churches, hotels, shipping, and wharves; palace, king, court, cabinet,

and regular laws. We are surrounded by, not only natives, but Yankees of every grade, degree, and profession; Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and Chinamen. In large and well-filled stores we can procure whatever we want, from any part of the world. We dine at luxuriant tables, amid refined people, and spend the evenings in handsome drawing-rooms, graced by pretty women, and enlivened by the music of the piano. Honolulu is by far the most agreeable town in the Pacific Ocean. Honolulu is built at the expanded mouth of a funnel-shaped and beautiful valley, which descends between mountain ranges, gradually expanding from the opposite side of the island. Much of the town still consists of the grass or native thatch cottages, and exceedingly comfortable habitations they are. At the time of our visit, Honolulu boasted three hotels; one French, one Chinese, and one American; this last, kept by two citizens of the United States, and fitted up with billiard-tables, bar-room, and the usual appendages of such an establishment. The Mansion House, as the American hotel is called, spread a well-ordered, well-cooked, and abundant table. Our bill of fare, for the first dinner of which I partook in this house, was boiled turkey, roast ducks, chickens,

pigs, lobsters, potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, watermelons, and canteleups.

In the afternoon, in company with Mr. Damon, the seamen's chaplain, we visited several of the missionary families, and went over the printing offices, engraving establishments, and book bindery. All the work in these establishments is done by the natives.

A visit was also paid the chiefs' school, an institution in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, of the United States, for the purpose of educating the children of the Hawaiian nobility in our language and literature. The pupils were at this time at their country residence, some miles up the valley, but we had an opportunity of going through the building, and of inspecting their rooms; everything was arranged and provided in the most comfortable and convenient manner.

The most imposing of the wild scenery of Oahu is the "pali," or precipice. It has been stated that the town of Honolulu stands at the mouth of a valley; this valley crosses the island from south to north, between mountain walls gradually ascending, and is about seven miles long. It is a beautiful ride, and on either side are scattered along, for several miles, the cottage residences of the citizens of Hono-

lulu. Riding alone up this valley, for the purpose of visiting the pali, I found myself accompanied by a kanaka, without having noticed exactly where he joined me. Ride fast or slow, this man was by my side, without exchanging a word; but I readily understood it was his purpose, as is the custom of these people, to take the chance of rendering me any service, and earning some little compensation. After he had been by my side for a mile or two, I handed him my overcoat to carry, as an evidence that I acknowledged and employed him. At this recognition his countenance brightened up, and he was prompt to render me every attention. It is agreeable to notice the kindness of these people in their intercourse with each other, and one of its demonstrations is somewhat amusing. For instance, two of them meeting on the road, and no time to lose, one having a pipe or cigar in his mouth, the other takes the pipe or cigar from the mouth of its owner, gives a whiff or two, returns it, and each continues his way without uttering a word; it seems to be an understood and expected courtesy.

Our near approach to the termination of the valley was indicated by a rush of wind, against which it was difficult to advance, pouring through

a narrow alley or gorge which forms this extremity of the valley. Dismounting, and turning into this alley, a few steps to the right brought me to a door-like opening upon the edge of the precipice, eleven hundred feet deep, and overlooking a view at once beautiful and sublime; the precipitous mountain wall, upon whose edge I stood, swept away to the right and left. From the base of this wall a plain, two or three miles in breadth, interspersed with houses, groves, and meadows, expanded beneath me, and met the sea which foamed upon its beach.

Wishing to descend to the plain, under the direction of my guide, I took a path to the right, which conducted to a narrow shelf projecting from the precipice; from this a cautious descent was made to similar shelves lower down; in some places a small platform or landing would be reached, and narrow steps conducted on both sides to another platform; at one point the descent is along the perpendicular face of the rock, by projections just wide enough for a foothold, but an iron rod is here let into the rock, by which the passenger can sustain himself. On the way down I met several natives, male and female, ascending, some of them laden with heavy burdens. By the time I had

reached the plain I was quite fatigued, and my shirt wringing with perspiration. Having walked among the houses of the natives a sufficient time to rest, I ascended the pali, and was well pleased to find my horse where he had been left, as there was nothing to have prevented any of those whom we had met from using him on their journey down the valley; and this was another, added to the many evidences I had had of the present honesty of the natives.

The summer school and residence of the young chiefs was situated on this valley, about half way between the town and pali; and having a letter of introduction to Mr. Cooke, the superintendent, I took the present opportunity of visiting the institution. It is a frame building a little off the road, and upon reaching it, I entered a large, cool, and airy room, in which was seated Mrs. Cooke, with a book in her hand, with two of the young ladies, and several of the lads, receiving her instructions. The pupils were attired just as respectable school boys and girls would be in our own country. Mrs. Cooke introduced me to her pupils. The young ladies were Jane Leeau,* and Bernice Pauahi,

* Whilst writing these pages, the following notice appeared in the newspapers:—

about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and the latter exceedingly beautiful, with fine Grecian features, and an animated expression of countenance. The air and manner of her courtesy, and a slightly affected dropping of the eyelids indicated, I thought, a consciousness of her personal attractions; and I subsequently learned that gentlemen, forgetting her knowledge of the English language, would, upon being first introduced to her, exclaim how beautiful! The boys were Alexander Liholiho, aged ten years, adopted by the king, and heir apparent to the crown; Moses Kehuairea, aged fifteen, governor presumptive of the island of Kauai; Lot Kamehameha, governor presumptive of Maui. These three boys are sons of the present governor of Oahu, and derive their rank from their mother. Victoria Kamamalu was sent for, that I might see her; she was aged six years, and heiress apparent to the premiership. She is of the same parentage as the boys, and her mother was formerly premier; her mother being dead, this child inherits her rank, upon the constitutional provision which

Married, at the Royal School, Honolulu, September 2d, J. R. Jasper, Esq., of Maryland, United States, to Jane Leeau, daughter of Kalamailumaker, and adopted by Kanuku Alii.

permits a female to be associated in the sovereign power.

After the return of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke with their school, to their town residence, they gave us a pleasant evening entertainment, at which the young chiefs, male and female, were present. They were all tastefully attired, the young ladies wearing white dresses, and their only ornament being a geranium leaf or small bouquet in the waist ribbon. They performed on the piano, and sang the familiar songs of our own country. I recollect the "Ingle side," "Pensez à moi," and "My native land," were among the number; and it was difficult to realize that the scene was a parlor in Honolulu, and the performers Indians of the Pacific islands.

Among the customs of barbaric Hawaii, was that of eating dogs, and among its institutions a class of men, historians, whose business it was to hand down the traditions and events of the nation. It was my fortune to attend a feast of luaued dog, and to make the acquaintance of these traditionary historians at the same time.

An American merchant resident in Honolulu, had married the daughter of a chief, whose high official function, under the "ancient regime," had been that of traditionary historian. Their resi-

dence was a neat cottage, some miles up the Nunanu valley, and I had the honor of an invitation from this gentleman to his cottage, to attend a feast of luaued dog, prepared and served in the native manner, under the direction of his wife. The old chief, the father-in-law of our host, was present, and was quite a striking looking old man. With a head of more intellectual development than most of his people, he had a very determined and obstinate expression of countenance, and became quite animated when the conversation was directed to his favorite topic, the traditions of his nation. He is one of the few who sigh after the days of past barbarism, and look with regret upon the inroads and changes of civilization. So far as this individual is concerned, such feelings may readily be accounted for and excused, by the necessary abolition of his own high official position as the depositary of the achievements and traditions of his people; a loss not compensated by his still elevated station of a high chief.

Our repast was spread upon the floor, which was well covered and cushioned with fresh green leaves. A pig and a dog were both served up, and were so arranged that neither could be recognized by its external appearance, the guest being required to

take their chance of getting pig or dog. Those who tried both, determined they could not be distinguished by flavor. The dog used for food, is a small animal, destitute of hair, and is fed and fattened upon vegetable food, generally sweet potatoes, or poi.

Honolulu has quite a lively and cheerful appearance on Saturday; this being the day of relaxation and merry making among the natives, who, old and young, throng the streets in their holiday attire, displaying the gayest and brightest colors they can procure. On Sunday the streets are deserted; all pleasure and business have ceased; no vehicle is seen moving upon the shore, or boat upon the waters. It is a national Sabbath, literally kept.

CHAPTER XVII.

United States and Sandwich Islands—Missionary influence—Order of French consul—Code of etiquette—British protest—Agitating influences—Diplomatic troubles.

WHEN, in the United States, we hear mention made of the Sandwich Islands, we are apt to think of them as something so remote, and so little connected with our interests, as to scarcely merit attention. But if their relations to our immense whaling and other commerce in the Pacific are considered, and the movements of other powers in regard to them are observed, these Islands may seem a little more worthy the attention of our foreign policy.

This little, ocean-girt kingdom of Hawaii, newborn to civilization, presents a beautiful illustration of the quiet, diffusive moral force of our country; of influences which are becoming of more efficient control in the character and relations of nations, than are the powers of military strength.

Although having, nominally, no political connec-

tion with us, these Islands, from a combination of circumstances, seem, when amongst them, almost as one of our own States.

Called into civilized existence under the guidance of a powerful religious society of the United States, by the commerce and mercantile influence of this country, their new existence has been sustained and made prosperous.

The first and principal circumstance which gave an ascendency to the citizens and interests of the United States, was the fact that the native inhabitants of these isles were brought from barbarism to Christianity by American missionaries only. These have been the creators of the Hawaiian nation; and any one disposed to look back upon its barbaric state, its wild and bloody superstitions, filthy usages, disgusting sensuality, and horrid crimes pursued as virtues, can fully appreciate the change which has brought such a people under even partial subjection to the laws of order and virtue. In much association with the people I never saw a drunken native, and in no part of the world have I seen the Sabbath so literally kept.

In some observations on these Islands, published by a Mr. Wyllie, a native of Scotland, and, at the time of my visit, Hawaiian Secretary of State, he

says, speaking of Honolulu: "There are few towns of the same extent where a deep religious feeling more prevails, and certainly none where more decency and order are observed on the Sabbath. Yet all this exists without any of that gloom and ascetic severity which existed in the early days of presbyterianism in Scotland, and of puritanism in England and Connecticut.

"Another virtue eminently pervades the society of Honolulu, and that is temperance. During eight months that I have been here, I have not seen one native intoxicated; and what will excite surprise in Europe and in America, I have not seen one beggar."

In another place, Mr. Wyllie remarks: "Both civilly and spiritually the benefits conferred by the missionaries are incalculable. The experience of these benefits has given them an influence, and created a certain bias in favor of the country which sent them, and which supports them, not only legitimately acquired, but, so far as the missionaries are concerned, not to be relaxed without prejudice to the progress of further native improvement. Go ye and do likewise, may be said to all who envy that influence, cavil at their doings, or malign their motives."

Another cause of the influence of our country in the Islands is the superiority of its commerce. From tables, kept by a gentleman of Honolulu, it is shown that during twenty years, one thousand three hundred and seventy-seven United States vessels visited this port; three hundred and three British; and twenty-seven French. The estimates of a commercial house of the same place show, that in five years there were imported nine hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars of United States products, and one hundred and twenty-seven thousand six hundred dollars of British. Of five hundred and ninety-three whaling vessels absent from the United States at one time, three hundred and twenty-four were in the Pacific, and this pursuit may be said to be almost exclusively in the possession of the ships and seamen of the United States.

Whilst we have such preponderating interests in the Pacific Ocean, many of its important islands are falling under the control of a power, which has scarcely any interest to consult but that of military strength; and in 1843 an order was issued by the French consul at Honolulu, prohibiting our whalers from anchoring in any islands where the French were established, except in ports where

the French actually were, unless by their permission.

These French establishments, let it be borne in mind, consist of two of the most important groups of the Pacific Ocean—the Marquesas and Society groups.

Of the vigilant manner in which Great Britain guards and watches her position in these islands, the following affords a striking illustration.

In 1844, the Hawaiian government issued a proclamation, establishing a code of etiquette, in which the following order of precedure was assigned the representatives of their respective nations:—

1. United States,
2. Great Britain,
3. France.

Although some such arrangement was necessary in so jealous a community, its grave formality had rather a burlesque air; but the British government has imparted dignity to it by the following protest:—

"With regard to the code of etiquette and diplomatic precedence, promulgated in July, 1844, her majesty's government regret the charge or act which gives a fixed and permanent preference to

the United States over Great Britain, upon the plea of the prior recognition of the Sandwich Islands by the United States, and require that this clause be forthwith canceled.

"Her majesty's government further declares, that the commissioner of the United States, unless he be expressely designated in his commission as charge d'affaires, is entitled to no precedence whatever over the British Consul-General at the Hawaiian islands, under the regulations of the Congress of Vienna, whether the commissioner be entitled diplomatic commissioner or not. And I am commanded to insist that the question of precedence between the British and United States agent, shall, unless such agent be accredited as charge d'affaires, be determined by priority of presentation only."

From Mr. Richards, the gentleman who in conjunction with Halilio negotiated the existing treaty between the Hawaiian and British governments, I learned, that when he asked of Lord Aberdeen an acknowledgment of the independence of the islands, his lordship remarked, "that they were actually United States colonies; the Americans had the whole control in them."

Although the independence of the Hawaiian government is guarantied by the United States,

French, and British governments, that our apathy in regard to these thriving children of our religion and commerce is safely calculated upon, was manifested by the fact of their being seized upon by a British naval captain in a small frigate (Captain Poulet, in the Carysfort), the British flag hoisted over all the islands, and their affairs administered for four months, from February to July 1843, under a British commission, until, from the good sense and sound discretion of Admiral Thomas, they were voluntarily restored to their sovereignty.

It should undoubtedly be our fixed and vigilant policy to preserve the independence of these islands, by every form and act; and there are internal influences acting in those islands, which demand that the individual representing us there should be a person of great caution and discretion.

They present a theatre of contest for the most powerful interests which agitate communities. To the ordinary social interests, jealousies and rivalries which proverbially disturb small communities, are added the national jealousies of the foreign residents, more especially of those from the United States, England, and France, and also the agitations of those ever contending and powerfully hostile principles, Romanism and Protestantism. When,

around an infant and weak government, such passions and influences are contending, it may readily be understood that every interest encourages the hope of controlling the government to its own ends. Whether it may be the individual, desirous of establishing a pecuniary claim, or the diplomatist seeking to establish a political principle, or his own character for diplomatic skill, a representative among such interests should be capable of distinguishing between a triumph of individual vanity and a principle of national policy.

Notwithstanding the many reasons for our hitherto unbroken influence in these islands, the number of our citizens resident there—the extent of our commerce; notwithstanding that until lately every foreigner in the government, from the cabinet down, was a citizen of the United States; and at the time of which I am now writing, all were, but the Secretary of State; still our relations to the Hawaiian government, at the time of my visit there, were most unhappy.

Whilst all other nations had free intercourse with the government, official and social relations between citizens of the United States and all connected with the government, were interrupted. The authorities had taken such offence at the

course of our commissioner, that they had refused further intercourse with him; and society, in all its ramifications, was agitated by the prevalent dispute.

Without considering the influences I have endeavored to set forth, it would be difficult to attribute any such consequences to the mere official questions between the two countries.

The first and chief question which arose may thus be briefly stated. By a treaty with Great Britain, it is provided that any British subject tried for crime shall have a jury of his countrymen, *nominated by the British consul.* This provision in the British treaty was the consequence of a similar provision contained in the French treaty, forced upon the government by the captain of a French frigate, at the same time that he compelled the islanders to admit ardent spirits contrary to their own laws, and at a low duty, determined by himself. It is understood that the British treaty was acceded to by the Hawaiian government, before it was aware of the acknowledgment of its sovereignty by the governments of Great Britain and France. This clause, putting into the hands of a foreign officer the selection of a jury, is admitted by all to be grossly inconsistent with so-

vereignty. It is a most unnecessary provision, inasmuch as the laws of the country make the most liberal provisions for the trial of foreigners; giving them, where foreigners alone are concerned, a jury of foreigners, designated by ballot, and, where foreigners and natives are interested, a jury, half foreign, half native, selected in the same manner. Although the Hawaiian government expresses a hope that the magnanimity of the British and French governments will induce the abrogation of so unnecessary and offensive a provision, it has conceded the same privilege to the United States, with which there is no treaty, and it looked for aid from the United States, if necessary, in modifying the English and French treaties. In this state of affairs, a citizen of the United States, of low and bad character, was convicted before a police court of a disgusting offence, and subjected to a fine of fifty dollars. The offence was not one for jury investigation, in its first stage, but an appeal was taken to a higher tribunal, in which, under the laws of the land, and from the nature of the case, a mixed jury would be required. Although no sympathy, particularly among his own countrymen, was felt for the individual, an attempt was now made by the United States consul to secure the

selection of the jury. The government refused the privilege, denying that, in a similar case, it would be conceded to the British or French consuls, and asserting that such cases had been tried without the interference of their consuls, and reiterating the assurance that the United States should have the same privileges awarded any other nation, and being willing to leave the whole matter to the decision of the government of the United States. Under such circumstances, this question generated a terrible amount of malignancy, dissension, and evil consequences. Without the sacrifice of any interest, or the least yielding of national dignity, the discussion might have been entered upon pro forma, and in good temper, to attract attention to the subject, and to induce the abrogation of the clause in the British and French treaties violating the sovereignty of the islands. The question, however, soon degenerated into warm personality, and official correspondence became a struggle for sarcastic supremacy, and diplomacy the exciting topic of a family gossip. The language of the United States commissioner being considered offensive to the government, it refused to hold further intercourse with him. Such a state of affairs was exceedingly detrimental to

the influence of the United States, and favorable to the views of its rivals. The United States commissioner, being in personal hostility to his own countrymen in the government, favored the aspirations of those foreigners desirous of supplanting them, and consequently one of them, Dr. Judd, gave place to the British vice-consul, who was appointed Secretary of State, an office previously held by Dr. Judd.

As an evidence of the extent to which policy was lost in personal feeling, it may be stated that, during the state of agitation and dissension above described, a United States vessel of war arrived at the port of Honolulu, and her commander was induced to withhold the customary salute from the Hawaiian flag. To so young a nation, with a new-fledged and feeble independence, a salute from the armed ships of a powerful nation, like that of the United States, was a matter of great importance; and as we certainly should be so jealous of the independence of these islands as to show it forth upon all occasions, it appears to be a course of questionable policy to underrate, in any way, the claims of the Hawaiian flag, and bring it into disrespect. Other and military nations may, upon as slight pretexts, haul it down. However, the

course pursued by our men-of-war was fluctuating; subsequently to this event, another man-of-war of the United States came into the harbor, and the commissioner requested the commander to withhold the salute, but was told by the commander that he considered it rather our policy to be ready in rendering and parading such a salute. The commissioner then requested that if the authorities should visit the ship they might not be saluted, and was told, "That if the Devil came on board, in an official capacity, he should be saluted." Finally, he requested that if the commander called on the authorities, he would first call on the British Consul-General, General Miller.

It is to be hoped that our affairs in these islands will never be placed again in such circumstances.

While at Honolulu, we heard rumors, apparently with some foundation, of a war between the United States and Mexico, and, consequently, we took our departure for California, uncertain as to what part we might be called upon to play there.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Californian annexation—Prediction of Mr. Huskisson—Arrival at Monterey — The town — Natural soap — Frijoles — General Micheltoreno—Official visit—Settlers—Captain Suter—Captain Graham—Dancing—Las once—Morning calls—Mexican garrison.

POLITICIANS, it appears to me, in discussing the question of Californian annexation, do not carry their investigations far enough back, but make it too much a matter of merit or demerit, according to their views, with the powers existing at the time of its occurrence. At the risk of being called a disciple of the "manifest destiny" principle, I will venture the opinion, that this event was bound to occur, and, as the best physician is but the watcher and guide of nature, administrations are to be judged as they judiciously conform themselves to, or wilfully attempt to thwart the principles which are controlling the world's advance and destiny.

In support of the foregoing view, and to show that Californian annexation was a thing of slow and steady growth, foreseen and predicted by states-

men, I will quote the following remarks of Mr. Huskisson, made in the British House of Commons so far back as 1830:—

"If the United States have declared that they cannot allow the island of Cuba to belong to any maritime power in Europe, Spain excepted, neither can England, as the first of those maritime powers —I say it fearlessly, because I feel it strongly— suffer the United States to bring under their dominion a greater portion of the shores of the Gulf of Mexico than that which they now possess. Within the last twenty-seven years they have become masters of all the shores of that Gulf, from the point of Florida to the river Sabine, including the mouths of the Mississippi, and of other great rivers, the port of New Orleans, and the valuable and secure harbors of Florida; and, within these few days, we hear of their intention of forming a naval station and arsenal at the islands of the Dry Tortugas, a commanding position in the Gulf-stream between Florida and Cuba.

"With all this extent of coast and islands, we know, further, that designs are entertained and daily acted upon—I will not say by the present government of the United States, but notoriously by the people—to get possession of the fertile and

extensive Mexican province of Texas. To borrow an expression of a deceased statesman of that country, 'the whole people of America have their eye' upon that province. They look to all the country between the river Sabine and the river Bravo del Norte, as a territory that must, ere long, belong to their Union. They have also, I believe, that same eye upon some of the western coast of Mexico, valuable ports in the Gulf of California. Should they obtain these districts, the independence of Mexico, I will venture to say, will be no better or more secure than that of the Creek Indians, or any other Indian tribe now living within the circle of the present recognized limits of the United States; and the Gulf of Mexico will become as much a part of their waters, as the Black Sea was once the waters of Turkey, or as the channel which separates England from Ireland may be considered as part of the waters of the United Kingdom.

"That a war arising out of these pretensions may one day occur, is, perhaps, but too probable. The progress which the United States have already made towards the attainment of objects so manifestly within their contemplation, calls us not to regard that contingency as one which provident statesmen may safely dismiss from their minds. It

is their duty to neglect no measure within their power to prevent."

For many years before California was annexed, the impression seemed to exist in the United States Pacific squadron, that its most important purpose was to occupy California, and its vigilance was directed to the accomplishment of such a duty. The British squadron seemed to have an equally strong idea that its business was to prevent any such act upon the part of ours, and, consequently, these squadrons went about watching each other. It is difficult for those who live at home, in reach of regular mails, railroads, and telegraphs, to conceive the difficulties of the commander of a foreign squadron under such circumstances. War between his own and another country might exist for months before it reached him as a rumor; it would, most likely, reach him as a rumor long before it reached him officially, and it might reach the commanding officer of another squadron, of opposing interests, first.

To act upon rumor might be to commit a great wrong; to wait for official information might be a fatal delay.

Commodore Jones took California, in 1843, upon rumor, and that he acted upon rumor is some evi-

dence that California was expected to be taken by his government or his country; he acted upon almost as much authority as did Commodore Sloat when he took it in 1846; and had Commodore Sloat delayed for further information, if the protection of the British flag had not been thrown over the territory, its acquisition by us would have been under greater difficulties, and at the cost of more blood.

In the fall of 1844, we lay in the harbor of Monterey, ready to take California, upon the first intelligence justifying it; in 1845, we did the same thing, and in 1846 it was taken. Now considering Mr. Huskisson's prophecy in 1830, and the action of the American and British squadrons for years before the final annexation, I take it that this event was decreed long before the administration under which it was accomplished was thought of.

It was on Thursday, October 3d, 1844, that our ship left Honolulu for the coast of California. A few days changed the equable trade winds and warm temperature of the tropics, for the uncertain variables and the cool weather of more northern latitudes. The change was not disagreeable, as it relieved the lassitude and relaxation of long-continued sultriness, and enabled us to enjoy the pri-

vacy of our state-rooms, from which we had long been kept, by the close and heated atmosphere. Besides the physical energy arising from such a change, it had a morally inspiriting influence, from its association with the climate of our home.

On the evening of the twenty-third day we hove-to about forty miles to the northward of Monterey, and a dense fog coming on we were prevented some three days from running in. These three days were passed somewhat impatiently, for we were most anxious to have assurance of the truth of the important rumors which had reached us at Honolulu.

On the thirtieth day of the month, we came to anchor in the harbor of Monterey. This place had figured largely in our history, from the fact of Commodore Jones's movements and occupation, during the preceding year. On a hill to the left of the town stood a farcical structure, called the fort, with the Mexican flag flying. It has much the appearance of a cow-shed, standing on the hill-side, with a low mud wall in front of that part facing the harbor.

At this season, the country around Monterey, presented to the eye naked, brown-clad hills, or open pine barrens, with here and there a clump of live-

oak trees. The soil is a dark sand; and altogether the country had very much the autumn appearance of many portions of the southern United States. All was uninclosed and uncultivated; the only houses seen, being the scattered white-washed buildings of Monterey. Their buildings are generally built of sun-dried mud-bricks; and the population, of about a thousand, was composed of very dark Indians, with black shaggy hair hanging over the foreheads and eyes, or standing out from their heads like porcupine quills; Mexicans, with sallow faces, big mustaches, flashy vests, shabby coats, and large, broad-brimmed white hats; Mexican soldiers, and Mexican officers. Added to this human population, were war dogs, and of greater variety than I have ever before seen in any place.

> "Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
> And curs of low degree."

Bullock pens stood on the sandy unpaved streets, and myriads of beef bones lay scattered in every direction, characteristic of the staple commodity of a place in which a raw hide is current money at the rate of two dollars.

The efficient and working population of Monterey at this time was composed of citizens of the United States, or Europeans. These keep the

stores and shops, and do whatever is to be done. The country abounds in game, deer, wild ducks and geese, and quail; but none shoot it to sell, unless some special arrangement is made for the purpose. Tolerable apples, fine dried dates and figs, grown in the country, were for sale in the stores, but fifty cents a pound were asked for the dried fruit. Two wines, red and white, products of the country, were also to be had in the shops. The red was something like a light port, and the white had the color and flavor of still champagne.

On the main street, if street it could be called, we found the house and store of our consul, Mr. Larkin. It was indicated by our flag, which was flying over it, and further by a lantern of glass and tin, painted red, over the door, and having "U. S. Consulate," in yellow letters, on the glass. Communication between Monterey and the United States, was at long and uncertain intervals; but so far there was nothing known here to authorize any but friendly relations between the Californians and ourselves.

Strolling about the vicinity of the town, we came upon a small stream of fresh water, whose borders were animated by the women of the place, engaged in washing clothes, and as the process was one new

to us, it may be worth a passing notice. A washboard, or block was placed upon the edge of the stream. This block is made by hewing a log to half its thickness, leaving, however, one end entire as a support for the body of the laundress, as she leans over to her work. Upon the smooth surface of this washboard, the clothes are rubbed with a soap which nature spontaneously and abundantly provides. It is a bulbous root, terminated by a tuft of fibres. These fibres are grasped in the hand, and the layers, like those of an onion, are spread out, and, being rubbed on the articles with water, raises a lather, or foam, effectually removing the dirt. The people say it cleanses better than soap, but such garments as are to be worn next the skin require to be well rinsed to free them from an annoying fibre.

Our walk had given us an appetite which rendered it exceedingly desirable to find some house of entertainment; but Monterey boasted no hotel. We had learned that the laws of hospitality so prevailed in this country that almost any man's house and table would have been deemed our right, were our necessities made known. Not wishing to assert such a right, we looked about without inquiring for some indications of any place where food might be

bought; and at length, over an out of the way and small shanty, found a badly lettered sign with the word "café," in very small letters. It was a miserable, dirty looking place, kept by a native of Manila. He agreed to supply our wants; and after an hour's delay served up dishes of stewed fish, fried fish, stewed beef, scrambled eggs, and frijoles. All were well cooked and savory; although things in general looked very suspicious, so far as cleanliness was concerned; and the most filthy little urchin I ever saw was our table attendant.

Among our dishes, I have mentioned frijoles, and it is impossible to speak of Mexican habits, without saying something of frijoles (pronounced fre-hólees). These are nothing more than beans, generally a red or brown bean; and whatever else, or how much, a Mexican may eat for breakfast, dinner, or supper, his concluding dish must be frijoles. They are, certainly, as cooked in Mexico, very savory, and, having learned the process from a handsome, neat, and intelligent housewife of Monterey, it may not be altogether useless, or out of place, to give it.

The beans are first boiled until well softened, in soft water; hard water will not soften them; then, some lard is heated to boiling in another ves-

sel; it is absolutely necessary that the lard should be heated to ebullition. While in this state, the beans are ladled into it from the water, and such quantity of salt and pepper as is necessary, added. Sufficient of the water, in which the beans were boiled, is mixed with them to keep the whole about the consistence of thin mush, and but a few minutes after they are transferred to the lard are necessary to complete the process.

Much curiosity was felt to see General Micheltoreno, the present governor of California. This gentleman had figured largely in the correspondence respecting the occupation of the territory on the preceding year, having then officially wished himself a "thunderbolt," that he might annihilate the invaders of his country. Soon after our arrival, a day was appointed by him to make an official visit to our ship. Having formed our opinion of him from his belligerent correspondence, the expectation was to see a bombastic, gasconading, and very ridiculous personage. It was, therefore, with some surprise, that we saw step on board, a tall, fine-looking man, with a mild, smiling, and agreeable countenance. His manners were courteous, graceful, and indicated *savoir faire*. He wore a very rich and showy uniform. The breast

of his coat being fine crimson cloth, brilliantly embroidered; the rest of the garment was of green cloth, also richly embroidered. A fine bunch of white plumes waved from his chapeau. Quite a large suite attended the general. It was composed of persons of all sizes and ranks, civil and military, in a contrasting variety of costume. A few officers had several medals or orders strung across the breasts of their coats, some of which, they boasted, were for services rendered in Texas. Our visitors expressed great admiration for the "Castillo andando," or walking castle, as they called our ship. Refreshments were served, and our commander having given a toast complimentary to Mexico, General Micheltoreno returned it by one wishing for "Peace and friendship with the United States." It was an indication that this peace and friendship were in a doubtful state. The general, at parting, invited us "sin ceremonía" (without ceremony), to a "las once" (eleven o'clock), on the following Wednesday. "Las once," signifying the hour, is equivalent to our lunch.

The general and his suite were saluted with fifteen guns as they left the ship. Ere long, powder and noise were to indicate more than ceremony and compliments. An invitation was also given

by our consul to the governor's party and ourselves to meet at his house on the following Monday.

Early after our arrival at Monterey, I had occasion to visit an invalid colonel in the Mexican army, and the circumstances under which I found him, may be mentioned as illustrative of social Mexican life in California. The room occupied by the sick officer was neat and comfortably furnished. and he was lying on a polished brass bedstead; but this room was the very next one to a low groggery, and the door of the room opened upon all the noise and rowdyism of the adjoining apartment. The sick man fancied that my visit had been a favor done him, and at parting, he took my hand between both of his and pressed it with many expressions of kindness. A priest was by his bedside.

Very soon after our arrival in Monterey, we began to meet those enterprising specimens of our wandering countrymen, whose restless spirits are only bounded by the impossibility of further progress. The first whom I met, I found seated on a counter in a store, and looking just as none other than one of our interior farmers could look. He was an old man, with a calm, quiet face, an intel-

ligent, fine blue eye; and wore a broad-brimmed glazed hat, short blue jacket, coarse gray pantaloons, and coarse yellow brogans. His head was bald over the middle, with a few thin gray hairs on either side, and he stooped somewhat with the weight of time and hard service. As soon as I saw him, I remarked: "Well, I need not ask if you are a countryman of mine?"

"No; I'm from North Ca'lina."

"How did you get here?"

Speaking in a slow, measured tone, he replied:

"I settled first in the Missouri, then in New Mexico, where I stopped awhile, and at last got into the Californy."

"How do you like it?"

"Better than any country I have ever seed."

"You are farming now?"

"Yes; I have two leagues of rich land in the valley, and one of timber on the mountain. Things grow pretty much of themselves."

"How do you get your farm?"

"They just give it to me, for settling and improving."

"I suppose there is so little government here, you will be soon for taking the country into your own hands."

"Well, we aint like the Texas, we aint got the country to back us; but we raither expect, when they settle in on the Columby, so that we have the country to back us, we will take it."

This old man lived within forty miles of the Bay of San Francisco, on the river Sacramento, and had come here, to the capital of the territory, to get some title deeds for his lands, but obstacles were being thrown in his way. He was put off from day to day, by being told that the governor's secretary was absent. He stated that on his side, meaning that part of California in which he resided, there were as many residents, citizens of the United States, as there were of Mexico-Spanish blood, and that the country was altogether under much better regulation; this part, indeed, being almost destitute of law or government.

Making some inquiry as to his stock, he informed me that he had about three hundred horses, including mares, but that "mars," as he called them, they did not use. He said he had plenty of everything, and earnestly invited me to come and see him, and to bring my friends; he would show us a "bar" or two, if we wished to shoot any; and if we would come in a boat, he would present us with some fat sheep to take back with us. This was a

fair specimen of one class of settlers filling up this far west. I had previously seen another who was not a specimen of a class, but an original, *sui generis*, and will, therefore, sketch a rapid portrait of him.

Among the persons in the suite of General Micheltoreno, when he visited the ship, was a man of medium, or rather low stature, but with a marked military air. He wore a cap, and plain blue frock coat, a mustache covered his lip. His head was of very singular formation, being flat and wall-shaped behind, and rising high over the crown, with a lofty and expanded forehead. His manners were courteous, but displayed great precision. Such was Captain Suter, a Swiss by birth. For seven years, as I learned, he had been a captain in the Swiss Guards; and during a leave of absence visited the United States, and settled in Missouri. Finding the climate of Missouri too cold, with twelve men he invaded California, and conquered from the Indians that portion of the territory which he now occupies. To protect himself both against the Indians, and any unfair exactions of Mexican Californian governors, he built a fort, and fortified himself. At this time, he occupied thirty leagues of territory, and kept constantly employed

two hundred men, who worked during the week, and were exercised in military manœuvres on Sunday. His chief product is wheat, with which he supplies the Russian Possessions, at two dollars the fanega, or one dollar a bushel, and during harvest it is stated he employs six hundred laborers in his fields. He is also experimenting with cotton, hemp, and tobacco. Over the Indians, it is said, his influence is unbounded, and he controls all within the extent of several hundred miles. His settlement is on the Sacramento, about one hundred miles from the Bay of San Francisco.

The Mexican government became exceedingly jealous of his power and influence; but not having sufficient energy to suppress him, made a virtue of necessity, and acknowledged his authority as military governor of the neighborhood in which he resided.

While upon the subject of these settlers in California, I will sketch another who was at Monterey at the time of our visit, and who had already figured some in the annals of California.

Just as I was about to go off to the ship in one of our boats, I found, at the landing, a stout, heavy-set, stalwart-looking man, about forty-five years of age. He had the air and costume of one

of my countrymen. His countenance expressed shrewdness, firmness, and rough intelligence, with something of quiet, dry humor. He was respectably dressed in blue frock, pantaloons, and a broad-brimmed fur hat. Approaching me, he called me by name, and said, "My name is Graham, I expect you have heard of me"—and I had. At one time, when the governor of the territory had been guilty of some of the outrages upon the community not unusual, this man alone, by his firmness and courage, had deposed him, and installed another in his stead. But those whom he had served, and who wanted courage and decision to act without him, were in too much dread of him to continue any friendly alliance, farther than served their own purposes. He was assailed by all manner of hostility and persecution, his property wasted, he himself fired upon in his bed, captured by an armed host, imprisoned, and vilely maltreated. Captain Graham is a Kentuckian by birth, but has been many years in this country:—he only bides his time to redress the wrongs and outrages heaped upon him by the Mexicans. He accompanied me on board.

On the morning of the general's "las once," while on my way to the place of meeting, I saw

Graham standing before the consul's door. He had his back half turned toward a little mustached Mexican colonel, the colonel's hand rested in the left hand of Graham, which hung carelessly by his side, as one might hold a child, while Graham was engaged in conversation with a third person. As I approached, I said, "Captain Graham, do you go to the general's party?" He exclaimed, with some surprise, "What, I! No, indeed; a corrál (an ox-yard) is not big enough to hold me and one of them." Jerking his head toward the Mexican officer, but without looking at him, he continued, "I like this little fellow better than any of them—he is a right clever fellow—rather more than an *aiverage* for a black man."

Among the settlers was a Captain Childs, a young man about thirty-five years of age, but who had crossed the Rocky Mountains three times, acting as commanding officer, or guide to emigrating parties. Although all these settlers are necessarily good rifle shots, Captain Childs was considered to excel with this weapon. Just before coming into Monterey, he had killed three bears. The following is his mode of proceeding with them: When the bear is come upon suddenly, he squats upon his haunches, and erects his body; this gives the

huntsman time to dismount, and to aim a shot, which must be a fatal one, at his heart; for, if the bear is wounded without being disabled, it requires a swift horse and no impediments to secure an escape.

Such are the men who, singly or in small parties, have gathered into California, and, living scattered about the plains and woods, their number is overlooked. A wedding took place at the house of the United States Consul at Monterey; the couple being immigrants from the United States, the house was filled with settlers. The authorities became alarmed at their numbers, and, on the following morning, sent to inquire where they had all come from, but by this time they had dispersed, and no one could tell where. It was not difficult to foresee the destiny of a territory so peopled, or to prophecy that it could not long continue under its present imbecile mismanagement.

Dancing is the passion of Californians; it affects all, from infancy to old age; grandmothers and grandchildren are seen dancing together; their houses are constructed with reference to this amusement, and most of the interior space is appropriated to the sala, a large, barn-like room. A few chairs and a wooden settee are all its furniture; and when

a visitor would compliment the visited friend upon the advantages and comforts of the house, the exclamation is, What a fine room for dancing! If a few people get together at any hour of the day, the first thought is to send for a violin and guitar; and should the violin and guitar be found together, in appropriate hands, it would be a sufficient reason to send for the dancers.

According to previous invitation, we met at two o'clock in the afternoon at the house of our consul, and found there an assemblage of the citizens of the place, ladies and gentlemen, Mexican and Californian. General and la Señora Micheltoreno, were of the party. The señora had a more distinguished and polished air than any female present. Dancing commenced immediately, and, in the various combinations of quadrilles, contradances, and waltzes, was kept up until nine o'clock at night.

Californian ladies assume conjugal and maternal cares very early in life. Several, whom I took to be misses of fifteen or sixteen, proved to be wives and mothers, but, determined not to miss the dance, had brought the babies with them; these, in the adjoining apartment, received the attentions of their mothers during the intervals of the dances. The females were dressed very much as those of a

similar assemblage in any of our interior villages would be, and they had much personal beauty. This party at the consul's might be considered our introduction to the society of Monterey. We were not the only foreigners present; as Her British Majesty's ship Modeste, having just come into the port, we had the pleasure of their company.

Our next appearance was at the governor's "las once." As we turned the corner of the government house, on our way to fulfil this engagement, we observed a few Mexican soldiers lounging upon benches in its front. Upon seeing us approach, a bugler sprang to his feet, and sounded a screeching blast, the soldiers hurriedly formed into line, and saluted us as we passed.

The governor, with his officers, received us in a room on the first floor, la señora also being present, seated on a sofa. From our mutually imperfect knowledge of each other's language, some difficulty was experienced in entertaining us until the feast should be ready, but a very earnest disposition was manifested to make our time agreeable, and fortunately a hand organ was in the room, and the general directed a little colonel (the friend of Captain Graham), covered with uniform and orders, to give us the benefit of this machine.

The colonel seated himself before it, and most industriously ground out its notes, until he was compelled, by fatigue, to relinquish its handle to a younger officer, who continued his task until the table was announced as ready. We did full justice to the earnest and kind efforts to entertain us.

Proceeding to the upper story, we found a long table spread in the "Sala del Gobierno," or Government Hall. The following dishes were ranged along its whole length, in regular alternation: first, wild ducks or geese roasted, flanked by a plate of almonds, and one of filberts, picked from the shell; then a plate of cheese, in slices; next one of olives; and, finally, one of onions; then, again, came the ducks, nuts, cheese, olives, and onions. Throughout the table were capacious smooth-blown glass decanters, of the red and white wines of the country, and square case bottles of annisette and other cordials.

After the drinking had continued for some time, a large champagne glass was produced, which, instead of having a flat bottom, terminated in a glass ball, precluding the possibility of setting it down without spilling any wine left in it, and, therefore, making bumper drinking a necessity to any one holding the glass. Each person was re-

quired, in turn, to fill it, give a toast, drink the wine, and pass the glass to his neighbor. The general commenced. All kinds of common-place patriotic toasts were given—the United States, Mexico, Great Britain, the presidents of the two former, and the queen of the latter—peace and friendship between all three; General Washington and General Santa Anna (shade of the former pardon the alliance); the ladies of Monterey; the ladies of Mexico; and, finally, the ladies of all the world. Most persons stuck to common places, which could, at least, be readily understood; but some ambitious individuals ventured upon originality and sentimentality. At length the glass reached a midshipman, his first cruise. He filled, rose, looked around the table with an air which said, "I'll give you something worth hearing," he spread his hands, and came out in the school-boy manner of "Romans, countrymen, and lovers," and after an embryo Yankee stump oration, concluded with "the Mexican soldiery, and the glorious example of their superiors." Fortunately none of our hosts understood one word of the whole affair, or they might have thought we were laughing at them.

These proceedings having continued sufficiently

long, interspersed with a goodly number of hip, hip, hurras, and things beginning to flag a little, a musical clock, which had stood like a tall sentinel overlooking the scene, and ticking father time's footsteps, was brought to the rescue. It was wound up and started to the apparent delight of every body.

After an active session of four hours, we concluded the entertainment, but with an understanding that we were to return to a dance, or ball, commencing at five in the afternoon. Accordingly, at that hour we found the governor's residence filled with a much larger assemblage than we had met at the consul's. There seemed to be no distinction in this Californian society, founded upon occupation, and scarcely of color; but their association with each other was characterized by great friendliness, or even affection of manner. The dancing was kept up until three o'clock in the morning, when we retired, well worn out with Californian festivities.

In the course of the morning following these revels, several of us called upon the ladies whom we had met at the general's; and first upon the general's lady, whom we found in a very domestic garb, engaged in household duties. All upon

whom we called were very much *en deshabillé*, their dresses being of coarse materials, such as are worn by domestics in our country; they were, however, entirely unembarrassed, and gave us a kind-hearted and cheerful welcome, proffering, according to Spanish courtesy, to put us in possession of their houses, and all their possessions. So far as furniture is concerned, this would have been but little, the principal rooms containing only a few chairs and trunks, or boxes.

The little furniture, and the coarse materials of the ladies' dresses, is a necessity arising from the high price of manufactured articles; the common checked calico of their dresses, probably cost their wearers more than the tasteful and fine articles worn by females in the United States. Materials worth ten or twelve cents with us, being in Monterey worth fifty or seventy-five. Some of the ladies, indeed, dispensed with the superfluity of a frock, and let the petticoat stand for the outer garment of morning attire. Their evening attire, consequently, is very expensive, and those who can afford it spend much money in dress. A reboso, the scarf made of thread, and worn over the head, cost, in Monterey, from fifty-five to sixty dollars; and in one store I saw some em-

broidered silk cloaks, for which four hundred and thirty dollars, each, were asked.

Very great dissatisfaction and unhappiness were prevailing at this time in Monterey, in relation to their government. The governor was a military appointment made by the general government; and the soldiers who accompanied him, to garrison the place, were scoundrels, robbers, and assassins, exiled from the prisons of Mexico. Instead of protecting the citizens, they committed all manner of villainous outrages upon them. Houses were continually being robbed by these soldiers; and to be on the streets after dark was to incur the risk of assassination. Such was the lawlessness of the place, that some fifty ladies had gone into the retirement of the country, to be out of the reach of these Mexican soldiers. It would have been difficult, perhaps, for any commanding officer to have controlled such men, but least of all persons was General Micheltoreno fitted for such a command. He was an officer of engineers, and, notwithstanding his thunderbolt letter, a man of kind heart, and mild, amiable manners. He was a scholar, a poet, a contributor to the Mexican Annual; and his letter was undoubtedly an effort of the imagination written for Buncombe. Under

the nominal control of such an officer, his villain soldiers were free to outrage whom they pleased. Some of the foreigners took measures to protect their premises; and one, a German, told me that he had notified the general that he should shoot any man found prowling about his house after dark; the general merely replied, "Oh, don't kill them, only hurt them a little."

CHAPTER XIX.

Starting for a rancho—The road—The rancho—Don J. G.—The dwelling—The household supper—Sam's arrival—Visiting—Compadres and comadres—Alvarado—A countryman—Good shooting—More arrivals.

An old gentleman, a Mexican, Don J. G., who owned a rancho some thirty miles from Monterey, had been kind enough to invite us to visit him, and spend some time, to enjoy the fine hunting in the neighborhood of his residence.

In compliance with this invitation, one fine day, the 12th of November, a party of five entered Monterey, on our way to the rancho. Our luggage was sufficient for a small army; consisting of all the accoutrements of hunting, carpet-bags, saddle-bags, boxes of wines, and provisions. Don Juachin had preceded us some days to his residence, with the promise of sending horses for our accommodation. The horses ought to have arrived on the preceding evening, and we were somewhat disappointed upon finding they had not yet reached Monterey. We had made too much preparation

for our excursion, to be willing to relinquish, or postpone it, and therefore made arrangements to procure horses for ourselves in the town.

In the first place, we hired one of the ox-carts of the country, an unwieldy, lumbering machine, with two wheels of solid wood, sections of a log. This machine was dragged by two yoke of oxen, and in it we stowed all our luggage, and, about ten o'clock in the morning started it, with a negro man who had wandered from Annapolis, Maryland, as driver, and a trusty negro servant of mine, armed with gun and pistol, as guard. It was one P. M. before our party had all procured horses, and were ready to start. We were accompanied by a Mexican colonel, and an ensign, appointed by the governor to attend us, as we thought then, as an escort of honor, but as I am inclined to think now, as watchers of our movements.

Besides these officers, a Mexican neighbor of Don Juachin went out with us, and an English resident; and a shrewd, active youth of fourteen, the son of an American father and Californian mother, induced me to ask the consent of his parents to his joining the party. I did so, and Frank promised to be very useful, speaking English, knowing the

country and the rancheros, to many of whom he was related.

The first fifteen miles of our ride was over sand-hills, through a thin, live-oak growth; we then came upon a small stream dividing these hills from a prairie spreading far away to a range of brown mountain hills. Just before reaching the river, we were met by a drove of horses, sent by Don Juachin for our accommodation; they were accompanied by a cheerful looking, smiling Mexican servant, called Pablo. This man was in the full Mexican costume of his class; broad-brimmed hat, short jacket, green leather trowsers, open down the outside of the legs, and decorated with a row of bell buttons, along the whole length of each leg; white drawers showing under the trowsers. Upon meeting us, Pablo and his horses turned back with us.

The day was beautifully clear and bright; the temperature mild and balmy; and as we entered upon the broad, brown prairie after crossing the river, similar November days, amid similar scenes in my far distant home, were brought to my mind.

In every direction it was dotted with immense flocks of wild geese, while other flocks were flying and cackling through the air. Although the day was far advanced, and but one-half our journey

made, the temptation was too great, and we were most of us soon scattered over the prairie in pursuit of the game. The Mexican officers with some of the seniors of our party kept on, but Pablo fortunately remained with us gunners, to gather us together, and lead us on. We continued at this amusement, gradually crossing the prairie, with great success, until the clear autumnal sun was sinking towards the western horizon, when we remounted our horses, laden with the geese we had killed, and at a galloping rate crossed the remainder of the prairie. It was dark before we reached the foot of the mountain hills which bounded this great plain; we now entered a ravine among these hills, and followed it for some miles, growing more and more weary, and anxious to arrive at the rancho. From the ravine we entered a thicket, and from this emerged upon the side, near the base of a very high, smooth, round, hill. A short gallop around this hill brought us to the rancho, a fact which was sufficiently announced to the people within, and the solitude around, by the yelping and barking of a noisy pack of dogs.

The house at which we drew up was a good specimen of the dwelling of a Mexican rancho, and as such I will describe it, as it appeared when daylight afforded an opportunity of observing. It was

a barn of a looking place, two stories high, with balconies in front, above, and below; not a tree, shrub, or flower to relieve the barren waste about the building. A dilapidated fence enclosed a yard in front of the house, and this yard was separated by a paling from what was intended for a garden. Outside of these enclosures were scattered, or piled up, all manner of rubbish; pieces of timber, fragments of wagons, beef bones, and horns.

The noise of our arrival brought out old Don Juachin and his housekeeper. By the glare of the light in his hand, we saw several quarters of beef suspended in the upper porch, and our appetites had some interest in this discovery; for in the whole route we had not, as we expected, overtaken our ox-cart of provisions. Although he had not expected us until the following day, Don Juachin gave us a hearty reception. Pablo lowered and lighted a lamp, which hung suspended in darkness and gloom from the porch; and then, at the head of a gang of shock-headed Indians, took charge of our horses, while we with our host and hostess entered the house.

To our surprise, we learned that our cart had not yet arrived, nor the gentlemen who had kept on while we were procuring the geese. While wait-

ing their arrival we will become better acquainted with our host and his mansion.

Don Juachin was about sixty years of age, with a short, squat figure, small body, and legs upon which had grown an ample stomach. His head was round with short, curly, gray hair, and was supported upon a short neck, and surmounted by a large, old greasy gig-topped cap, hanging over the back of his head, while the vizor projected from the top of his forehead. Beneath this twinkled small, shrewd, merry eyes, and his wrinkled mouth wore an expression of humor. He wore a loose, dark cloth jacket, with the worn remains of black braid; a soiled white vest hung low upon his stomach, and a pair of old dark pantaloons hung in loose folds about the hinder part of his person. There was in his whole appearance a "devil-may-care" good-humored air. A large fortune which he had inherited, had mostly been expended in a life of roystering jollity and frolic; and all that he ever owned had been freely at the disposition of his friends. He was now reduced to a remnant of worldly goods, but still his hospitality knew no check, and he was laughing his way into the grave as merrily as he had laughed along the journey of life.

The housekeeper, who was the wife of the blacksmith of the rancho, was in the dishabille dress of the country, a petticoat; the skirt of red flannel joined to a body of white muslin, the muslin cut into points at the place of junction.

Much of the length of the lower part of Don Juachin's mansion was occupied by the sala, or chief room. The floor was of naked plank, perhaps untouched by water since the day it was laid, and therefore very much the color of the soil. Around this room were old-fashioned painted chairs and settees; the settees at each end being covered with much used cushions. On each side of the wide doors opening upon the porch was a small deep window, with small panes of glass set in clumsy, heavy, wooden divisions. In the wall, upon the opposite side of the room, was a cupboard, containing the decanters of wine and spirits, with such odds and ends as made up the glass and crockery of the establishment. Near one of the settees was a table, on which were some paper cigars, spectacles, snuff-box, inkstands, and stumps of pens. Around the walls were suspended several common looking-glasses in gilt frames, and colored lithographs of female heads and landscapes. But the looking-glasses were much cracked, and the cracks

were seamed out by lines of black fly dirt, which was freely spread from their dark lines over the surface of the glass; and the same covering rendered it difficult to discover the subject of the pictures. From each end of the sala, doors opened into other and smaller apartments.

The household appeared to consist of Don Juachin; the woman in the red petticoat; Pablo, well dressed and cheerful, who was mayordomo, or steward of the place; a dirty Indian, with a shock of black hair, and a very much soiled blanket worn as a poncho; and, finally a little Indian boy in hair, blanket, and dirt, an epitome of the elder.

The lady was busily moving about after our arrival, directing her household matters, and as busily smoking a cigar.

While we are making these observations upon the establishment, Don Juachin, the red petticoat, the big Indian, and the little Indian, are busied getting our supper. In the mean time, the remainder of our party arrived, having taken a longer road than that Pablo had brought us; but they had no news of the ox-cart and Sam, and some apprehension began to be felt for their safety. Wild Indians sometimes attacked the ranchos themselves, and our luggage would have been something of a

prize to them, and no one but the two negroes being with it, would have rendered it an easy prey. Not a little fear existed, that the men might have been attacked and injured, or killed by bears; however, we still hoped every moment for their arrival.

The cigaritos, snuff-box, inkstand, and various articles which were scattered over the little table, were now replaced by the decanters of "aquardiénte" and California wine, and in due time, though a worrying one to the impatience of a thirty-mile-ride appetite, supper was announced. Our host conducted us into one of the end rooms, which was used both as a lumber and eating apartment. The floor was in the same condition as that of the sala; in two corners stood black, triangular cupboards, barrels stood around the walls, and in one corner stood the table and benches. Large lumps or masses of stewed beef, piled upon an earthen wash-hand basin; a smoking dish of frijoles, with abundance of bread and potatoes, offered, at least, an efficient remedy against starvation. In the middle of the table an earthen and a tin pot of coffee were placed, and around these cracked cups of various patterns; and the plates, knives, and forks, by a corresponding want of uniformity, indicated the difficulty, in California, of conforming to the fashions of civil-

ization, and our enjoyment of the meal showed how little such conformity was required by our real wants.

With increasing anxiety for our colored servants, but without any ability to relieve ourselves from it, our party separated for the night. We were assigned a porch-room, with three beds; the Mexicans took the sala and settees, while the Englishman and Frank shared the chamber of Don Juachin; and, to complete our survey of the dwelling, it will be necessary to take a rapid glance at this the principal sleeping apartment.

In one corner stood a heavy, wooden bedstead, with high, square, unpainted posts, hung with large-figured calico curtains. At a short distance from the bed, stood an old-fashioned bureau, with large brass plates around the handles and keyholes; around the room were benches, tables, chairs, trunks, all covered with various articles—clothing, skins, tools, candles, shot, eggs, and old books; in one place was a guitar, and in another a bag of coffee. A window with small panes gave light to the apartment, and, being closed by shutters on the inside, it was guarded by iron bars outside.

Our beds were clean and comfortable. About two o'clock in the morning we were disturbed by

the barking of dogs, and voices, among which it was no small gratification to hear Sam's. We all arose to welcome him, and hear his adventures. He had had a very hard time. During the day their oxen had given out, and it was with great labor they could be got along. After night set in the road was soon lost, and, urging their weary beasts, the men had traveled in great apprehension of robbers, Indians, and bears. They arrived at several ranchos, in hopes their labors for the time were ended, only to find themselves disappointed; and the first assurance they had of being right now, was Sam's recognition of our voices before the door was opened to him.

This boy, a slave, was remarkable for his integrity and honesty of character, and upon the present occasion it was exhibited in the most devoted, it may be said, chivalric manner. They had been constantly traveling from ten o'clock on one morning, until two of the next; but Sam, having been placed in charge of our provisions, would not touch them, nor allow Ned, the driver, to do so, and they reached the rancho in a state of starvation. Having provided them with supper, we made up a bed for Sam on the floor of our chamber. This boy won so many friends by his good character,

that, soon after, his freedom was purchased by general subscription.

When I awoke on the following day, the sun and the most zealous huntsmen of our party were already up.

The usual breakfast hour being ten o'clock, we had several hours to get rid of before this meal, and, while awaiting it, two of our absent company were seen coming slowly through a ravine in the hills, on the opposite side of the valley, before the house. They were laden with some heavy burden, suspended from a pole resting on their shoulders; and, having seen that we had observed them, they dropped and left their load, for which Don Juachin at once sent a horse and servant, who returned with a fine deer.

The hunters had had quite an adventure, and no small alarm. One having shot the deer, the other ran as it fell to cut its throat, when a large Californian lion sprang from an adjoining thicket, and immediately made off. It was supposed he had been watching the prey of which the gentlemen had robbed him. We understood that these animals were not uncommon, and sometimes were ferocious, but if they miss their prey in the first spring generally retire.

After breakfast, which was very much the same as the supper of the preceding night, it was determined that we should visit two or three neighboring ranchos, distant six or eight miles, and at one of which was living Alvarado, the governor of California at the time of its capture by Commodore Jones. We were among a people not accustomed to haste, and it was well into the afternoon before we were off. My young friend Frank suggested that we (he and myself) should visit some of his relatives, while the other gentlemen called on Alvarado, to which I assented, being desirous of seeing as much of this people as my short stay among them would permit.

For some distance we all rode together, when Frank and I diverged to the right. An hour's fast riding brought us out on the same prairie we had crossed the preceding day, and between one and two miles distance from the hills; in the prairie we came to a solitary one-storied house, standing on the brow of one of the prairie rolls. This was the residence of Frank's padrino, or godfather, an official relation, which, in California, implies close ties. The houses of padrinos and padrinas, comadres and compadres (those who mutually hold the relation of godfather or mother to some other

person), are homes to all with whom they are so connected. During one of my rides in the interior, in company with a foreigner, who had married a Californian wife, he remarked, "We shall be well treated where we put up to-night, because the lady of the house is my comadre." I jestingly replied, "As that secures such good treatment, I must become compadre to some one myself while I remain in California." "Ah, but my dear fellow," he said, "it is necessary you should first become a good Christian (a Catholic)."

The padrino of Frank, whom we had come to see, was called Santiago Moreno, which, in plain English, would be James Brown. Santiago, himself, was absent in Monterey, for the purpose of selling some cattle, the chief stock and possession of these rancheros, but the Señora Moreno, a fine, dark-eyed woman, with three pretty, grown daughters, received us kindly. This lady was the sister of Castro, the military Californian leader, who has, since the war, kept our forces following him about the country. The house of Alvarado, to which our companions had gone, could just be seen, distant four or five miles, on the edge of a live-oak grove, at the side of the prairie; and, after a short visit to Mrs. Moreno, we started to join our companions,

promising, however, to return and lodge at Moreno's, as Santiago, himself, would be at home.

Upon reaching the house of the ex-governor, besides our own company, we found him surrounded by several of his countrymen, with drinking materials on the table at which they were sitting, and from subsequent events it is certain they had assembled in furtherance of a political conspiracy, which soon developed itself. Alvarado has the appearance of physical strength and mental energy. He is stoutly framed, about forty-five years of age, and wore large black whiskers.

In a few minutes after our arrival, we again took leave of this band of conspirators; our companions returned to the rancho of Don Juachin, and Frank and I returned across the prairie to Moreno's. The wild fowl tempted us to delay on the way, and we loaded our horses with the number we shot.

Twilight was shading the scene before we reached the house; wolves were now stealing over the prairie, and frighting the immense flocks of wild geese, which rose like clouds into the air, noisy with their alarmed cackling. It is difficult to imagine a more lonely residence than this of Santiago Moreno's—it is situated some miles from the

foot of the hills and the edge of the woods, which bound the prairie, and where the rancho dwellings generally are placed; the monotonous, brown-looking plain spreads off in every direction, without any growth but that of the short grass; and from the time of sunset, through the whole night, is heard the howling of the wolves and the cackling of the geese.

Turning from so cheerless a prospect, we found matters in-doors much more inviting. The ladies had prepared us a good supper; the girls were conversational, and, although entirely uneducated, free from that awkward rusticity of manner which characterizes females of the same class and circumstances in our country. We were passing the evening very pleasantly, when we were interrupted by the return of Santiago himself. At first, he looked surprised at seeing company in his house; but a few words from his wife and Frank explained to him his position as host, when he promptly informed me that he, his house, and all in it, were at my disposition, and became a little indignant that I would not assert my ownership, by ordering the inmates to attend upon me. As he had his supper to eat, and insisted upon my accompanying him, both in eating and drinking, I was glad to

take refuge in bed. A small room at one end of the building was assigned to Frank and myself. Rising early on the following morning, and taking leave of Don Santiago and his agreeable wife and daughters, with thanks for their hospitality, we galloped over to Don Juachin's in time for a breakfast, which our morning's ride rendered very acceptable.

While we were lounging in the porch after breakfast, preparatory to entering upon the day's amusements, a stranger rode up to the fence and dismounted. He was dressed in a bob-tail gray coat, and well-worn white hat; there was nothing Mexican or Californian in his appearance, but he had very much that of a mechanic of some village of the United States; and such he proved to be. Mr. Martin was a carpenter, from North Carolina, who, with his wife, had strolled across the Rocky Mountains, and first pitched his tent where he was now residing, about eight leagues from where we then were. Having some business calling him to Monterey, he had heard of our being in the neighborhood, and had stopped for the purpose of seeing his countrymen, and taking them by the hand. He appeared very much rejoiced, and was in high spirits, at meeting us. Meeting under such cir-

cumstances, we were soon as intimate as though we had known each other for years. He had all the frank manliness of manner which characterizes our backwoodsmen, and prided himself much upon his skill with the rifle. Supposing, from our pursuits, that we were not very familiar with this arm, he seemed ambitious of exhibiting to us his prowess, and was not a little chagrined that we did not seem astonished at the skill he professed, and which we fully credited; but it so happened that one of our party was a gentleman who was celebrated, in the United States, for his skill in firearms, and of whom some achievements, almost miraculous, are of well-authenticated record. While we narrated these things to him, it was amusing to see the air of incredulous surprise which came over him; but when the gentleman alluded to, took up a six-barreled Colt's pistol, and fired each barrel in rapid succession, and with great precision, at a small mark, his countenance changed to an expression of mortified gravity, and he merely remarked, "I have nothing more to say."

Mr. Martin told us that a very large grizzly bear had come to the house at which he had slept on the preceding night, attracted by the smell of a quantity of soap which was piled up outside the

building, an article of which this animal is fond. They had killed him by a single rifle shot.

With much regret that he could not spend more time with us, Martin took his departure for Monterey. Don Juan Ansar (in English, Mr. John Goose), the Mexican who had accompanied us from Monterey, also left us for his home, the mission of San Juan, of which his brother was the padre. In compliance with his earnest invitation, we promised to visit the mission on the following day, and to spend some days with them.

I was still on the porch cleaning my gun, when I noticed one of the heavy ox-wagons of the country, slowly approaching the house. It was laden with household furniture and old bedding; upon the top of the bedding was seated a pretty, but very common-looking woman, dressed in a dirty calico frock, and holding a dirty little child in her arms. Her husband walked, driving the team, and in this manner was moving his family and household goods to some new dwelling-place. Don Juachin went out and met the family, although unknown to him, brought them in, and had them served with breakfast. It appeared to be the practice with all who passed that way, to enter the house and partake of the meals, which were given and received

as a matter of custom and right. I observed also that it was the usage, as we rose from the table, for the guests to turn to the host and say, "Mil gracios, señor" (a thousand thanks, sir), to which he replied, "Buen provecho" (you are welcome). I knew a traveler to ride up to the door, and send in word that he wanted his dinner, but could not dismount. Without any remark being made, or questions asked, Don Juachin filled a plate and sent it out to him.

Among these chance visitors at the rancho, was a respectable-looking person, named Orsio. He was a large, dark, grave-looking man, and neither in manner or costume resembling a Mexican, wearing a black coat and hat, after our own fashion. He was taciturn, but affable, and during his stay with us showed himself to be a good shot, and familiar with firearms. He left, promising to meet us again at the mission. We shall see more of him, and shall once more meet the woman of the ox-cart.

CHAPTER XX.

Missions—Mission of San Juan—Padre church—Dinner—Preparing for a ball—The musicians—La son—Improvising.

BEFORE the revolution, the chief, indeed, the only seats of civilization in California, were the Catholic missions. These, with their various buildings, formed small villages, and controlled and directed the Indians within their influence. The ecclesiastics of the missions, with the semi-converted Indians for laborers, were the only cultivators of the soil; and beneath their care, and in their vicinity, orchards and gardens beautified the wilderness; and their doors were always opened to the accommodation of any wayfarer in this lonely land. After the revolution, and the establishment of the republic, these missions had fallen into decay, and are now but curious remains of the past, and of these none will be found in a few years more.

San Juan, which we were about to visit, was one of the principal of these establishments, and was

distant eight miles, farther in the interior, from the rancho of Don Juachin.

It was twelve o'clock, or as soon as possible after breakfast, on a bright day, the 14th of November, that we started for the mission. For some distance our road was along the edge of a small stream and thicket at the foot of the hill upon which the rancho stood; leaving this, we entered one of the narrow ravines, which serve as passes through these mountains, which, smooth and rounded, destitute of trees, and covered only with brown grass and wild rye, shut us in on either side. Many deer, from time to time, showed themselves on the hill-tops, watching our movements. Our road, as it progressed, gradually ascended, until, by the time we had passed through this mountain range, we were nearly on a level with its summit. From this point, at which the road commenced descending rapidly on the other side, our vision ranged over an expanded scene, impressing us at once with a sense of wild, yet calm loveliness. One of the immense prairies or plains of this country stretched away to a far-distant range of brown, naked mountains, similar to that about us. No forest, trees, or dwelling, varied the scene, but herds of cattle, dotting the prairie in all directions; these, in the distance,

diminished to mere specks, were the only signs of life. The whole scene was golden with the brilliancy of the unclouded sun. Descending from the hills, at their feet we were upon a narrow strip of plain, elevated some thirty or forty feet above the prairie which spread out beneath us. A ride of a mile along this strip, brought us to the mission.

Through an avenue of trees planted with great regularity on each side of the road, we entered what might be called a village, built around three sides of a large square. The fourth side was open to the prairie.

With our faces toward this expanse, on our right and back of us were the dwellings and shops of the villagers; the whole of the left was occupied by the ecclesiastical or mission establishment.

Along the whole length of the building, for more than three hundred feet, ran a paved portico, opened upon from the square, by a range of white-washed arches. In the centre an arch, double the width of the others, indicated the entrance to the building. At the right extremity of this long building, on the edge of the bluff, overlooking the prairie, stood the mission church. In front of the church a heavy wooden frame, sustained three verdigris

covered bells, entirely exposed to the weather, each one bearing the name of a saint.

As our party rode up to the archway of double width, we were received by our former companion, Don Juan Ansar, and his brother, the padre.

Padre Ansar wore the coarse gray habit of the Franciscans, and a handkerchief, tied horizontally around his head, less exposed his crown. He was about fifty years of age, of good figure, face, and features; what anywhere would be called a fine-looking man, with an expression of cheerfulness and good-nature.

He received us with great urbanity and cordiality, and conducted us to the sala; a long room, furnished in the usual manner, with chairs and settees, prints, and looking-glasses; but the whole was scrupulously clean and neat. Upon brackets, against the walls, stood vases of fine roses, diffusing their sweet perfume. A clean, painted mess-table, in one of the corners, was set with wine, brandy, cheese, cakes, and, to us an unusual luxury, a pitcher of fresh, cold spring water. Having partaken of this refreshment, we were shown to our apartments; these were part of a series of rooms, opening one into another, along the length of the building. Each apartment communicated,

by a door and barred window, with the portico, and, besides this window, a small, grated opening was in each door.

The rooms assigned us, contained inviting looking beds with clean sheets, neat spreads, and ruffled pillow-cases. One of them was hung with white curtains, separated by broad, silver hooks, suspended by ribbons from the tester.

The whole establishment evidenced some female providency; and, in confirmation of this inference, we soon saw a little woman with a smiling, good-tempered face, bustling about the premises, followed by two neatly dressed children. This dame was the padre's housekeeper.

The fine situation and beautiful view of the mission; the air of cleanliness, neatness, and comfort, which pervaded it, induced us to send to the rancho for our luggage, and to pass the remainder of our visit to the country at this place.

When, some years ago, troubles began to arise, between the United States and Mexico, and war was threatened, General Micheltoreno received orders to prepare for the defence of California, but to treat our countrymen politely. He thereupon sent some large guns, from Monterey, up to the mission of San Juan, believing, most probably, that

they could not be protected, and were too much exposed, in the fort. These guns were at the time of our visit lying on the ground in front of the portico of the priest's house. They were five in number, handsome, highly ornamented brass pieces, covered with mouldings and inscriptions, each gun being designated by some holy name. On one, was moulded the name "Jesus;" on another, "Solvarro." Three of them were dated respectively, 1673, 1675, 1769, and were constructed in Lima and Manila.

From a survey of the guns, I strolled into the church. It was quite a commodious edifice, and along the walls on each side were full length, coarse paintings of various saints. The altar was decorated with a great quantity of trumpery ornament, and among other matters two lithographs of female heads were conspicuously displayed. One fine painting hung in a recess of the church; it was a portrait of Ignatius Loyola.

On one side of the church was the graveyard, overgrown with rose bushes, laden with flowers, but all matted in wild and untended confusion; beneath them skulls and other bones were mouldering. The other side of the church was on the edge of the hill which descended to the prairie; at the foot

of this hill ran a small brook, and on the other side the brook was an orchard overgrown with weeds, and altogether betokening great neglect. I omitted to mention that, in front of the mission residence, were the ruins of what had been elevated beds, like immense flower pots, which once had sustained ornamental shrubs and plants.

With all these evidences of past taste and cultivation, one could but regret the ruin of what had once been such a "beautiful tent in the wilderness."

If the general appearance of things had caused us to be well satisfied with the prospect of our residence at the mission, our gratification was not at all diminished when we were called to our dinner.

The table was set in a neat and cleanly manner. After soup we had the usual Mexican dish, *puchero*, or beef boiled with a variety of vegetables; this was followed by a series of courses of meats, cooked in an elaborate manner, with rich sauces. Each dish came in separately, and was placed in the centre of the table, upon a small, round board; to be sure, it looked somewhat unusual to see some of those rich stews served in wash-hand basins, but we were where no china stores furnished the prescribed articles for such purposes.

It being, among these people, a matter of cour-

tesy, to partake of all offered you, we had already eaten beyond necessity and comfort, hoping each course would be the last, when we were startled by seeing a lamb, stuffed and baked whole, brought in. We confessed our inability to do more at present, begged off from this, and were released with a plum pudding. Such was the style of our dinners, during our stay at the hospitable mission. Great mirth and good humor prevailed, and the good padre was not behind any in the enjoyment of a joke, or in contributing one himself.

Having finished with the pudding, and smoked a cigar, we gave our host the "mil gracios," and received his "buen provecho."

It had been promised that we should have a dance on the night of our arrival at the mission; but as all entertainments of this kind, at which I had been present, had commenced in the afternoon, and as night approached without any sign of preparation for such an amusement, we had concluded that we were to be disappointed. About dusk, some of us visiting the houses of the villagers, found the females busy in ironing, and otherwise arranging party dresses, all such occupations being carried on in the common reception apartment, around which stood the trunks and boxes, which

served in the place of wardrobes and bureaux. The ladies informed us they were preparing for the dance at the padre's; and, accordingly, upon our return to the house, we found tin sconces, with lighted candles, hung up around the sides of the sala. Soon after, the sound of music was heard on the outside, and it proceeded from a harp, guitar, and violin, accompanied by voices. The performers stopped before each door in the village, and in this way made public announcement of the frolic, and gave an invitation to it. Having gone the rounds, they approached the residence of the priest, one man improvising a loud, shrieking song, the rest joining in a chorus. A large rabble of Indians and boys accompanied the music to the door.

The musicians were dressed in the costume of Californian peasants, to which class they belonged; and, encountered under other circumstances, might have been taken for banditti. Handkerchiefs were tied around their heads, from beneath which hung their long, black hair. Large, black, bushy whiskers, moustaches, and beards, covered their faces, leaving only a portion of the cheeks, the nose, and eyes visible. They were in shirt sleeves, with gaudy vests covering the body; the pantaloons open down the legs, showing the white drawers

beneath, and yellow leather boots falling in loose folds over the ankles; from one of the boots, the handle of a long knife projected along the outside of the leg. The black silk handkerchief of one of the party crossed over the face, covering in one eye; but this was a particularly fine-looking and graceful man, who improvised their poetry, or songs.

The above-described costume was that of most of the male Californian members of the padre's company. One elderly gentleman was present, who was habited more in the manner of a genteel country Mexican gentleman. He wore a black silk handkerchief tied tight and smooth over his head, a roundabout of fine dark cloth, a white vest, coming down something lower than the jacket, upon a round, portly person; black velvet pantaloons, with silver buttons down the open legs, and fastened around the waist by a crimson sash.

The musicians were of the same rank as the other members of the party; and frequently, during the evening, would change places with those of their friends who had been dancing.

A strange mingling of costume was presented, when the whole company was upon the floor at one time, as in the contradance. The uniform

of the Mexican officers, United States officers—some wearing parts of their uniform, others in ragged hunting dresses—contrasted with the bushy whiskers, open-leg trowsers, and shirt sleeves of the Californian peasants. The females were all neatly and tastefully dressed, and very much in the style of our own females, under the same circumstances. The number of females present appeared large for the size of the settlement; but many of them had come from long distances, to be present at the festivities; their traveling carriages being the ox-carts of the country. Among these visitors from a distance were my friends of the prairie rancho.

In addition to the ordinary contradances, quadrilles, and waltzes, we had several peculiar to the country. In one, called the "son," one of the men claps his hands before any one of the ladies, all of whom are seated around the room; the person so designated is compelled, by some imperative law, to go upon the floor alone, and dance for a longer or shorter period, as suits herself. She then waves her handkerchief to some man, who takes her place under the same obligation. Most of the females made but a single turn, and then resumed their seats; but those who were conscious

of graceful movements, remained up some time; and, in truth, there were inducements to do so; as it is considered a justifiable compliment, for any of the males to steal up behind the dancer and place his cap or hat on her head; this she retains on her head, or in her hand, until she returns to her seat, when the owner is made happy by the privilege of redeeming his covering at any pecuniary value his gallantry or generosity may dictate. The current price was from half a dollar to a dollar, and at this rate it did not take long to exhaust our pockets.

Changes and incident are, of course, rapid and somewhat amusing during this dance; and while it is going on, one of the musicians improvises words descriptive of present circumstances and scenes. The composition of the present singer afforded much mirth, but our imperfect knowledge of the language prevented us from understanding it. He commenced his description of ourselves, by announcing that a sentinel, upon a castle wall, had discovered our ship in the offing, and then continued his narrative down to individual description. A fine, large woman, of showy figure, who was dancing in the "son," he described as a frigate

bearing down upon us, with all sail set and streamers flying.

The "jauta," pronounced "hota," is another dance peculiar to the country. In this, all the company are on the floor, and after passing through some intricate evolutions of rapid motion, the dancers right and left in the circle, dancers and musicians whooping and shouting at the top of their voices, until each person reaches his place, when, without a moment's cessation, the same thing is gone over, and this is kept up until fatigue and exhaustion forbids its continuance.

CHAPTER XXI.

The beginning of the end—Revolution—Sunday at the mission—More of the revolution—Last night at the mission—Departure—Foraging—Return to Monterey—Mexicans march out, and in again—Leave Monterey.

WHILST we were in the midst of such occupations and amusements, a ball of a different and more extensive character was in preparation—one which was to terminate in a change of national destiny. We were in the midst of rebels and revolution; our presence, as we learned, having been made use of to encourage the people, under the idea, disseminated by the leaders, that we favored their movements. Our ball broke up about three o'clock in the morning, and, just before it closed, a letter was handed one of the Mexican officers, which seemed to produce some consternation; they gathered together in close conference, but told us that they had only received intelligence that twenty soldiers had deserted from Monterey, taking with them every horse in Monterey. We thought no more about it.

Most of our party, after a very short repose in bed, were off, with their guns, renovating in the fresh morning air, and endeavoring to repair the effects of the past night's dissipation. When we gathered around the hospitable and bountiful breakfast table of the padre, we missed our host, and supposed that he had not yet risen, but learned, on the contrary, that he had been off at earliest day, to receive the confession of some dying sinner, and had not yet returned.

Soon after breakfast, the fact was communicated to us that the whole country around was in revolution against the Mexican government, and its representative, General Micheltoreno. The revolutionists were said to be headed by Alvarado, the ex-governor whom we had visited, and Orsio, the respectable-looking Californian who had been of our company at the rancho of Don Juachin, and who had promised to meet us here. Although there was no doubt but that all the residents of the mission were of the revolutionary party, yet none seemed to avow it. We had very good evidence of their connection with the affair, when, in the course of the day, one or two men came with an ox-cart to our residence and carried off, without remonstrance or resistance, some lead, powder, and ball, which

had been sent up from Monterey, with the guns, and deposited here for safe keeping.

Much speculation was carried on by the Californians about us, as to whether or not Castro was of the revolutionary party. When we left Monterey, his wife was there with a very sick child, and now, with her almost dying infant, she was with us at San Juan; and this fact showed that her husband must have more connection with the revolt than was yet avowed. Upon expressing my wonder that she had made such a journey, her infant being so ill, she replied that she had heard her mother was ill. Her mother was then in the room, a hale woman, and remarkably young-looking, considering she was the mother of twenty-three children.

Our Mexican companions (the officers) were, of course, very much annoyed at the turn affairs had taken; they knew that they were surrounded by enemies, and were indebted to what was due us for any consideration of themselves. Our own position was a delicate one. Our official position rendered any interference on our part between the contending parties, upon any pretext, one of great responsibility, lest we might be supposed to ally our country with the movement; and, on the other hand, an abandonment of the Mexican officers who,

so far as appeared, had accompanied us from courtesy, would have been ungenerous.

The situation of all of us began to be annoying, but we determined to remain the time we had alloted ourselves, and await events.

The second, Saturday, night was passed as the first had been; other ox-carts of country girls had come in, and the sala was more crowded. The company broke up between eleven and twelve o'clock, as I understood and believed, from an indisposition to trespass upon the sanctity of the Sabbath.

When, on the following bright Sunday morning, I first awoke to consciousness, I felt somewhat scandalized at hearing the merry notes of a violin in the adjoining apartment. I feared, lest some of my inconsiderate companions, taking for granted that there were no Sabbatical observances, even in the priest's mansion, in such a country, were acting upon such an idea, and violating propriety; and it was with some gratification, or rather relief, I found the performer to be our English companion, a convent Catholic, and, of course, familiar with what would be considered right.

This morning, at the appointed hour, the bells were struck, and the church was filled—ourselves

among the rest. The harp, violin, and guitar, which had played so important a part in the dances, were now placed in a gallery at one end of the church, as a sacred choir. The padre was arrayed in handsome pontifical robes, the handkerchief had been removed from his head, and a circlet of long gray hair fell down upon his shoulders. His fine person, face, and costume, associated with his present functions, were fitted to inspire veneration, and it was difficult to realize that this was the same person with whom we had associated in the hilarity of the dinner-table, and merriment of the ball-room.

As he passed down the body of the church, sprinkling holy water on either hand, he, in a kind and paternal manner, directed a special supply upon us, as though he considered it a courtesy to his heretical guests.

During the morning, Pablo came over from Don Juachin's, with a long story of sack and robbery. Don Juachin himself was with us, at the mission. It appears that the revolutionary party were supplying themselves with arms and horses from the different ranchos, and for this purpose a party of them visited the residence of Don Juachin on the preceding night, just after our things had been brought off by our messenger. They seized upon the whole

armament of the place, consisting of four old rusty muskets. Pablo, unwilling to see so important a part of the garrison committed to his charge conveyed away, without some effort on his part to prevent it, managed, while the foraging party were otherwise engaged, to secrete two of the muskets. Upon discovering this trick, Pablo was bound and slightly beaten, at least so he said, but managed to retain his recapture. We were also informed that the revolutionary party had forces stationed along the roads and at the river, to intercept all persons going into Monterey, and all provisions, except such as were intended for our supplies.

Our Mexican companions now gave us to understand that they expected us to protect them back into Monterey; and we explained to them that we should do so, so far as we could, without connecting ourselves with the politics of the country.

Sunday night being the last we were to pass at the mission, we would on many accounts, independently of our views of the day, willingly have passed it quietly; but, as night came on, the sala was again lighted up, and all the preparations made for another and final dance. In addition to these revels, the following mummery was introduced for our amusement. A person was laid out, habited as

a corpse, with three cigaritos, or small, paper cigars, in his mouth; a watcher, sword in hand, was stationed by the body; another person, dressed to represent the devil, comes in on his hands and knees, frightens away the guard, and steals the cigars. This exhibition appeared to be very much enjoyed by the spectators.

In the course of the evening, I found myself seated by a very pretty woman, well dressed, in a white, muslin frock, her hair handsomely done up in high plaits, and wearing gold eardrops. Having entered into conversation with her, I found she claimed a previous acquaintance; and, to my surprise, I recognized her as the dirty-faced person in the blue calico dress, I had seen on the ox-cart, at Don Juachin's.

Late in the night, or rather early on the following morning, tired of the noise, heat, and excitement of the ball-room, I stepped out into the open air, and was forcibly impressed by the contrast between the petty revelry within, and the splendid grandeur of nature without.

In the clear sky, without a stray cloud, floated a crescent moon, amid bright, but pale, glimmering stars. By their light could be seen the mountain range, sweeping in a distant circle, and inclosing

the broad, sea-like prairie and the mission settlements. Stars, just risen above the mountain peaks, glimmered like diamonds on their summits. The deep, still repose which rested upon this machinery of the universe; a repose the more impressive from the absence of the idea of human existence; there being, probably, not one human being on all that prairie, or the visible circle of the mountains; all formed a scene, and suggested feelings, at variance with the noise and revelry of the padre's dwelling-place, and unfitted me for returning to the scene of dissipation.

Monday morning came, and with it the preparations for our departure. While in the midst of them, we were notified by a messenger from some unknown person or persons, informing us that the Mexican officers could not be allowed to depart with us, but would now be arrested. Although well convinced that there was some revolutionary chief among our friends at the mission, it was evident he did not choose to avow himself; we therefore concluded to send word that while, as a matter of courtesy to ourselves, we should request the company of the Mexican officers to Monterey, still we would offer no resistance to the demands of any responsible person or authority. The reply was, that they

did not wish to be guilty of any rudeness to us, and the Mexican officers would be permitted to depart in our company.

After a late breakfast, our horses were brought up, and the whole party, including Don Juachin, and another Mexican captain, who had joined us at the mission, started for the rancho of the former. The padre accompanied us a mile on the way, and then giving us his blessing took his leave.

In this narrative of our stay at the mission of San Juan, my object has been to paint the manners and customs of the time and place. If anything appears in the habits of our clerical host, inconsistent with our own notions of propriety, it should be measured by the different circumstances of education. In the performance of what he had been taught to be his clerical duties, padre Ansar was scrupulously rigid. It was part of his religion to consider the Sabbath as a day of festival. But a little while ago, it was the custom for Protestant clergymen to mingle in the dance, and, in some parts of Europe, is so still. The more rigid ideas of communities in the United States, and the progress of the temperance reformation, are things of modern times; and it is scarcely just to apply our principles of judgment to a secluded padre in Cali-

fornia, fifty years behind the age in more cultivated communities.

Having reached the rancho of Don Juachin, we remained there for the rest of the day, and for the ensuing night. While taking our supper, a horseman, armed, rode up to the door, and, without alighting, sent in for food. He was one of the revolutionists, probably, watching our movements. On the following morning we ate our last breakfast at the rancho of Don Juachin. All the horses on the place (between forty and fifty) were driven into the corrál or stable-yard, that we might have lassoed for us such as we selected. Our kind-hearted host urged us to select the best, for he felt assured that, as soon as we left, every horse would be carried off by the insurgents.

Our arrangements being all complete, we bid our worthy host a final adieu, with many thanks, on our part, for his kindness; and as many apologies on his, for our poor entertainment. We crossed the prairie slowly, hunting our way along, so as to carry some game to our companions, and arrived at about sunset at a rancho on the banks of the river, where we were to pass the night. The dwelling-place of this rancho, was a one-storied cottage, of two rooms, with dirt floors. In one room was the mess-table

and three beds; the other was occupied by the females of the family.

Although the revolutionists had not been here, the poor woman of the farm was in great distress, in consequence of a visit paid her on the preceding night, by a foraging party from Monterey, commanded by a Captain Mexia. The woman's brother, a young man, was expecting to be married soon, and for this purpose had collected a number of tame cattle, which property constitutes the best wealth of these people. The soldiers had seized upon all of them, and driven them off, although the poor people offered to give in their stead a greater number of wild cattle, and fine flock of sheep. The husband was absent in Monterey, endeavoring to recover his brother-in-law's tame cattle, without which the young man could not be married.

Continually afflicted by such depredations, the population of this neighborhood were exceedingly desirous that some event should arise, which would place the country in possession of the United States. The men ventured to speak upon the subject, but cautiously; the women, less prudent, were loud and enthusiastic in the expression of their wishes. They had very general notions, that somehow there was more law in the United States. One of the women

remarked, "that if the soldiers had committed such an outrage in the United States, they would hang for it."

Notwithstanding their distress, and that an addition to their family was not expected, these poor rancheros very kindly busied themselves in preparing our supper; the kitchen being a little reed shed, a few steps from the house.

The night was chilly, and we gathered around a log fire, burning in the open air, before the house, and, while awaiting supper, mitigated our sharpened appetites, by pieces of beef broiled on the ends of sticks, held over the fire, and nothing was ever eaten with greater relish. At a late hour, we were served with a good supper of stewed beef, frijoles, and tortillas. A bullock's head was deposited in a hole dug in the ground, and surrounded by hot stones, that it might cook for our breakfast in the morning. After supper, one of the young men of the rancho played a guitar for us, and then we sought sleep on the beds and floor, as we could best arrange it.

The following morning, after breakfasting on the roasted bullock's head, which all thought a delicious repast, we started for Monterey, at which place we arrived early in the afternoon, well pleased at an

opportunity of resting from our fatigues, and our Mexican friends rejoiced that they had escaped capture. As we drew near the town, one of the Mexican officers rode ahead, to give notice of our coming, as guns were trained on the road, and the arrival of so large a party might have caused some alarm. We brought the last intelligence from the interior, and General Micheltoreno was standing in the gallery of his residence, to learn at the first moment whatever we had to communicate. We found our friends in the town, as they expressed it, "muy triste," very sorrowful, on account of the disturbances.

Two days after our return, General Micheltoreno marshaled his forces, and, with three field pieces, marched out to meet the rebels, leaving Colonel Telley in command of Monterey.

Early in December 1844, after about two weeks' absence, the general and his forces returned to Monterey, having, it was said, made a compromise with the insurgents, promising to send out of the country all soldiers who had been guilty of crimes, and such officers against whom offensive charges should be sustained. It was well understood that this had really been a triumph of the Californians, and had ended in the overthrow of the Mexican rule;

but General Micheltoreno had no money, and no means of leaving the country; none, indeed, of communicating with his distant government. Immediately after his return, he requested of us a passage for two of his officers, to communicate with his government, and for the purpose, as we well knew, of asking the means of leaving the territory, which he finally succeeded in doing. The accommodation asked by him was readily granted, as, during his absence, one of our own ships had arrived, and brought us intelligence that as yet the pacific relations of our countries were not interrupted. By this arrival, we also learned the nomination of Mr. Polk, as a candidate for the presidency.

Nothing at this time seemed to require our further presence on the coast of California; but, before taking leave of this people, it was incumbent upon us to give some public entertainment, as an acknowledgement of the hospitalities we had received.

We accordingly took a large, dusty room in the custom house, on the seaside, cut a door from this into a smaller room adjoining, dressed and draperied the whole with gorgeous flags, and lighted it with chandeliers formed of polished bayonets, lashed to hoops, and there gave a ball and supper to the

whole respectable population of the place. The company assembled at seven o'clock in the evening and remained until after eight, on the following morning. By ten o'clock on that morning all our decorations were removed, and on the ensuing night, December 15, 1844, we sailed for Mazatlan, having for passengers Colonel Telley and Captain Mexia, of the Mexican army.

CHAPTER XXII.

Mazatlan—Smuggling commerce—Money smuggling—Disgraceful proceedings—Laws required—New Year's festivities—Gambling—Murder—Peace or war?—Manzanilla—Acapulco—The bay—Idle living—Castle—Mixed languages—A governor landlord—Neighbors—Gertrudes—Chivalry or money—Californian expedition—A small war—Peace restored—Tempest and earthquake—Testament—Enthusiasm—Secret—Tobacco.

On the morning of January 3d, 1845, we were off Mazatlan; and as we drew in with the harbor, a boat was seen approaching us. At first, we supposed, from its meeting us so far at sea, that it was bringing intelligence of some importance to our movements, but it proved to be the clerk of a commercial house, anxious to communicate with a ship daily expected from Europe. We learned by this boat, that a pronunciamento had taken place, and all Mexico was in revolution against Santa Anna, and we also learned the election of Mr. Polk as President of the United States.

Mazatlan has a fresh, flourishing, and prosperous appearance, unusual to Mexican towns. It has

suddenly risen, from a small village, to quite a city, upon a smuggling trade. Large cargoes were introduced here without paying duties, and many German, French, American, and English houses were now in active business. The dwelling-places are, of course, newly built, and being whitewashed, give a light and cheerful appearance to the town. They are built in the Spanish style, around court-yards, and are quite palaces in size and elegance. Now that a custom house is located here, it is only to take bribes for admitting valuable cargoes. A ship is descried off the harbor; an agent goes off to meet her, and warns her to keep off until she sees a signal indicating that the custom house has been made propitious to her entrance, and made so by an arrangement which puts more money into the pockets of the officers, than into the public treasury. A Mexican custom house like that of Mazatlan, is a kind of revolutionary, or pronunciamento nest-egg. For, when the season for the arrival of cargoes approaches, let some local military chief get up a pronunciamento upon any nominal principles, and be successful for even a few weeks, he and his partizans divide the bribes accruing during that period. Such pronunciamentos occurred during one of our visits to this place.

Mazatlan, in common with the ports of South America, is the scene of a yet more disgraceful kind of robbery, and violation of law; money smuggling. To avoid the export duty on specie, the foreign houses smuggle off all they wish to send out of the country; and, to their disgrace be it said, the aiders and abettors of such discreditable proceedings, are the national ships of the United States and Great Britain; the commanders of these ships making fortunes out of the percentage allowed them for transporting the money so put on board. It is generally done in the night, and in all guises and trickery, bringing the officers engaged in the business in contact with the lowest and vilest people. Our boats, in some of the South American ports, have been pursued and fired into by the official agents, whose interest it was to detect those engaged in this money smuggling. And not long after the period at which I am now writing, two men (natives) were shot in a boat, carrying off money at night. They were in such position, relative to a United States and British ship of war, as to render it doubtful to which they were bound; but the American commander felt it incumbent upon him to deny, in the public papers, that it was destined for our squadron; and, at the same time,

announced that no money would be surreptitiously received in the squadron under his command. It was well known, however, that, previous to this affair, one of our store ships lay in a South American port, receiving its hospitalities and protection, chiefly for the purpose of smuggling money.

The United States squadron did not engage in this business at the period of which I am now writing, owing to the fact that the individuals composing the squadron were principled against it. But the British ships carried on a wholesale business. One of Her Majesty's frigates took from the Pacific coast over two millions of dollars, and the amount of the freight money induced the commander of this frigate to set aside the orders of his admiral at an important period, when his services were valuable, and to proceed with his cargo to England. He was, it is true, tried and punished for his course, but I presume the freight money was a compensation for the smart of his sentence.

It is but just to say, the British officers generally are, equally with ours, opposed to this vile business; and, technically, the lieutenant who attends to it for his commander, is said to do his "dirty work." The difference between the action of the United States and British squadrons, in relation to this

business, attracted the notice of the local Mexican authorities, and General Falio, the governor of Mazatlan, spoke of calling the attention of the Mexican government to it. But, as the course of the United States squadron was dependent upon the individuals composing the squadron for the time, there is no certainty that its action would always be as creditable, and our government should make some stringent legal prohibition against this violation of the laws of weaker nations, whose hospitality and protection we are enjoying. Besides the great and disgraceful wrong inflicted upon those nations, our own government would, by such prohibition, prevent a sacrifice of its own interests. For, let the interests of the country require the presence of the ships at one place, and those of their commanders be invited by a large freight in another, we see, by the course of the America, what might be the result. The French allow no such infamous proceedings, and hence their ships are those alone of the three nations which are not engaged in robbing the treasuries of the South American governments.

The festivities of the new year were going on in Mazatlan; and, on the Sunday night following our arrival, the open square, or plaza of the town, was

a busy theatre of the national vice—gambling. It was thronged with a motley crowd—Mexicans, in broad-brimmed, sugar-loafed hats, bright-colored ponchos; Indians in rags; foreign sailors; girls, of hues from the dark red of the Indian to the golden tinge of Castilian amalgamation. Around the sides of the square were tables with various gambling devices: dice, numbered cloths, wheels, cards, globes. The capital of some of the tables did not appear to be worth more than fifty cents, being a small lot of copper coin. Through the square were tents and booths, where other crowds were drinking, dancing, or listening to the music of guitars, harps, and violins. During our presence, murder came, to make up the varied excitement of the scene. A man, within a few feet of me, was stabbed to the heart and died before the priest, who was the first person called, could reach him. In five months that I was in Mazatlan as many murders occurred, for which no arrests were made; and, if arrested, the most that would be done with the criminal would be to make a soldier of him.

At this time, our stay in Mazatlan was but for four days. We were, however, again off this port on the 15th of October, 1845, harassed with doubts, and anxious to obtain information as to the question

of peace and war between the United States and Mexico, which, by this time, we had reason to hope was determined. We ran in, trusting to find some shipping in the harbor from which we could obtain information, without blindly communicating with the shore. Not a single vessel was at the anchorage outside, and this circumstance looked somewhat suspicious. Anchoring some distance out, it was determined to wait a reasonable time for the authorities to communicate with us, and, if they did not do so, to arm a boat and send her cautiously in. Soon, however, a boat, with the Mexican flag flying, was seen pulling out. By the officer in this boat we learned that our relations were still pacific, though threatening. The usual salutes were given and returned. It being convenient to be well acquainted with all the facilities this coast could afford us, and hoping to obtain more recent information at Acapulco, which is within two hundred miles of Mexico, on the following day, October 16th, we started for this port.

On our way south, we stopped to examine the harbor of Manzanilla—a port not placed on the charts, and which is reported to have been discovered by some runaway sailors from an American whaler. It was found to be a good harbor, inclosed in a

curvature of mountains, with no settlement but three or four miserable huts, and five or six half-naked Mexicans. It was evidently a smuggling station, and ours was the first armed ship which had been known to visit it. Wood and water could be obtained here, but under great difficulties.

It was somewhat amusing to see, some time after this, our visit to Manzanilla paraded in the Mexican papers as a very mysterious affair; it being probable, the article went on to say, we were a pirate, but that we were frightened off by the bold determination of the coast guard—meaning the five or six half-naked Mexicans whom we had seen, and off whom we purchased a few eggs for a bottle of whisky.

On the 27th of October we arrived at the beautiful harbor of Acapulco—galleon-famed Acapulco; who, that has ever let imagination dwell upon the golden treasures of Spanish galleons, but associates with them some correspondence in the splendors of Acapulco.

A narrow entrance from the sea, gives admission to this bay, which expands itself at the foot of the mountains on the left hand, so that, as soon as the hill on the left of the entrance is turned, the mouth is shut in by the hills of the opposite side, and we

appear to have stolen into a mountain-inclosed lake.

The town of Acapulco is situated on the shore, at the foot of the mountains, at the upper end of the bay. Now, it is little more than a ruin. Earthquake after earthquake has shattered its fine buildings, its fountains and aqueducts, while a hamlet of reed-constructed huts, looking like large chicken-coops, has sprung up amid the ruins. A few good houses still remain, but, being of one story, they make no show externally. These houses contain fine, large rooms paved with brick, neatly furnished, and kept clean. Across the principal room of every house, a large, Guayaquil, grass hammock swings diagonally, and this is almost constantly occupied by some male or female lounger, smoking a cigar. The town and the harbor appeared lonely and solitary, there being no sign of business or commerce of any kind. No one in Acapulco seemed to have anything to do, but all seemed to be living without effort. There were no stores, but a few small, quiet shops of mixed merchandize. The people were amiable and courteous. On the right of the bay, near the town, was the castle, built upon a rock, with which it seemed to be incorporated. Judging from external appearances, it was in a very dilapi-

dated condition; the times did not permit us to obtain admission to it; the governor informing us, with some embarrassment, that he was not authorized to grant us admission. Though peace still continued, we learned that our troops were accumulating in Texas, and that the Mexican government had agreed to receive a commissioner from the United States.

Having intimated to the person who attended to our shore jobs, that I wished to hire a room for the time of our stay, he immediately started off, and soon returned, saying he had hired one of the governor, at two dollars and a half a week. It just suited me, being the sala, or principal room in the ruins of what had once been a magnificent house, fronting on a quiet street, and partly open to the public square and bay. Back, was the courtyard, around which were the ruins of the former wings of the building, and the remains of pillars which had sustained a portico. With a few chairs, a table, and bedstead, my castle was complete.

I had scarcely taken possession, before I found that my next-door neighbor was an old lady of small stature, and vixen countenance, and, having some awe of her, I determined to be as agreeable as possible. She had a daughter, Gertrudes; and

if it was the maternal fire animated her deep, dark eyes, the tact of youth, and the influence of good looks, veiled it in soft and insinuating amability.

This young lady told me she was the granddaughter of General A., who commanded this state, and has, since we came, been distinguished for his activity in the war, at thē head of his pintados, or painted Indians. We were not long in becoming quite sociable. In a few days, however, I found that the agreeable chats of Gertrudes, were likely to be more dangerous than the sharp looks of the mother. One evening she appeared more silent than usual, and a little sad. After dropping her head a little, and letting fall her eyelids, so as to raise them again, and unveil a fresh blaze of brilliancy, she commenced, in embarrassed tones: "Mi mamita," that is, "my little mammy, wishes me to ask you to do her a favor."

Here, the head and eyelids for one short moment dropped. I had just time to relieve her from her embarrassment by replying,

"Certainly, what is it?" when they rose again, and in a soft, round voice, peculiarly fitted to the Spanish diction, she continued,

"The curate is our neighbor, and has been very kind to us"—

A pause, which I filled up by the remark, "Yes, Señorita Gertrudes, what neighbor would not be so?"

"And," she went on, "he sent here to-day, for twenty dollars, which mi mamita owes him."

Here the eyes, after one deep, full look, were gradually withdrawn, as though the spirit sank under the task of wording a request, which might be better trusted to the promptings of gallantry, delicacy, and benevolence. I was now left to answer my own question, "Gertrudes, what neighbor would not?" Alas, for the days of chivalry! Instead of my hand reaching out the twenty dollars at the impulse of my heart, both kept very quiet, and my head went to reflecting, while the soi-disant grand-daughter of General A. calmly awaited the result of her tactics.

"Veinte pesos," in Spanish, on a female tongue, sounded prettily, but "twenty dollars," in hard English, was dear extra rent for a week in the governor's room, and a little pleasant gossip with my neighbors.

So long as the drama of delicacy was to be played, I saw that my part was to be an expensive one, unless I let Gertrudes know, as delicately as possible, that I saw behind the scene. If the curate could lend twenty dollars, he could wait for it, with

less inconvenience than a not overstocked stranger could pay him. Very likely the money was for the curate; very doubtful it was due him; and I fully determined it should not come out of my pocket. I therefore crushed the idea of the curate's taxing me to that amount, by informing the lady that the curate could show his kindness by waiting, and that I could not, at the same time, accommodate him, and make her a little acknowledgment for the kindness and politeness of herself and mamita; and then requested her acceptance of a small present. The exaggeration of Spanish compliment now flowed upon me, in full and graceful stream. Gertrudes would not lose her present, because the curate could not get twenty dollars; and, during the remainder of my stay, our social relations, and the pleasant attentions of neighborhood, were continued.

The Californians having been successful in expelling General Micheltoreno and all Mexican rule from their territory, were now threatened with a formidable invasion by an expedition which was said to be fitting out in Acapulco. The Mexican prints were full of this expedition; money was appropriated for it, and a General Iniestra appointed to its command. Could the Californians have seen

the condition of this expedition in Acapulco, they would have felt no anxiety in regard to it.

A Hamburg bark, and an English brig, were lying in the harbor, under a charter of the government, awaiting the arrival, from the interior, of the troops they were to transport; and here they had been lying for three months. In the mean time, nothing of the expedition had reached Acapulco, but a few officers, some French mechanics, and a small portion of the stores, in wretched condition, and useless. Among the officers here, connected with the expedition, was Colonel Telley, whom we had brought down passenger with us to Mazatlan, from Monterey, some months before. The Frenchmen, and the crews of the vessels, were dying of a fatal fever, prevalent in Acapulco, and it was plain none expected the expedition to move, or that Iniestra would join it.

Our association with the officers of this expedition, and with the Acapulcanians generally, was of the most friendly character, although each mail might be expected to bring us intelligence converting us into enemies.

Among the newspapers received from the city of Mexico, during our visit, was one, called "La Voz del Pueblo;" containing the plan of a proposed

attack upon Mexico, taken from a Mobile paper. Among other operations, it proposed the blockade of Acapulco, San Blas, Mazatlan, Guaymas, Monterey, and San Francisco. The fact that some of our armed ships were appearing at each of these ports, gave an appearance of purpose to this plan.

On the night before our departure from Acapulco, an unfortunate affair occurred, which came very near anticipating, upon a small scale, the expected war between the two countries.

Two young United States officers were chatting in a store, when it was entered by a stranger, who had, within a day or two, come from the city of Mexico, and was now drunk. In the spirit of drunken and Mexican affection, he attempted to embrace one of our gentlemen. The latter not understanding the gesture, or disliking the salutation, pushed the Mexican violently from him. At this moment a stout marine, partly drunk himself, seeing the scuffle, and fancying that the Mexican had attacked his officers, ran in, and with a tremendous blow felled the unfortunate Mexican to the ground. Some Mexican soldiers, passing at the moment of this occurrence, drew their swords and rushed upon the officers and the marine. But they were repulsed, and the store door closed.

They however assembled in force outside, and laid siege to the castle. The prisoners managed to send out the back way, a messenger to the United States boat's crews at the beach. The seamen, glad of a chance for a row, came up in a body to the rescue, and the Mexican soldiers retired, and the affair appeared at an end.

Some hours later in the night, as I was sitting in my room, smoking a cigar, a young gentleman rushed in and informed me they were taking some of our officers to the castle, and I was wanted immediately down in the square. Upon reaching the scene, I encountered a confused mixture of earnest and energetic tongues, English and Spanish; some five or six of our people and as many Mexicans were holding up to view bleeding and bruised fingers. In the midst of all the noise and disturbance, an old Mexican major, with thin, gray hair, was moving about in great distress, and trying in vain to make himself understood.

Upon explanations being made, it appeared that the Mexican soldiers engaged in the first affray had watched our people, and made another attack upon them. The old major being near, ordered a guard to take the offending Mexicans to the castle, but, unfortunately, our people did not understand

one word of Spanish, and imagined that the major was heading the attack against themselves; our people had armed themselves with swords taken from the Mexicans, and cuts were given and received. A few words settled the whole affair; the major sent the offending soldiers to prison, and expressed his great regret that such an unpleasant affair had occurred on the eve of our separation. Nature also got up a war on this night. Black clouds gathered around the mountains which closely shut in Acapulco, the rain came down in one sheet, the streets were brawling brooks, flash upon flash of vivid lightning gleamed through the darkness, and the thunder rolled in continued reverberations; in the height of the storm an earthquake added its terrors to the sublimity of the night.

The next morning was clear and pleasant. We took our leave of Acapulco, for the north.

A gentleman on board of our ship had brought with him a large number of the New Testament, in the Spanish language, for distribution; and, so soon as this was known, a perfect mania prevailed to obtain a librito. While getting under way, Francisco brought me the following note from his wife, which I translate literally:—

November 4 *of* 1845.

SENOR—

My esteemed Sir,

I have earnest wishes to have a book of the New Testament, which I want for my own use, and two for two persons who wish me to intercede for them with you.

If I obtain from you this favor, I will preserve it for ever in my memory.

I desire for you health and a happy voyage,

MARCELINA ANGELES.

During our stay at Acapulco, we had an opportunity of becoming practically acquainted with one of the benighted measures of Mexican policy. This government holds the monopoly of the growth, manufacture, and sale of tobacco; and it grows very poor tobacco in, I believe, two provinces; it makes the tobacco into cigars at its national shops, puts them in bundles, enveloped in stamped paper, and sells them by authorized agents, in shops called "estancos." Being in the shop of one of these agents, purchasing some of the legitimate article, the officer, in a very mysterious manner, took out, from under the counter, some roughly-made cigars, covered with a handkerchief, and, showing them to

us, nodded his head significantly, and hurried the cigars back again. The mystery excited our curiosity, and, although the cigars were not inviting in appearance, being like what are called plantations, we bought some. They proved to be of high and rich flavor, far superior to any of the legitimates; and yet this tobacco was the growth of a province not by law allowed to grow tobacco, and where the crop would be destroyed if discovered by official agents, thus making governmental policy destructive of the valuable resources of the country.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gulf of California—Dangerous navigation—Guaymas—Another revolution—Wild Indians—Start for Hermorilla—Traveling conveyance—Don Juachin—Mozos and coachmen—Serapé—Indian hut—An addition to the party—Primitive carving, and genteel eating—The pozo—A runaway—Un Rico—Hermorilla—Agreeable quarters—Urrea's bride—The doctor and the governor—Leave Hermorilla—Lady traveler—Who's master?—A dead baby—A difference of opinion—Return to Mazatlan—More about money-smuggling—Another revolution.

TOUCHING at Mazatlan, at which we learned nothing important, we proceeded up the Gulf of California to Guaymas, three hundred and sixty miles to the north of Mazatlan, in the province of Sonora, one of the rich mineral provinces of Mexico.

Although the distance was so short, the current and wind setting down the gulf, we had before us the prospect of some days' passage. The chart of the gulf being very imperfect, it was found requisite to take on board a pilot, and the person who joined us in that capacity was an Italian, a contra-

bandista, engaged every night in some smuggling transaction.

He ran the ship over, to beat up on the Californian side, along a wild, barren, and precipitous coast, and among islands as barren and desolate as the main land. Several conspicuous islands were not laid down on the chart at all, and it was known there were sunken rocks, equally unnoticed; there might, most probably were, others in the same condition. The wind was very fresh, and we beat under double-reefed topsails. To avoid the strength of the current, it was necessary to keep near the shore, and, under circumstances of such uncertainty, the navigation was somewhat precarious.

In some places the appearance of the Californian coast was very peculiar. The mountains rose in perpendicular precipices, terminated by terraces or plains, one above another, and these were again broken into fantastic shapes, having the appearance of turreted castles, and gigantic cities, piled away to the clouds.

On the 1st of December, being thirteen days from Mazatlan, we ran into the bay of Guaymas, which is well shut in from the gulf, thickly studded with islands; forming at all seasons, and in all weathers, the most complete shelter, and every

natural convenience for refitting shipping. Guaymas is a small town at the foot of some barren hills and surrounded by a barren country.

We found the province of Sonora in a state of revolution: one of those sub-revolutions which distract Mexico, but which rarely reach the eye of the world. It was caused partly by political considerations, and partly by the hostility of two leading families.

General Urrea, late governor, had, by his tyranny and exactions, rendered himself unpopular, and had been deposed by the general government. He had, however, refused to lay down his gubernatorial position, and the government was too remote and too feeble to enforce its decree; a revolt was the consequence; and about a week before our arrival a bloody battle had been fought in Pitie, or Hermorilla, the capital of the state, distant one hundred and twenty miles, northeast of Guaymas. More than one hundred persons were killed in this battle, which resulted in the defeat of Urrea, and his flight, few knew to what point.

Circumstances required that I should immediately take my departure for Hermorilla. I was in a part of the world where migratory people cannot at pleasure jump into a railroad car, or a stage-coach.

There were no regular traveling conveyances, and as my road laid through a savage tribe of Indians, it was necessary to go properly guarded. These Indians, mountaineers as they were called, from their residence being in the mountains skirting the road, were inveterate against all whites; murdering men, women, and children, but never robbing. A few days before my arrival, they had killed the men in charge of some bars of silver, leaving the silver untouched in the road.

Their arms are powerful bows and arrows, pointed with sharp-edged stones. These arrows are discharged with sufficient force to transfix a horse, penetrating the saddle. These Indians were represented as being little removed from brutes in their habits, and their hostility to the whites is instigated by a desire for revenge. A large portion of the tribe were at one time captured, and during their captivity were horribly treated by the Mexicans. Having made their escape, they watch every opportunity of retaliating. Their plan of attack is, to rush from the mountains, where these draw closely upon the road, commit their murders, and immediately retreat to their fastnesses.

As I was to travel under the patronage of a wealthy and influential family of the place, of

course I had nothing to do with the arrangements for the journey, other than arming myself.

Between three and four o'clock, on the afternoon of December 2d, I took my seat alone, in a four-seated, four-wheeled, crimson-lined old coach, drawn by two mules. No provision could be procured on the road, but the bundles and parcels strapped and stowed about the coach, showed that Doña Josefa, the lady under whose patronage I traveled, had made every necessary arrangement. Don Rafael, the brother of the lady, a light-haired, sandy complexioned young man, accompanied me as traveling companion. He was attired in the full Mexican costume, split pantaloons and big spurs, and rode a very fine horse. On one side of his saddle swung a carbine, on the other a large sword. The coachman mounted one of the mules, and, Don Rafael at our side, we rattled out of the town of Guaymas. Outside of the town we were joined by another portion of our party, two men and six extra mules, it being the custom to drive along spare mules to take the place of those pulling the carriage, when these latter were weary. One of the men was a mozo (boy) as Mexican male servants are called, the other seemed something above a simple servant; he was very Quixotic in his personal

appearance; tall, thin, and wiry-looking. He wore, in addition to the ordinary Mexican costume, a buckskin shirt, over his under shirt, and he also carried a carbine and sword at his saddle. Don Juachin, as he was called, was of silent, but cautious and respectful manner. The mozo was a dark, round-faced, whiskered Indian, named Isidore, pronounced E-sid-o-re, so quickly as to sound like sid'-ra. The coachman was also an Indian, called sometimes Gil, and at others Jose-maria. He appeared to be of very varying disposition; at one time laughing and talking in good-humor, and at another his tongue silent, and his countenance clouded with a dark and dogged expression. All these men, master and servants, wore the picturesque Mexican serapé. This is nothing more than a blanket of wool, made by hand in the interior of Mexico. Serapés have generally very bright colors; crimson, blue, and white, and may be bought of any price from five to fifty dollars; it is scarcely respectable to wear any of less cost than ten or twelve dollars. The serapé is worn by starting one end over the left shoulder, passing across the back, and over the right shoulder, and then the free end is flung over the left shoulder, from the front.

Such were my equipage and traveling compan-

ions. The road over which we rolled, although entirely natural, was equal to the most careful production of McAdam, being perfectly level, and its surface generally of a fine, hard gravel, and sometimes changing from this to smooth hard clay, or sand. It winds around and between isolated mountain hills, which rise from a broad plain, like islands from the sea. This plain is studded with a variety of trees, the most abundant of which is an acacia, called here the mesquit. These trees are of nearly equal size and shape, and, at a little distance, have much the appearance of our peach orchards. Ranges of wild, desolate, and rugged mountains bound the plain on either hand, generally receding a wide distance from each other, but at some points approaching close to the road, and these are the places where the Indians make their attacks.

The afternoon was beautifully clear and pleasantly warm; but as the sun went down, it became so chill, that I found two serapés necessary to my comfort.

About half past eight o'clock, we stopped at a fire burning before a tame Indian's hut. The Indian and his family were quietly seated around the fire, watching some beef ribs roasting in the em-

bers. The man was very dark; two women were by his side, with their rebosos, or long scarfs, thrown over their heads. Alighting, we took positions beside the fire, without disturbing the apathy of the Indians, or receiving the least notice from them. The women disowned their descent from Eve, as they never once turned their heads to look at us; and the man kept his eyes fixed upon the smoking beef-bones. The only sign of animation, was a crying child in the arms of one of the women.

Don Rafael and I stood for some time in silence by the fire, as though we had been ordinary and accustomed members of the party. Presently, Don Rafael addressed a few questions to the man, which he answered in the fewest possible words, and without taking his eyes from the fire. Some ordinary articles of convenience were inquired for, but the answer to everything was, "no hay," "no hay," there is none.

At first, I feared our visit must be an unwelcome intrusion, or that, in the political disturbances of the country, this man might be hostile to the family of Don Rafael, whom, perhaps, he recognized; but I was mistaken; it was owing to Indian apathy, and to the fact that, night after night, travelers came as we did, and as a matter of course gathered

around his fire, it being the right of custom to do so, needing no invitation and waiting no thanks.

While Juachin and Isidore took care of the mules, Gil opened the bundles and baskets, which Doña Josefa had provided; and we found them to contain an ample store; roast chickens, stuffed with olives and hard-boiled eggs; cheese, bread, brandy, wine, pickles, preserves, tea and chocolate, with a silver teapot, knives, forks, plates, and tablecloths. A glance at our larder had just been taken, when an accession was made to our party, and one which taxed all my skill at conjecture. Up dashed a lady on a white horse, with a boy of some twelve years, behind her. It is very difficult, under some circumstances, to fix the position of a Mexican woman by her costume, the attire of the best people varying from the richest to the coarsest, and I did not know whether this one was to join us as lady, or as servant; but, as a woman, she had a claim to courtesy and politeness. I decided her to belong to the "tiers etat." Her appearance was evidently looked for, and she addressed the mozos familiarly by name, and with some authority; Don Rafael called her Jerita.

Jerita took charge of the provision department immediately, and commenced preparations for heat-

ing water and making tea. I had been forming agreeable anticipations, in relation to the cold roast fowl, but Jerita seized it in her hand, thrust a sharpened stick into its body, and then held it to smoke and blacken over the fire; this done, she gave it a primitive carving. Passing by Dóña Josefa's knives and forks, she dislocated its joints and tore it to pieces with her fingers; and then, spreading a tablecloth over a low stool, she sat the torn fowl before me, I being expected to eat first and alone. I had, however, lost my relish for the fowl, and made my supper of bread and cheese, with a cup of tea.

Jerita's leading idea of genteel eating, was the use of a tablecloth. When, on the following morning, we were to take a cup of tea, before starting, and which I wished to take in my hand, she insisted upon spreading the large tablecloth over the low stool, about the size of my hat, and upon this I was obliged to set my cup and saucer. This ceremony was used to me alone, and I have no doubt she had an impression that it was an indispensable usage of my country. My bed consisted of a tanned hide, fine linen sheets, and a pillow with a laced-edged case. These, Gil arranged on the floor at one side of the Indian's hut, the family

occupying the other, where the remainder of our party slept, or whether they slept at all I do not know.

At daylight on the following morning we were ready for a start; and I then found that Jerita, abandoning the white horse, was to be my companion in the carriage. As she was a good looking woman, of about thirty, affording me an opportunity for conversation, I had no objection to the arrangement.

We had been on our way about an hour, when four men rode up behind us, and saluting our party joined themselves to it. They had left Guaymas that morning, and must have made good speed, which they were not disposed to relinquish. One of these new comers, with an eagle eye, and Roman nose, and who was mounted on a small, slick, beautiful black mule, dashed up to the side of the animals drawing our carriage, shouting to them, and throwing his leg into the air, brought his spurs upon the back of the carriage mule next him, drawing it down his side. Isidore took the same position beside the opposite mule, urging him by shouts and blows, and away we all dashed at full speed. Isidore and his friend attached their lasos, which Mexican horsemen always carry, to the axle of our

vehicle, thus adding the power of their own mules to those in the carriage, and amid the shouts of the horsemen and clouds of dust, we continued a rapid speed for some miles. Whilst dashing on at this rate, the horsemen raised their arms with a louder shout of encouragement. Jerita told me it was because we had just "hove in sight" of our breakfasting-place, directing my observation to a white house seen over the trees, far in the distance, and looking like a castle, rising from amid trees, on a considerable height; an appearance which was an optical delusion, or one of association; for, in reality, it was upon the broad plain, over which we were riding. An hour and a half's fast driving, brought us to this place, the "pozo," or well, as it was called; a Mexican rancho, with all the desolation and cheerlessness of such an establishment. This was a very extensive rancho, having many thousand head of cattle roaming over the plain. At one side of the house was an artificial lake, from which the place derived its name. It was constructed by building a thick mud embankment across the foot of a natural inclined plane; here water collects during the rainy season, and affords the supply for the cattle, during the remainder of the season. Instead of stopping at the house, as

I expected, we drove around it, stopping beneath a large tree, near the mud embankment of the lake. Don Rafael held some communication with the establishment, through the men who had joined us this morning; but I suppose there must have been some impediment to the usual hospitality of such places, for, changing mules, we continued our way to another rancho, the "pozito," or little well, before breakfasting. It was one o'clock when we reached the pozito, where we found a son of the proprietor, who allotted to our use an apartment in the house, and Jerita proceeded to the kitchen to prepare our breakfast.

At this place, I was given to understand we should get into Hermorilla about nine or ten o'clock at night. Fresh mules were put to the carriage, and by two o'clock we were again on our way. We had gone but a short distance, when, by some accident, Gil was thrown from his mule, and the animals started off at full speed; they left the road and rushed in among the trees, seeming to insure our destruction. Jerita attempted to jump out, but I pushed her down in the seat, where she remained, paralyzed by fear. The reins being short, and resting on the mules' necks, we could do nothing but await the result. It was a fearful ride

among those trees; we flew past their knotty trunks, wonderfully escaping them; the old coach, heaving from one side to the other, seemed almost to touch the ground in its rollings, and suddenly righted again; the horsemen came spurring after us, and two of them reached the heads of our mules, and seized the reins; in a moment, however, they were torn from their grasp, and on we went; but we had again turned into the road, and were dashing along its course, when the whole body of horsemen rushed by us on either side, as though racing against us. They beat us, and kept some distance ahead, when suddenly they gathered their mules together, in a solid body, and backed them upon the running animals—but in vain; we opened through them, and kept our way. This manœuvre was repeated, and this time with success; the speed of the mules was sufficiently checked to allow their reins to be seized, and an end put to our wild race, with no worse consequences than the anxiety it had caused.

Traveling very quietly for the remainder of the day, just after dark we arrived at a scattered group of four or five huts, and stopped near a fire, burning at the end of one of them. Two wagons were near the fire, one of them having a white canvas cover, similar to those of our market wagons in the

United States, and the first vehicle of the kind I had seen in the country. The fire was encircled by people, male and female, children and adults. It is a puzzling thing to tell the rank of Mexicans under such circumstances. These were all sitting on the ground, smoking cigaritos. As I stepped up to the group, I was received with courteous salutations and invitations to take my place at the fire. The invitations were more particularly given by a Mexican wrapped in a rich serapé, and seated upon a low stone. Near him, on the ground, were two young men and a pretty woman, of refined and genteel appearance, with a handsome little girl beside her. Although Mexicans, and wrapped in serapés, the young men displayed from beneath them genteel European pantaloons, strapped over their boots.

Jerita, my general informant, said that this was "Un rico," a rich man and his family, on their way to Guadalaxara. The remainder of the company were wayfarers like ourselves, who, with democratic freedom, were sharing the rich man's fireside and company.

The man who had joined and kept company with us, on the little black mule, went on to Hermorilla, and, consequently, would make the whole journey,

though one hundred and twenty miles, in one day, with the same mule.

I was surprised to see Gil, soon after we stopped, spreading my bed on the ground, before the hut; but when Don Rafael came to me and said, "You had better lie down and rest a little, we will call you when we start," I knew he had determined to travel no farther that night, but preferred to deceive me into the measure, to telling me the purpose. I therefore threw myself upon the ground, and when I next awoke daylight was streaking the east. I found the party at the fire just as I left it, excepting that the genteel woman and child were asleep under the wagon.

Having taken our morning's cup of tea, our journey was resumed; and about ten o'clock Jerita called my attention to a gray, rocky mountain in the distance, at the foot of which was our place of destination, Hermorilla. In the course of another hour we entered a suburb of small houses, and from this crossed the bed of a broad, shallow river, and were then in the town, dashing along its paved streets, amid the barking of dogs, and the curiosity of its human denizens.

I was agreeably disappointed; instead of a miserable Mexican village, I found myself in quite a

city, containing many large and handsome houses, at one of the most showy of which our vehicle stopped. I felt a little mortified at my traveled garb and unshorn beard, when, dismounting, I found myself met at the door by several stylish-looking and handsomely-dressed females, very un-Mexican in their appearance, being fair complexioned, and attired in the fashion of our own ladies. They all expressed surprise at our having ventured upon the road with so small a party.

When about to be shown to my apartment, I was conducted across a courtyard, to a wing of the building, and ushered into a small and handsomely furnished study, which communicated with a large and elegantly carpeted and furnished drawing-room, very unlike a naked Mexican sala. In the study, or office, I was presented to a fine, gentlemanly-looking person, Señor ——, and committed to his charge. This gentleman was a native of Spain, and one of the most agreeable persons with whom chance has made me acquainted. He was a man of intelligence and reading. Upon political topics we had kindred thoughts, and had reached the same conclusions. Conversation upon the troubles of Mexico, led us into a general political discourse. He remarked, "there never could nor ought to be

peace in Mexico, until the voice of the people prevailed; that revolutions were so frequent, because each government set up had been an individual despotism, and one must give way to another as bad, until principles prevailed." Señor —— gave me the first intimation of the intended revolution of Paredes against the existing government.

My room being announced as ready, Señor —— conducted me to it. It was on the first floor of this wing, and opened upon the flowers and shrubs, which ornamented the courtyard. A glance showed that I was in a lady's apartment. A handsome carpet covered the floor; in one corner stood a bed, with fine, white curtains, having laced edges, falling from beneath a sky-blue satin valance. The counterpane was of richly embroidered pea-green silk, and the comfort of quilted satin. In the opposite corner stood another bed, similarly furnished, the colors being maroon; and between the two, a handsome piano. On the table, and about the apartment, were the various elegant bijouteries of woman's taste. In fact, a bride had but gone out of the room as I entered it; the previous occupant having been married by proxy, on the evening before, to General Urrea, the defeated head of one of the late contending parties; and she had gone

on horseback, to join her husband, none but the family knew where.

This General Urrea, it will be remembered, is the individual charged with the massacre of Fanning's detachment. He now boasts of having Fanning's pistols, and the surgical instruments of Dr. Grant. Urrea states that the pistols were given him by Fanning, with whom he alleges himself to have been friendly, and lays the whole blame and responsibility of the massacre upon General Santa Anna himself: "Quien sabe?"

Having made my toilet, and taken our meal, breakfast they called it, Señor—— drove me around the neighboring country, in a handsome English Stanhope. The country is a plain; and is chiefly cultivated in vineyards, which make a very good wine; but it is mostly converted into brandy.

I found only two natives of the United States in Hermorilla, both medical men. One, Dr. K., was a native of North Carolina, and many years before had wandered from his home, through Oregon and California, settling down in this place, where he had been some fifteen years. He was now talking of returning to the United States alone, either by the same route, or by Texas. As this mode of getting home seemed a sine quâ non,

I inferred his chief impulse arose from an inclination for wandering adventure. He was a pleasant faced, genteelly dressed man of fifty years of age, with white hair, a florid complexion, fine teeth, and an agreeable smile; and in character presented a singular combination of energy, and an ability to take care of himself, with the most unsophisticated simplicity. From others, I learned that he might have been worth a fortune, but he had not the least idea of his own interest, and so little capacity in money matters, that his friends had to take charge of these for him. Among others, the following anecdote was related to me, as an illustration of his determination and courage.

In the irresponsibility with which these remote provinces are governed, many acts of despotism are committed, against which there is no protection but force. A countryman of the doctor's having found his way into Hermorilla, he was invited by Dr. K. to dinner; at the appointed hour the guest did not arrive, greatly to the disappointment of his host; and it was not until the next day, that the latter learned that, from some groundless suspicion, his friend had been thrown into prison by the commandant of the place. The doctor immediately ran to the residence of the commandant, and

assured him, in tones not to be mistaken, that, unless his friend was restored, he would flog his excellency upon the spot, and shoot him as soon as he caught him out of the house. The stranger was forthwith released. Dr. K. was represented to be the most popular man in the place; and this popularity enabled him to carry things with a high hand. He did not hesitate to beard Urrea in his den, even when the general was in the most savage mood. Urrea once undertook to banish him the country, and thereby came near exciting a revolution against himself. Before I left my room in the morning, a servant brought in a waiter with tea, coffee, or chocolate, as I preferred, with some bread and cake; this is the Mexican desayúno, or, in fact, breakfast; from then until what they call breakfast, at one o'clock, every one is left to what best suits him; but at this hour the household assembles at table, and this meal, in Hermorilla, is in reality our dinner; nothing more than tea being served in the evening.

I had notified Don Rafael that I wished to leave Hermorilla on my return, the day following our arrival. He seemed somewhat annoyed at this, and urged my remaining a day or two longer; but finding that I could not be prevailed upon to do so,

he came to me, and said business would detain him, and that he would find me a companion to supply his place. I told him I could very well take care of myself, and did not wish him to send any one with me.

The morning passed in preparations for my departure, without seeming to advance them any, and the family assured me it took all day to do anything toward starting on a journey. The men were to be hunted up from their various places of resort, and the mules to be collected. I wished to be off by eleven in the morning; it was half after three in the afternoon before we started. A little boy, the son of an Englishman residing in Guaymas, of whom I was requested to take charge, accompanied me in the carriage. As I left Hermorilla, each acquaintance was particular in cautioning me against the Indians, and some added the consoling remark, that I ran great risk with so small a party and so few arms. Don Rafael accompanied us to the outskirts of the town, under the assurance to the family I had visited that he was to find me company; but, as soon as we left the town, he rode up to the carriage, said "adios," and not only turned back himself, but took Isidore with him.

As night came on, and we advanced farther and

farther into the dreariness of the country, we did feel some little anxiety about the Indians. The moon rose beautifully bright, and altogether it was a night favorable to any murderous designs of the savages. As we rolled rapidly along the smooth road, a turn around some bushes brought us upon a party of horsemen coming from the opposite direction. Among these were several soldiers, with small flags flying from their spear-staffs. By the bright moonlight it could be seen the party was in attendance upon a stately woman who rode in their midst, attended by her female servants. Although we dashed rapidly through the group, she exchanged some words with my men, and immediately one of her own turned his horse's head and joined us.

"Who is it?" I asked Gil.

"Doña Aneta." She was a relative of the family which I had left, and, seeing the weakness of our force, had ordered this man to return with us, to replace, I presume, the abducted Isidore.

Left, as I was, to these Mexico-Indian servants, I knew it would require some management to get along with them without annoyance. If I assumed an air of authority and the tone of a master, they would be very apt to show me their independence by insolence, trickery, and want of accommodation;

if, on the contrary, I was familiar, they would take advantage of me, as a temporary equal, or their inferior: for, I have observed, there is a propensity among the lower classes in all nations to look upon foreigners, who speak their language imperfectly, as possessing a general simplicity and inferiority to themselves, in all things. We had not much to say to each other on the first evening, but when we stopped for the night, I assumed authority over the mess stores, and directed the disposition to be made of them.

Continuing a friendly manner toward them on the following day, I found them disposed to attempt the familiar, particularly the new-comer whom Doña Aneta had assigned us. This man had an insolent, but waggish countenance, and it was easy to see that he rode up alongside the carriage to converse with me, for the amusement of his fellows, to whom he cast side glances, seeking their admiration; at the same time, his insolence had a shadow of timidity, lest he should go too far. I determined to stop him at once; and when, during a short rest, I was taking some wine and water, this fellow came up and asked, "What's that? brandy?" I looked at him sternly, and, without replying to his question, gave him an order to do me a menial

service. He looked abashed, turned off, and obeyed me. To cut him off from the sympathy of his companions, I called Gil, and gave him a little money, to buy the men spirits at the next convenient place.

These men knew that, under present circumstances, they were my superiors, and that I was dependent upon them; and I felt that I could only establish a proper relation to them by demonstrating in some, however trifling a point, an equality with them. As arrieros, or muleteers, I was sure they knew nothing of a wheeled vehicle, and the whole equipment and management of my establishment proved this. Before starting again, I commenced a careful examination of the carriage and its equipment, in the hope of finding something wrong, and which they would need instruction to remedy. To my purpose, I found one of the fore-wheels nearly off the axle, the pin which confined the nut gone, and the nut upon the point of dropping. Simple as was the remedy, I trusted to their ignorance, and, calling Gil, merely pointed to the condition of the wheel, and directed him to remedy it, and walked away to a little distance with an air of unconcern. The whole party gathered around the old vehicle, in great embarrassment; it was "Dios!"

and "Santa Maria!" what was to be done! Gil overhauled the coach for another pin in vain. Having allowed them to exhaust their resources and continue their distress for a few minutes, I returned, and expressed some surprise that they had done nothing, and cutting a leather wedge from a spare stirrup-leather, passed it through the pin hole, and the difficulty was met. Trifling as was this incident, it was something they could comprehend, and changed our relations as effectually as a more important matter would have done, and eventually saved me a night on the road. From this time their manner was kind and respectful; they hurried to obey the least sign; and, when about to start after any stoppage, would wait, with one foot in the stirrup, until the "Señor" said "Andámos."

In the morning of our second day's ride, I asked what time we should reach Guaymas. "About ten at night," was the answer. I asked chiefly to ascertain any intentions they might have formed for themselves. I stopped to cut some canes from the curious woods by the road side, among which I obtained several of the garambua—a firm, elastic wood used by the Indians for their powerful bows. Although the acacia and guaiacum trees abounded, there were various others, and among them three

kinds were called, from their colors, "palo negro," black wood; "palo verde," green wood; and "palo blanco," white wood. The cactus was in great variety, some growing like clusters of organ barrels, and, at least, ten or fifteen feet high.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we reached the pozo, and stopped at a small village near it for our mid-day meal and rest. At this place the party of the "rico" was stopping.

While awaiting the reharnessing of the mules, I strolled to a neighboring hut, to light a cigar. Two Indian women were seated at the door, one doing the office of a fine tooth comb for the other; I gave each a cigar, and stepped inside the door. Here were two others sitting; handing a cigar to the one facing me, the other never looked around or removed her reboso from her face. I now saw she was the mother of a dead baby, which they were dressing. The body was extended upon a board, just its own length, and the chief purpose seemed to be to dress it with all the decoration they could afford. The toilet for the tomb being completed, the body was placed outside the door, on a block, for public view, the mother seating herself on the ground beside it.

Eight o'clock at night found us just in front of

the Indian's hut, at which we had stopped on the first night of our upward journey. Just before our arrival there, I noticed a whispering conversation among my men, which I inferred boded ill for my continuing longer on the road to-night, notwithstanding one of the most brilliant moons that ever shone. Accordingly, as we approached the hut, Don Juachin, the leather-jacketted mayor-domo, approached the carriage, and said, "The Señor will sleep here to-night?"

"Certainly not; I must reach Guaymas to-night."

"But the mules are tired."

"Put in others."

Nothing more was said. I kept my seat in the coach. The mules were changed; and at one o'clock the following morning I was at our consul's in Guaymas. I admit that, from daylight to past midnight, was rather hard on the men in the saddle, and on Gil, the coachman; but they were more at home in the saddle than I was in the coach.

The following morning, December the 7th, we were on our way down the gulf; and, on the evening of the 9th, anchored once more off Mazatlan.

An English gentleman, who had just arrived at Mazatlan from Mexico, mentioned to me, privately, the same thing in relation to an intended revolution,

which Señor —— had intimated to me in Hermorilla; but this English gentleman informed me that it was for the establishment of a monarchy, and, from the kind of people in Mexico with whom he held relations, I had every reason to believe he was correctly informed, and that his sympathies were with such a movement. We also learned the arrival in Mexico of a commissioner from the United States, but did not know who the gentleman was until the mail of the following Sunday.

The Mexican papers, received by this mail, publish a letter received from Mazatlan, in which we were very severely abused, and charged, as a great offence, with the manners of coachmen; some rudeness was detailed, said to have been shown a secretary of the military commandant, General Facio, who visited the flag-ship. It so happened that the most friendly and courteous intercourse existed between ourselves and the authorities, and our social relations with General Facio and his family were of the most intimate character. The paper was sent to the general, and he at once characterized it as a blackguard affair, to which the lie would be given by the footing upon which we were with himself and family.

Some open boats, belonging to a British man-of-

war, were at this time in the harbor of Mazatlan, engaged in money-smuggling; the vessel to which they belonged being absent on another part of the coast, engaged in the same business. An English merchant, who had availed himself liberally of the facilities afforded by his national ships, made the following observation to me when we were speaking upon the subject: "You would be amused to hear the ground of expediency upon which Captain G. justifies the assistance he affords us—the wretched laws of the country; but you know there is one answer to that: we knew the laws when we came to live under them. No! it is dishonest and demoralizing; and it is degrading to see our national flag used for such purposes, and a naval commander chaffering with us merchants for percentages; but it is very convenient for us."

Such remarks, made to an American officer by an Englishman, illustrate the beneficial influence exerted on this coast by the then United States squadron; and it should be remembered, that, in paying the tribute to principle, it sacrificed pecuniary advantages, and did voluntarily what the laws of our country should render obligatory.

At length came the "pronunciamento" of Pa-

redes—a singular document, verifying the suspicion that monarchy was aimed at.

It states, that the army sets aside the government; that the people of all classes shall form chambers; and that these chambers, *without any restriction whatever*, shall form the government; and that the chief of the army shall not be the ruler of the nation. Similar documents, heretofore, have said, "shall form the government with republicanism, and the Catholic religion as basis."

Other of our national ships now arrived at Mazatlan, and the French admiral's ship the Virginie. These, with the America, made a larger assemblage of armed ships than had ever before anchored at Mazatlan. All were awaiting the tide of events, as the year 1845 rolled into the past.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Uncertainties—More revolutions—The President's Message—A threatened execution—Attempted assassination—The Jew and the Christian—War excitement—A panic—Start for the United States—Horse equipment—Loading mules—Weapons of war—Last look at the Pacific—Arrive at Tepic—Mr. Forbes—Cotton factory.

In addition to the uncertainty of our relations with Mexico, it was very doubtful, at this time, what they might be with Great Britain, as the Oregon question was in the full flood of excitement. Intelligence of an authentic character reached us with great uncertainty, and almost every hour of the day teemed with rumors. The situation in which we were placed, at this crisis of our affairs, shows the importance of making every provision for conveying the earliest information to our forces in remote places. At this period, the British government had some means of forwarding the earliest information through Mexico, and if that nation had any designs upon California, as there

was every reason to believe it had, only an accident saved that important territory to us.

We were now at that season of the year, when the executive message would go before Congress, and much depended upon the nature of this document; of course at the proper period we would look for it with great anxiety.

While at breakfast in Mazatlan, on the 5th of January, a gentleman came in and remarked, "Mazatlan was to have pronounced yesterday for Paredes, I wonder it was not done." After breakfast, while walking up the street, I was informed that Mazatlan had just pronounced, and that General Facio, the late commandant, was imprisoned in the Cuartel. All, however, was quiet; people pursued their avocations, and those in the cafés did not quit their games of billiards; nothing externally indicated a revolution. The only evidence of it visible, was the riding about to the various public offices of Miramon, the head of the pronunciamento; and who previous to this had been the second in command. He was followed by two miserable looking soldiers, carrying spears with small red flags flying from their staffs; and I presume his object was to obtain the adhesion of the

officials, and to take possession of all pertaining to the government he had assumed.

On the night of January 9th, I was aroused by the noise of drums, trumpets, and firing of guns, and imagined there must be some saqueo, or contest. It was, however, only rejoicings for the successful entry of Paredes into the city of Mexico.

On the 1st of February the British naval commander sent us the message of our President, having had possession of it some days, without our having the least intimation that it was yet in this part of the world.

The message lashed the British captain into a great state of excitement; he was certain that war must ensue, and boasted that England never was better prepared for it.

On the 4th of February we had another revolution; some of the subordinates of Miramon pronounced against him, and threw him and his abettors into the prison. Not being sufficiently well guarded, they ran over a few of the ragged soldiers, got out, and before the next day we had another pronunciamento. Two revolutions in as many days, and not a gun fired, or life lost in either. Miramon, either from bravado, or real purpose, threatened the prompt execution of the last con-

spirator; he lowered the flag of the prison half-mast, sent a priest to confess him, and gave orders that, at the conclusion of the confession, he should be shot. One of the conspirators, a lawyer, had taken refuge in the house of our consul, and occupied the adjoining room to mine; of course he was very much excited in regard to the progress of events out of doors. As the morning wore on we listened anxiously for the volley which was to terminate the existence of my neighbor's fellow conspirator. At length, intelligence was brought us that Miramon had graciously consented to pardon the offender, but had banished him from Mazatlan.

Whilst revolutions thus progressed, bloodless and free from all smells of villainous gunpowder, excepting of that burned in salutes to the rapidly changing government, the assassin's knife was most busy among the lower classes, and I came much nearer than was agreeable to receiving one of these deadly thrusts intended for another person.

Having gone down to the beach one evening about eight o'clock, for the purpose of communicating with one of our boats, I found the boat's crew absent; and while awaiting their return, I stood on the fall of the beach, near some upturned boats. While standing thus, a man stepped from behind

one of these boats, and before I was aware of his approach, he stood before me with a long, sharp-pointed knife, grasped in his right hand, the point apparently resting between the finger and thumb of his left. The glance of a moment revealed the position and purpose. He gazed earnestly in my face, and as I involuntarily made a step backward he followed it up, keeping his face in close proximity to mine; but the change of position brought me in a gleam of light from a neighboring drinking shop, when the man suddenly turned, threw the knife into his open shirt bosom, and walked off. He had evidently mistaken his man; but I now felt indignation, at the danger in which I had been placed, and followed him until near a shop in which were some of our men, when I ordered them to seize him, and charged him with the attempt. He denied it and resisted, but I directed one of them to take the knife from his bosom, which was done, when he quietly yielded, and I now had some difficulty in saving him from rough handling. His knife was returned him, and he permitted to go his way; a few days afterwards he confessed to the proprietor of the shop in which he had been arrested, that he had at first mistaken me for another person, for whom his blow was intended.

During this period of our stay at Mazatlan, a trifling incident occurred which is no otherwise worth recording but as showing how the kindliest and most noble feelings of human nature may exist, where external circumstances, and narrow-minded, blind prejudice would forbid us to look for them.

A wretched individual, a citizen of the United States, was daily and nightly wandering through the streets of Mazatlan, in utter want, although at one time he had been a man of wealth and standing. With disheveled hair and matted beard, and wrapped in a blanket, I have seen him driven like a wild beast from the doors of those who had formerly been his associates. Such of his countrymen as met him in the streets, would sometimes render him temporary aid, but there was little use in doing so, as everything went to the grog shop. Passing about nine at night, through a lonely part of the square, I found him in the condition I have described, crying bitterly, in the vicinity of two or three Mexican leperos or beggars. Recognizing me, he made a somewhat ludicrous complaint that these men were making him suffer for his country; beating him because he was a citizen of the United States. I took him at once under my protection, as an act of patriotism, and as it would be useless

to give him money, determined to hunt a lodging for him, for the night, and requested him to conduct me to some suitable place. He then told me, that the only person who would take him in, was a poor Jew pedler, who always gave him a home when he would go there; and accordingly, I followed him to the pedler's home. Having arrived at the place, we passed through a gateway to a large square yard, surrounded by ranges of small rooms or stalls, which were rented either to permanent residents, or those who made but a temporary stay. In one of these small places lived the Jew and his family, consisting of a wife and child; they were Germans, and seemed so poor themselves, they might well have been excused the exercise of any charities, and particularly charities which surrendered a part of their single apartment to my repulsive companion.

Having explained to the man, that the object of my intrusion upon them, was to request that he would take charge of the poor devil, and that I would pay him for so doing; he replied, "that as the man had no home, and nothing to eat, he was welcome to live in his room, if he would; and to eat such as he had to give him; but that he could take no compensation for what he had done, or

would still do for him." To understand the full value of such benevolence, in addition to the circumstances I have already mentioned, it should be considered that this Jew lived in a country where religious bigotry and hatred were most intolerant of his persuasion, and naturally would call for enmity and retaliation; and that the recipient of his bounty was of Christian blood. In the course of a day or two, it was in my power to relieve the benevolent Israelite of the charge he had taken of the wretched Christian.

A new governor had arrived at Mazatlan and taken charge of affairs under the authority of Paredes, and the previous authorities, usurped and regular, left for the capital. As time passed on, the state of feeling, in regard to war, became feverish, both among Mexicans and ourselves. The slightest event, the galloping of a horse through the street, or an unusual noise during the night, was attributed to deep motives, or regarded as connected with important events. "Que noticias," what news? was the first salutation of encountering acquaintances; not in the idle formality of something to say, but asked in the anxious expectation of receiving important intelligence. Some of my mongrel shop-keeping acquaintance, dealers

in petty stocks of groceries and other goods, were earnest in their request that I should give them the first intimation of a coming blockade, that they might lay in goods.

Walking through the streets, on the evening of March 26th, I saw several merchants, with anxious countenances, discussing some subject of apparent interest, and, upon my joining them, they informed me that Gutierres, the governor, had received intelligence that a blockade had been declared on the other side, and was in existence before the ports of Matamoras, Tampico, and Vera Cruz. Meeting soon afterwards Sir Thomas Thompson, the commander of a British frigate, I mentioned this news to him. He said it could not be true, as he was convinced he had the latest intelligence from the other side; and he remarked, with an air of confidence, that when a blockade was declared, he felt convinced that he should hear it as soon as any one. This, I was sorry to believe, was too much a fact.

During the night, there was much and continued moving of carts through the streets; quiet citizens were roused from their beds by the noise; and poking their heads out of the windows, inquired of the serenos, or watchmen, the cause. These fellows

always ready with an answer, that news "of war had just come in," and that all the arms and ammunition were being sent out of town for safety, to Rosario, some thirty miles distant. This was true. The archives were also sent; and, on the following day, the troops and the governor himself, were to go; thus, in a panic, abandoning the place to us. We also had rumors that three thousand men were to march to the frontier on the Rio Grande, but had refused to do so, unless Paredes himself would lead them.

Having, according to my instructions, sent this information off to the commander in-chief, a council was held in the squadron, and all officers living ashore, were ordered to join their ships. The moving of baggage down to the boats, and the hurrying of servants, gathering up all the clothing at the washerwomen's, spread the panic, and the people became more alarmed, fancying some great evil was impending over them. The ignorant did not understand the English word "blockade," and construed it to be significant of mysterious and unknown horrors; and before night, it became currently reported that we were to land our forces in the night, murder the people, and commit all sorts of violence.

I had been instructed to remain ashore for the purpose of communicating anything of importance which might occur. The sudden removal of the forces, arms, and public documents, confirmed the rumors of blockade, and the merchants were very busy in the disposal of goods to country traders, anxious to buy before the prices were raised by the blockade. An immense quantity was sold during this panic. Indeed, some conjectured that the merchants encouraged the alarm, to get rid of their goods; and others, that Gutierres did so, because he feared a pronunciamento of the troops; and hence, wished to get them out of town, and at the same time to create a popular impression against us.

By the following mail, there was no confirmation of the warlike rumors; but information was received from Mr. Black, our consul in the city of Mexico, stating that on the day following the date of his letter (March 14) the final decision of the Mexican government would be sent Mr. Slidell, refusing to receive him as any other than a special envoy to negotiate specific business.

Things continuing thus uncertain, and there being some fear that our communications through Mexico might be intercepted; affairs of the squad-

ron also requiring to be brought to the attention of our government, the commander-in-chief, at my own request, gave me permission to return to the United States, through Mexico. He charged me with despatches for our own government, and directed me to forward him any information of importance I might gather upon the route.

The most convenient point of departure from the Pacific, is at the town of San Blas, a little to the south of the entrance to the Gulf of California; one day's ordinary sail from Mazatlan. A five days' laborious land journey is saved, by starting from San Blas instead of Mazatlan.

Having arrived at this place, we found a village upon the sea-shore, or beach, consisting of a collection of thatched huts, inhabited by a sallow, unhealthy looking population, and particularly stocked with musquetoes and sand-flies. The old town of San Blas, is situated about a mile back of this beach settlement, and stands upon a bluff, rocky eminence, rising like a castle, from the midst of a swampy, verdant plain. It is now but a mouldering gravestone of past prosperity. Both San Blas, and Tepic, the interior city, of which the former is the port, are losing themselves in the flourishing vigor of Mazatlan; nurtured as it has

been, by that smuggling commerce, which the benighted policy of Mexico has rendered the systematic, if not legitimate trade of the country.

At San Blas, an arrangement had been made with an arriero, or muleteer, to convey us to the city of Tepic; some of our party going no farther; and, accordingly, on the morning of May 4th, we found the requisite number of mules and horses on the beach, ready caparisoned for the journey.

It would be a difficult thing to describe intelligibly the huge mass of wood, leather, thongs, and straps, which make up the equipment of a Mexican saddle, and which appears a sufficient load for the little animal sustaining it, without the addition of the rider. Each traveler, entering upon the journey we were about undertaking, must have at least one baggage mule; for, besides his ordinary baggage, he must carry all his bedding, and, with a just discretion, a good store of provisions.

Upon this occasion, owing to the instructed arrangements of my companion, Mr. Parrott, our consul at Mazatlan, we had handsome and convenient brass bedsteads, stowing compactly in trunks; and at night, when they were put up, their glittering posts and canopy frames were in strong

contrast with the rude, unfurnished fonda rooms in which we lodged.

In loading the mules, two things surprise the stranger, unaccustomed to this mode of transportation; first, the weight and bulk which the animals carry; and next, the facility and rapidity with which the arrieros secure articles of awkward weight and size; so that the animal, climbing precipitous paths, and walking narrow shelves of road overhanging steep declivities, seems a moving mass of trunks, bales, and boxes.

Our party consisted, including the muleteers, of seven persons and ten mules and horses, each of us equipped with a formidable looking armament of carbines at the saddle bows, and pistols around the waist; the Mexicans wearing besides long rusty swords, which had lost their scabbards. This warlike equipment, was, I presume, as much upon the principle of scarecrows in a corn field as with any design of bloody conflict.

All the arrangements having been completed, at seven o'clock in the morning we took our departure from the shores of the Pacific, and soon entered a dense, luxuriant, bottom-land thicket, or jungle. This bottom is only passable in the dry season, and the elevation of the water during the wet season,

was marked six feet high on the trees. From this bottom we ascended, by a gentle rise, to some good cultivable land, upon which was, here and there, a Mexican farm, or rancho, and occasionally a new clearing, something in appearance like those of our western States.

At twelve, we stopped at the half-way house between San Blas and Tepic; a plain farmhouse, where we were furnished with clean and comfortable accommodations, and provision. Resting until half after three, we then resumed our journey, and soon commenced the ascent of the mountains.

Our way was first through a dark forest of gigantic trees, and up and down one precipitous declivity after another, until, just as the sun was setting, we reached a naked and desolate mountain summit; and looking back from this, over the vast region of country we had left below us, we had our parting view of the Pacific Ocean, losing itself in the distant western horizon.

The road now passed over hills of white and red clay; a sterile and lonely country. The moon rose bright and clear above us long before our weary day's journey was ended, in the city of Tepic, which place we entered, just as the serenos were whistling, on their shrill calls, the hour of

ten, and sending forth their devotional cry of "Ave Maria purisima."

We were received into the elegant mansion of Mr. Forbes, a Scotch gentleman, whose warm hospitality allows no stranger to remain in Tepic without a home. This gentleman is the author of a valuable work on California, and brother to the gentleman of the same name celebrated in medical literature. He had been expecting us, and we found a bountiful supper awaiting our arrival, after which we were assigned chambers, provided with every comfort and luxury, and especially welcome at the close of an unaccustomed ride of fifty-five miles.

Tepic is a handsome and well built city, of about eight thousand inhabitants; but it is in a condition of decay; the population having declined four thousand, within a few years. The only thing about it looking refreshing, prosperous, and un-Mexican, is the cotton factory of the Messrs. Forbes. The situation of this establishment is pretty and picturesque, and where they have the water power of a mountain stream. The buildings of the factory, and the residence of the persons connected with it, are in an appropriate and showy architectural taste. The superintendent,

and also the leading workmen, were from the United States, and although they had been in the employ of Mr. Forbes for a number of years, he had never, he assured me, had the least difficulty, or cause of dissatisfaction with any of them. Such a happy relationship had made an agreeable impression, as regards our countrymen, although it is undoubtedly greatly owing to the good sense and good management of Mr. Forbes himself.

This factory made eighty pieces of cotton a-day, which sells at twenty-five cents the "vara," something less than a yard; the texture being such as would bring eight or ten cents in the United States. Most of the raw material is brought from New Orleans, by way of Cape Horn, but a little is grown in the country.

In the neighborhood of Tepic, are some fine sugar estates, at which refined sugar is made, at a cost of three or four cents, and sells at ten cents a pound; although nothing like a supply for the country is produced, as I have known this sugar to retail at fifty cents a pound, in the vicinity of Tepic.

At this place we first met the hostile proclamation of Paredes, directing an advance upon General Taylor; and it gave us some anxiety respecting our own situation; although it was a general im-

pression, that this proclamation had any other design in its threats, than the purpose of executing them.

The annual fair of Tepic was in progress during our visit, but was nothing more than a scene of dissipation; the public square, or plaza, like that of Mazatlan, being filled with every known contrivance for gambling; wheels, cards, dice, colored cloths, &c.; and the tables ranging in wealth from a small capital of copper coin, where children and beggars tempted fortune, to those where their elders and betters might stake gold.

At Tepic, we made a new contract with an arriero, for himself, his mozos, or boys, horses, mules, carbines, and swords, to carry us to Guadalaxara, a five days' journey; and, on the afternoon of the 6th of May, we started for this city; our party consisting now, only of Mr. Parrott, myself, and his servant, a Mexican. That night we reached the small village of San Leonel. Don Ramon, as our chief arriero was called, instead of taking us to the fonda, lodged us in the farmhouse of a friend of his. Before retiring, the lady of the establishment seemed particularly careful in locking the doors, and securing the windows; and, as a reason for her care, she showed me an enormous scar, ex-

tending the whole length of her arm, and which had been inflicted some time before, by the knife of a robber, who had at the same time stretched two others of her household wounded on the floor.

Our usual mode of traveling, was to start at three or four o'clock in the morning, having first taken our desayúno; a cup of tea, coffee, or chocolate, with a small cake, or rusk; then, traveling until twelve, we breakfasted, and enjoyed a rest of three or four hours; the day's travel being completed in the cool of the evening, at which time we dined. Such is the mode of traveling, as regards time and meals, common to all Mexico.

The first part of our road from Tepic wound among a succession of smooth, rounded, isolated hills, rising from dry, barren plains, like Indian mounds; the plains themselves divided by long, stone fences, but entirely destitute of cultivation. Soon after leaving San Leonel, on the morning of the 7th, the country presented a rather more cheering appearance. Thinly scattered pine trees covered the hill-sides, and small streams flowed at their base. In the valleys were fields of barley; and now and then we passed an Indian village of thatched huts, where mules were treading out the

grain on a ground threshing-floor. Our mid-day halt was at the village of Santa Isabel.

Leaving Santa Isabel, our road conducted us during the afternoon over a singular volcanic formation. As we approached this region, there appeared to be a high, black wall extending across the whole country, from the base of a mountain on the left. This apparent wall formed the defined boundary, or outer edge, of a widely extended mass of craggy rocks, rising some twenty feet above the surface of the country over which they were spread.

They lay a confused mass, far as the eye could see, in every direction; tossed into all manner of confused shapes, looking like rocky waves with ragged, wind-tossed summits; and might be imagined a tempest-enraged sea of molten iron, suddenly congealed in all its wild confusion.

In contemplating the probable forces producing this phenomenon, the idea presents itself, of the explosion of a mountain region, and the fragments tumbling back into their present disorder.

That night we reached the pretty town of Aguacatlan; a place of some five thousand inhabitants, with a conspicuous church and convent; and having its plaza or public square surrounded by handsome shade trees. The posada of Aguacatlan is one of

more pretension than any we had yet seen. A spacious portico extended along its front, and over this large letters, painted on the wall of the house, informed us that, "Here may be found every convenience for persons of good taste." The various apartments surrounding the courtyard were each labeled according to its use; and it was no small gratification to notice over one, "Here the bread is made with the greatest cleanliness." The idea of the assurance presented by this sign was agreeable, whatever the fact of the case might be.

Generally, the arrangement of these posadas, or hotels, is the same. The traveler is shown into a room containing a heavy table, near which is a high-backed bench. In the corner, some boards, elevated a little distance from the ground, offer a place for his bedding. Each traveler has his separate apartment; but in addition to this, at Aguacatlan, we had the use of a large sala, or drawing-room, furnished with mahogany chairs. The proprietor of the establishment is undoubtedly one of those enterprising spirits who leap ahead of surrounding circumstances, and anticipate the advance of the age.

Taking our leave of Aguacatlan, and its pretending posada, early the following morning, for ten or

twelve miles our road passed through a fertile valley, and the best cultivated of any portion of the country we had yet seen. It was covered with farmhouses and villages; still the cultivation was careless, antique, and barbarous; the plough in use being none other than a sharpened log of wood.

We had passed through a pretty, tree-embowered village, Istlan, intending to ride later and further for breakfast, when our Mexican servant, who had lingered behind, came riding after us, shouting, and followed by another horseman in Mexican costume. The new comer proved, to our surprise and gratification, to be an English gentleman for whom I had the highest regard, and with whom I had been on terms of friendship on the Pacific coast, and who had business relations with my traveling companion. He was now on his way to the Pacific from the city of Mexico, and had passed into the town by one street, as we had come out by another, and, but for the fortunate loitering of Ignacio, the servant, also an old acquaintance, we should have missed each other. We now returned to Istlan, and ate our breakfast together; to which meal our unexpected meeting gave a high enjoyment. Before we parted on our different, and opposite routes, my friend took from his luggage, and presented me

a handsome and welcome "gage d'amitié," and which I particularly value, as our accidental meeting in the village of Istlan, is most probably the last we shall see of each other. My friend was accompanied by a traveling companion, a young Scotchman, just out from Scotland, but who had formerly resided in the United States. He was now worn out with fatigue, disgusted with Mexico, and, in his eloquent remembrances of happy days in the United States, he felt, in meeting us, as though he had fallen in with brethren. I was happy to be the bearer of messages from him to some of his friends in the Union.

The wildest and most picturesque scene on the whole route, from the Pacific to the Atlantic—the Barrancas—was passed on the afternoon of this day. The Barranca is a gorge several thousand feet deep, separating mountain spurs; and the road descends, by a precipitous, zig-zag path, along the side of the left-hand spur, with this tremendous gulf yawning on the right; and, when the bottom is reached, instead of being, as at first appeared, in a deep valley, a little advance shows that we are still on the summit of a mountain, and the road descends, as before, along the side of this mountain—but the chasm now yawns on the left, yet

deeper than before. The bottom of this being at length reached, the road continues for some miles along the bottom of this mountain-rent and shady valley, winding along the banks of a rocky stream, and beneath overhanging precipices.

In this wild and difficult pass, as if by some capricious impulse, was exhibited the only evidence of internal improvement and national energy which had yet come under my notice—a broad, handsome, well-made, and paved carriage road was being cut from the sides of the mountains, descending them in a succession of inclined planes, turning one upon another like a winding stairway, and walled along the edge of the precipice. A number of persons were at work upon this road, and much of it was completed. Ascending from these shady depths, by a precipitous and very rugged path, we reached, a little after night, the miserable village, but good posada, of Mochotitli.

On the following morning we entered upon the lonely, desolate table lands of Mexico; and, although uncheered by shrubbery or cultivation, we had the advantage of a good, level road, which, towards evening, brought us rather suddenly to a different scene.

From the brow of the elevated plain, upon which

we had been traveling, we looked down upon an extensive green valley, spread over with fields of the stiff maguey plant, standing in regular lines. From this plant is made the brandy of the country. Immediately beneath us was the town of Tequila, with its houses and church domes shooting from amidst groves of trees. Although the buildings of Tequila were handsome, and its streets regular, much of its agreeable appearance was owing to the enchantment of distance; in passing through it, the appearance of the whole place was one of poverty, dilapidation, and decay. That night we slept at the village of Amelatan, and on the following morning, Sunday, May 10th, under a broiling sun, amid troops of mules, and clouds of dust, at eleven o'clock, we entered the truly beautiful city of Guadalaxara.

We did not, however, enter its precincts without coming in contact once more with the benighted policy, constructed to facilitate robbery, and to sustain an unprincipled and rapacious soldiery—the system which will not permit an article to move from one part of the country to another, without being submitted to taxation. It has often occurred to me, that if our countrymen, who find any cause of dissatisfaction with our institutions, could be

subjected to the annoyances existing under other governments, they would better appreciate the happiness they enjoy. We are so rich in blessings, that few value them sufficiently. I recollect a European friend once telling me that, being in the United States, he could not realize the fact that he had a right to enter railroad-cars, stage-coaches, and steamboats, without being asked for his passport, and having his baggage examined.

Although we were now so far in the interior of the country—at the garita, or inland custom house, —we were arrested, while one of our mules, selected at hap-hazard, was unloaded; while a slovenly, epauletted official—some Mexican general or colonel, undoubtedly—overhauled the baggage, to see that we were not smuggling. Had we really been loaded with contraband articles, it would have given us but little annoyance, as we should have calculated upon the requisite bribe to carry us through; however, we had, as we thought, no favors to ask, and did not choose to pay him to release us from detention. We were, as it proved, independent from ignorance; had he selected my mule, and exposed the evidences of my true position, a bribe would have been a cheap release from the difficulties with which my situation would have been surrounded.

Guadalaxara is a very showy city of palace-like houses, and extensive churches and convents covering many squares of the city, and concealing in their recesses a vast population lost to life and usefulness. Flowers and gardens seemed to be a prevalent taste, and the verandas, or iron balconies projecting from the second stories, were so filled with vases of flowers, as to give, along the length of the elegant streets, the appearance of overhanging flower gardens. A broad and shaded paseo, or walk and drive, extends for a mile and a half along one side of the city, terminating in a handsome rose-hedged promenade and flower garden. Elegant fountains of stone and bronze, bubbling forth clear, cold water, are seen in every direction. But these are all remnants of past splendor, taste, and elegance; the present is in strong contrast: poverty, vice, and wretchedness, are its characteristics; beggars constituting a great part of the street population, and the prisons being thronged with criminals of the vilest character, existing in the most disgusting filth.

The jail of Guadalaxara is one of the most fertile recruiting stations of the Mexican army. The Californian garrison was usually composed of these assassins, who were sent there to depredate with

punity upon the unoffending inhabitants, until, we have seen, patience being exhausted, all exican rule was expelled, never again to abuse, sgovern, and outrage a territory, whose fortunes d happiness are now under the safe guarantee of e star-spangled banner.

CHAPTER XXV.

War at last—Awkward situation—An express to the Pacific—Leave Guadalaxara—Coachmen's costume—Fonda rules—The road—Robbers—Guanajuato—More robbers—Queretaro—More war news—Soap currency—Fighting policy vetoed—Halls of the Montezumas—Anxieties—Victory—Leperos—Chapultepec—Leave Mexico—Vera Cruz—Escape the country.

At Guadalaxara, terminated our journeying in the saddle. From this place to Vera Cruz, the traveling is by a line of diligences.

Startling news here reached us, placing us, and particularly myself, in most unpleasant circumstances. In triumphant and boastful language we were informed of the successful attack upon our forces, on the Rio Grande, and the capture of some of our dragoons. The intelligence reached the city about the same time with ourselves; and soon after, newsboys were selling extras in the streets, and crying, at the highest pitch of their voices, "Triumph over the North Americans."

In every respect this was bad news, mortifying to our national pride, and inducing painful appre-

hensions, for the fate of our captured countrymen. Whilst every Mexican exultation was an insult, we dare not open our lips, and point to the cowardly nature of the attack, as shown in their own narrative. Besides such considerations, our own position was a cause of much anxiety. Here was war, and we in the centre of the country; I with a hostile uniform in my trunk, and despatches in my cap, which unfortunately stated that one object of my journey through the country was to collect information in relation to expected hostilities.

What was to be done, was a serious question. I had no disposition to be placed in the position of a spy, in an enemy's country; and yet, to avoid being in such a position, I should at once surrender myself to the authorities. By pursuing this course, I would be compelled to surrender, or destroy the despatches with which I was charged, and, what was worse, would lose an opportunity of communicating the state of affairs to the commander in chief in the Pacific. The condition of things left by us on the western coast, seemed to demand that such an opportunity should not be lost. Whether correctly or not, it was believed, that in case of war, the British squadron would attempt to take California under its protection. At the

time we left Mazatlan, there were at anchor off that port, the Collingwood, 80 gun ship, Admiral Seymour; the Talbot, 26; the Spy, three large guns, one 42, two 32; the Frolic, sixteen 24 pounders, was at Guaymas; the frigate Juno entered as I was coming out; the steamers Cormorant and Salamander were on the station; the frigate Fiseyard 36, and Corvette Modesta in California and Oregon. The America, 54, had been ordered back from Valparaiso, and the frigates Grampus and Carysfort were in the Pacific, direct from England. The concentration of so large a force in a part of the ocean where, heretofore, the British rarely had more than one vessel, looked suspicious, and hence it became important, to save trouble, that the commander of our forces should have the earliest intelligence of the war.

After due deliberation, it was determined, that we should continue our journey through the country, and if possible send an express to the commander-in-chief of our squadron in the Pacific. The latter, was a matter of some difficulty, as all expresses must be sent through and under authority of the government post-office. However, Mr. Parrott was enabled to manage the matter with much skill. The express went through safely, making

ten days ordinary travel in five days, and delivering, on the 17th of May, the first news of the war, to our forces in the Pacific. Soon after this, California was quietly occupied, without meeting any resistance, by Commodore Sloat, and the forces under his command.

Although a just precaution would perhaps dictate the increase of the forces in California, about the time of its occupation, yet there is every reason to believe, that the arrival there of new men and new leaders did much to provoke hostilities, which might not otherwise have arisen. The Californians were ready and willing to come under the flag of the United States, provided they were permitted to have something to say in the matter themselves; but they were unwilling to be made the subjects of coercive proclamations, and to have their course of voluntary action made to appear as the result of belligerent compulsion. Alvarado, who had been their chosen governor, and had much influence in the territory, at once, I was told, came under the flag of the Union.

Commodore Sloat had but just taken possession of the territory, when the Collingwood ran into the harbor of Monterey; but if she came with the design of throwing any impediments in the way, it was

now too late, the country was ours; she left again immediately.

In addition to apprehension on account of ourselves, we suffered much from anxiety for our small force on the Texan frontier. All our information came, of course, through Mexican papers, and the confidence with which they spoke of overwhelming our small force, caused us to feel much uneasiness as to the result of the first conflicts.

At half past three, in the morning, we took our leave of Guadalaxara. Our diligences were good Troy-built coaches; the horses and mules in fine order, and the coachmen possessed of skill and dexterity. Originally, the coachmen were all Yankees, as our countrymen are all called in Mexico; but now they are Mexicans, who have grown up on the road, and among the coaches and horses; and it is somewhat amusing to see the amalgamation they have made of Mexican costume with that of our stage drivers. The universal Mexican serapé has given way to the box coat; but the split leg, button-decorated pantaloons hold their place; and a bright-colored handkerchief, tied over the throat and chin, seems a representative of the woolen scarf, so generally worn by our drivers in cold weather.

The fondas are regulated by a system extending along the whole route, prescribing what shall be given for meals, the hours, and the charges. These rules also direct that every passenger shall be furnished with clean sheets and pillow cases, which no one has used since washing; and that all may understand their rights, every fonda has a card of these regulations, suspended in a conspicuous place. The hours of travel are from three or four in the morning, to the same hour in the afternoon.

Our first day's journey, was over a desolate-looking, rolling, table land, in many places rocky; the soil a stiff, blue clay, here and there broken by the plough and ready for corn, but the general face of the country presented a short, dry-looking grass. The road, thanks to nature! was generally good, but where she had left any impediments, art had disdained to remove them; and in some places, for short distances, our strongly built coaches had terrible encounters.

Over thirty leagues of such a country, by four o'clock in the afternoon we reached the wretched little hamlet of San José; and the diligence coming in the opposite direction, it was determined to await its arrival, before having our dinner served. The

day was drawing to a close, and the sun having set, leaving San José and the desolate country around it to the gloom of approaching night, when the expected stage rattled into the courtyard. One solitary passenger leaped from it, with his dress loose and disordered. His trunk being taken from the boot, and thrown upon the ground, he gave it a kick of indignation and contempt, which betrayed its lightness and emptiness; and we now learned that, while we had been awaiting his arrival to dinner, he had been lying under the coach, with his mouth to the ground, and a carbine at his head, at the same time a party of robbers were appropriating his property. They stripped him of everything, even to his suspender buckles; made minute inquiries as to who and what he was, where he was born; and concluded the conference by beating him with their swords. The robbers—three in number—were masked.

The minuteness of their inquiries caused us to feel some apprehension, lest, in case of ascertaining our nationality, they might think they rendered the state some service by leaving two Yankees less in the world. No choice was left us, in case of an attack, but to fight. A council of war was at once held, to which our Mexican servant was invited,

and he assured us of his ability and willingness to handle a gun. In addition to the arms in our possession, two fowling-pieces were loaned us by the manager of the fonda. It being more than probable that the robbers were from the village itself, and had their agents about us at this time, we gave some little publicity to our preparations; and I discharged and reloaded a Colt's pistol in the presence of this respectable public.

Having made these preparations, and arranged our plan of defence in case of attack, at four o'clock in the morning we started, and traveled, for two or three hours, finger on trigger; getting along so far without interruption, our uneasiness somewhat subsided, and we made the day's journey, much to our satisfaction, in safety.

Throughout most of this day, the country was very much the same as that of yesterday—destitute of population, water, or any growth, but the national napal, or prickly pear, and a few straggling acacias. It was quite a refreshing change when, late in the afternoon, we came upon a fine valley-prairie, watered by a small stream, and covered with waving wheat-fields, ready for the harvest.

Our stopping-place for the night was at Lagos—

rather a neat place, with the usual share of enormous churches. From Lagos, our road, on the following morning, continued through the same beautiful prairie and wheat-fields upon which we had entered the preceding evening; and such was the character of the country until our arrival, in the afternoon, at the mining town of Guanajuato.

This city has a very picturesque situation, climbing up the sides, and over the summits, of a range of hills; the streets being exceedingly intricate and precipitous.

For miles, before reaching the city, we were passing a succession of immense establishments for reducing the metals from the ore. Viewed from one of the neighboring elevations, Guanajuato presented the appearance of a separate town on each hill, as far as the eye could see; a church crowning each summit.

At the dinner-table of the hotel we were joined by a stage load of passengers, who had come from the opposite direction, and who, more unfortunate than ourselves, had been thoroughly robbed on the preceding evening. As the robbers who attack these diligences are generally, if not always, residents of the place near which the crime is committed, and have made themselves acquainted with

the number and character of the passengers, they proportion their numbers accordingly. In the first instance, where there was but one passenger, we have seen there were three robbers; in this case there were eight; and, not feeling it necessary to go far or to take much trouble in the matter, they had robbed this stage in sight of the gates of the city of Queretaro—a place of twenty thousand inhabitants—and did not take even the precaution of masking themselves. On the following day, one of the robbers, near the door of our hotel, asked a gentleman, whom he had relieved of his watch and purse, for the light of his cigar. Upon expressing my surprise that he did not arrest him at once, he informed me that no one acquainted with the country would take the trouble of denouncing a robber. To do so would take nothing from the impunity of the criminal, and might risk the assassination of the informer. There seems to be a sort of convention between the stage-coach travelers, in Mexico, and these knights of the road. In the first place, it is understood that the driver is always to remain neutral, to rein up at the bidding of the free-booters, and, in consideration of this compliance, he is to go free. Secondly, the passengers, if they alight readily, and lie down under or near the coach

with their mouths in the dust, are to be treated in all other respects politely, and relieved of their valuables without violence or harm to their persons; but if they resist, and are overcome, all are to be murdered, and, if their resistance is successful, retaliation is taken from the next persons caught on the road.

Soon after leaving Guanajuato, we passed from the rugged mountain region in which it is located, to a continuation of the fertile valley through which we had traveled on the preceding day; and along this valley we traveled our whole day's journey of forty leagues, passing through several pretty towns of five or six thousand inhabitants, and arriving in the evening at the handsome city of Queretaro.

Just before reaching the town of Celayo, we fell in with a gang of half-naked peasants, some on foot, and some on donkeys, being driven along by a few Mexican soldiers, to form part of the army destined for Matamoras.

The road being good and level, this day's journey was the longest we had made. The horses were changed every ten or twelve miles; and at these changes it was amusing to see the display of the national characteristic, to "put the best foot foremost," and make a parade and fuss. The fresh

horses, upon being put in, were taught to appear restive and impatient to start, while hostlers exerted all their strength in retaining the leaders by halters; but all being ready, and the streets clear, the horses sprang off at a bound, as if broken from control, the men clinging to the halters, and being dragged a few steps before releasing them, and away the stage rattled at full speed, which continued only so long as was necessary to make an impression.

At Queretaro we laid over one day, being Sunday; and here, in a Mexican paper, we first ascertained the name of the officer, Captain Thornton, and those of the dragoons who had been captured; and also learned the unhappy fate of Colonel Cross. What we should next hear, was a matter of constant and painful uncertainty.

As an evidence of the facilities of Mexican civilization, having occasion, in this handsome and populous city of Queretaro, to receive twelve cents change, it was paid me in four cakes of soap, stamped by the government, as the legal currency of the country. Before leaving this place, on Monday morning, we held a council of all the passengers, at our instance, for the purpose of having an understanding as to what course we should pursue in case of an attack. We were eight; and, excepting

our two selves, all were Mexicans. One was a priest, another an infirm old man of seventy, and two were invalids. Taking us, as was generally the case, for Englishmen, they could not enter into our special motives for resistance, and we dare not avow them; and none of them would, for a moment, entertain the proposition of war. They represented, that, if attacked, it would be in force proportioned to our numbers, and that we two alone were armed; that, in case of our success, we should be out of the country, while some of them might travel the road again, and pay the penalty of our resistance. They even considered that our hurrying away, might so offend the delicacy of the robbers, and violate the conventional contract with them, as to call down their vengeance on our whole party. One of these persons had been among those robbed in the previous stage, and seemed to think it a matter of course.

The first evening after leaving Queretaro, we put up at an antiquated, gloomy, and prison-looking fonda, in the courtyard of which was a company of soldiers in charge of a machine on wheels, destined for the Rio Grande, and which greatly attracted the attention of our companions. A glance was sufficient to show that it was a camp-forge,

with its bellows and anvil, and evidently of European or United States workmanship; but a pompous little lawyer, who had traveled with us, took great satisfaction in explaining to us that it was a "bomba"—bomb—intended for the destruction of us North Americans. How he made this out to himself, or others, I could not understand.

On the evening of the second day, without the occurrence of any annoying interruption, we were rolling over one of the causeways in the green basin of Mexico, with the domes and spires of the great city before us, and soon after, we alighted at the "Casa de diligencias," or stage-house hotel.

Anxiety as to the progress of the war which had burst upon us, and an earnest desire to know something of the fate of our threatened forces on the Rio Grande, suspended the emotions with which a stranger would otherwise enter a place which has been alternately the capital of the Montezumas, the capital of Cortez, and the theatre where one military chief, or bandit, has contended with another, not for the honor of his country, but for the receipts of the custom house.

At first, it seemed difficult to learn anything of the state of affairs on the frontier; then we were discouraged by a popular rumor that we had been

defeated; but a fortunate opportunity placed it in our power to learn all that was known to the Mexican cabinet itself, in relation to the affairs on the Rio Grande; and by this opportunity, our hearts were rejoiced in learning, and somewhat in detail, and accurately, the events of the battles of "Resaca de la Palma," and "Palo Alto;" and, long after the government knew that it had been entirely defeated, the newsboys were crying through the streets accounts of the triumph of the Mexican arms. The press dared publish nothing but what Paredes approved, but the truth soon became pretty generally known; and such was the feeling, that we had more reason, in case of discovery, to fear popular indignation, than the official action of the authorities. I thought it would be most prudent to have all the distinctive marks of my uniform removed, and found an Irish tailor who privately made the necessary alterations. Although our presence was known to Mexicans who were personal friends, what would have been the official course of the government, if it had discovered us, it is difficult to say. General Paredes I knew to be the reverse of General Santa Anna; the former being a brave, gallant, and generous soldier; a true patriot in feeling, if not in judgment, and devoted to

what he believed the interests of his country; and I should not have feared injustice under his authority, if my duty had not forbidden a voluntary surrender; but it would be difficult to tell what his sense of justice would dictate, if taken in concealment.

Mexico is indisputably a magnificent city; but, as is justly remarked by Madam Calderon, its elegant houses, without having the dignity of ruins, induce the impression of fine buildings in a state of decay. Those accustomed to a different state of things, walk the city with feelings of melancholy and disgust, at moving amid throngs of epauletted and laced soldiers, in a mingled costume of decoration and dirt; and at being crowded upon by throngs of revolting beggars, of every age, from infancy to decrepitude. The population of leperos and beggars is the prominently disgusting feature of Mexico; and along the whole stage route, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, the traveler is never released from their sickening exhibitions, and exacting importunity. At every stop made by the coach, it is surrounded by those wretches, thrusting their disgusting deformities in your face, and uttering piteous moans. At one place they make exertions of an extraordinary character;

starting off with the stage, upon the full run; men, women with infants on their backs, young girls, children, all keeping up a howling moan, with marvelous strength and speed they keep with the coach for nearly a mile. This proceeding is induced by inconsiderate passengers tolling them on, making gestures from time to time, as if about to drop them something. Sensibility becomes blunted by the continued contemplation of disease and wretchedness, while charity is paralyzed by the consciousness of its limited power to relieve the amount of want.

The comfort of a stranger in the cities of Mexico, is very much disturbed by the conviction that all his vigilance will not prevent his pockets from being picked, if he deposits anything in them; an event which happened twice to my companion, in one day, in the capital, and twice I detected the depredator's hand in my own pocket; the third time he was successful, and it was cleaned out.

Soldiers seem an essential part of every institution of the country. If the host passes the streets, and brings the whole population to its knees, it is attended by soldiers; if you visit a peaceful scientific institution, a soldier examines your right to admission. He forms, however, an appropriate

sentinel, for scientific institutions, with pretending names, display little else than disorder and neglect.

The state of general ignorance may be gathered from that of those who should be the receptacles of knowledge. Standing near a Franciscan friar, in the museum of Mexico, examining a model representing a section of some mines, glittering with the metal, and filled with laborers, the good father, noticing my earnest examination of it, graciously informed me, that it was a kind of representation of the birth of our Saviour!

The unfavorable illustrations so frequently given of the national religion of Mexico, should not in justice be regarded as imputations upon the Catholic faith itself, any more than the republicanism of Mexico is to be considered a fair representation of republicanism in general.

During my detention in the city of Mexico, I rode alone over to the castle of Chapultepec, and the officer on duty giving me permission to enter, kindly sent a cadet, a young German, to accompany me through it. This person was exceedingly inquisitive, and seemed determined to ascertain my nationality. After supposing me to be a German, and a Frenchman, he said, "you are, then, an Englishman." I replied, somewhat annoyed, "I speak

English." This seemed to settle the matter between us; and he, with much politeness, conducted me over the institution. The castle being used as a polytechnic school, I felt, with much uneasiness, that, in case of arrest, this circumstance would additionally embarrass my situation; and it was with much satisfaction that I found myself, on the morning of the 27th of May, rolling in the diligence out of the city of Mexico, before daylight.

The dangers of the road, between Mexico and Vera Cruz, were much greater than those of any part we had yet passed over. In view of this, I enclosed a statement of such matters as I supposed might be of use to our government, to a foreign house in Vera Cruz, under cover to a friend in the United States; requesting the Vera Cruz house to forward the paper, if not called for in a few days.

A small guard of mounted soldiers accompanied the stage out of the city, and continued with it long enough to justify them in asking a contribution from the passengers, for the protection afforded. Soon after their departure another guard joined us, and after a short distance demanded a similar contribution; in this manner, one relieved another along the whole route, taxing our pockets, leaving

us much of the time alone, and affording no sense of security, when with us. During one entire day we traveled in the midst of a company of dragoons, on their way to the wars.

At Perote, I met a friend with whose presence just at that time I could well have dispensed. Our stage had arrived at the fonda some little time before that coming in the opposite direction, and as I stood in the courtyard, watching the passengers alight from the latter, I was surprised to see among them a Mexican officer, with whom I had been intimate in California. I knew him to be a liberal and kind-hearted man, but was unwilling to impose upon him the responsibility of knowing my presence, and therefore retired at once from view. At dinner, I seated myself remotely from him, and was about to leave the table before the rest of the company, when, at the same moment, he arose; our eyes met, and we rushed into each others' arms. He made no inquiries as to what brought me there, or where I was going; nothing was said in relation to our respective countries, excepting that he told me he was on his way to Matamoras.

Early on the morning of the 30th of May, the sound of the Atlantic surf indicated our approach to Vera Cruz, and before sunrise we had passed

the gates of the city. The next step, was to get out of it as soon as possible. Some of our ships were lying down at Isla Verde, and one was under sail cruising off the harbor; while, from the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, a flag was flying, indicating the presence of an enemy. The papers sent through the post-office were safely returned to me.

Our arrival having been expected, arrangements had been made for us to go off in a boat of a neutral power. A gentleman of the place adopted our baggage, until it was in the boat. This boat was required, before returning to the ship to which she belonged, lying at Sacrificios, to visit a vessel of her nation, lying immediately under the castle wall, where we were detained an hour; and soon after leaving this, the oarsmen placed us beyond all apprehensions of Mexican castles and prisons; —on the afternoon of the same day in which we had reached Vera Cruz, we were under way for the United States, on board of one of her armed steamers.

THE END.